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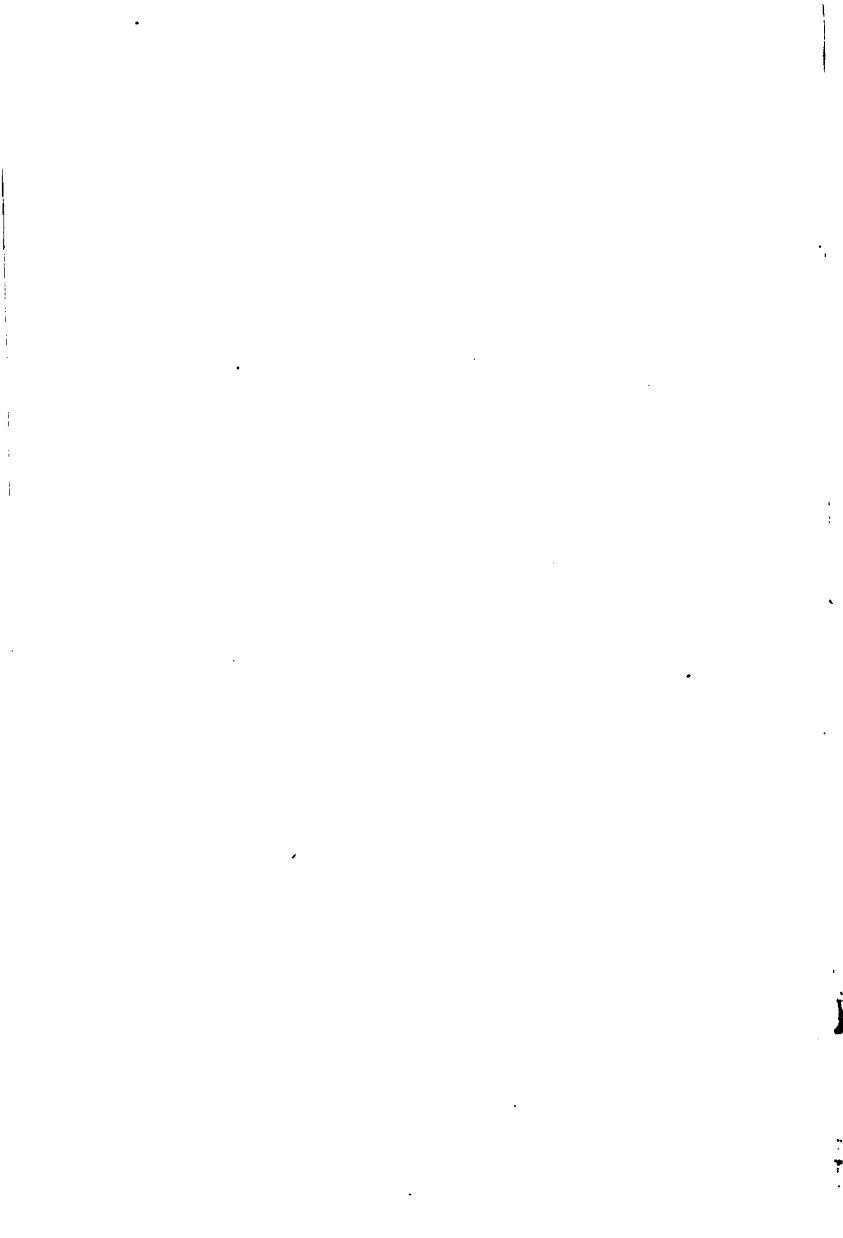
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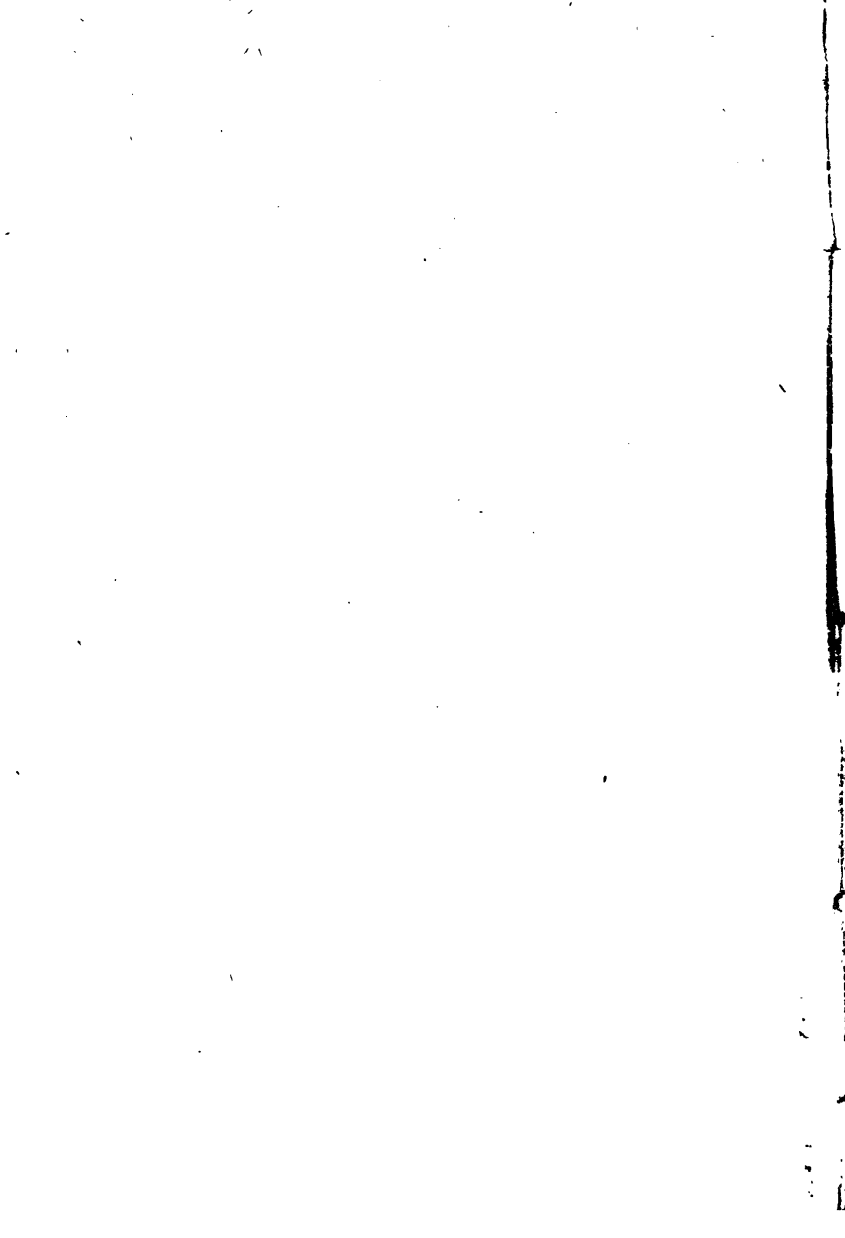
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A L C E S T I S

"So love was crowned, but music won the cause"

Music is the language of the heart



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TO
J. O. B.

INTRODUCTION.

BUT a few years have passed since we learnt that one of Germany's most classical theatres, the Dresden Opera House, had been burnt to the ground; and many will remember their regret at hearing that the chief ornament of the bright city, the beautiful sister of its picture gallery, the shrine of many great dramatic memories, had become in a single night a heap of rubbish. For who does not now know Dresden as a delightful holiday abode? It is the property of cheerfully advancing hordes of English and American travellers, of patient toilers after sweetness and light. The Cambridge student raves of the paradise where unlimited pipes and beer can be combined with a symphony for sixpence. The fagged schoolmaster flies thither to learn the violoncello, and make up for the deficiencies of a classical education. Here the enterprising mother finds the haven where music-masters, dentists, and artistic ideas can be obtained at small cost, and with little trouble, for her family of growing-up daughters. And all those who love music and Dresden, and have in its theatre received lasting impressions from the great Devrients, have there for the first time heard Mozart and Gluck performed in true classical unity, and have drunk in ecstasy from

Weber, and walked home in summer nights converted for the time to raving Wagnerism—these must have felt inclined to sentimentalize over the pleasant little theatre.

Another fine building will, we hear, soon replace the former one, and the opera has meanwhile been carried on in the old traditions ; but we, who care for the history of music, find much to mourn over, because irrecoverable, in that heap of rubbish which one morning covered the place where Weber's Opera House had stood—the place where, his hand softly held in his wife's lap, the happy tears raining down her cheeks, he once listened to the victory of his cherished Freischütz. In its blaze had perished instruments dear to many a veteran ; and precious manuscripts, accumulated through past centuries, and saved from other ruins, and stored up here, though forgotten by the world. Nothing remains to us now of many of these creations, but once they were endued with power to live and stir men's hearts ; long ago they died to all modern requirements, but here the old scores remained as witnesses of their gentle composers.

Such a score was that of Josquin Dorioz' opera "Alcestis," whose history I write. It once contained the life of two lives ; it was heard with delight for many years by thousands ; four years ago the last witness of its existence was devoured by fire. Perhaps the recital of its story will yet make a few wish that they had known it, and then the writer will feel that it is not told in vain.

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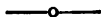
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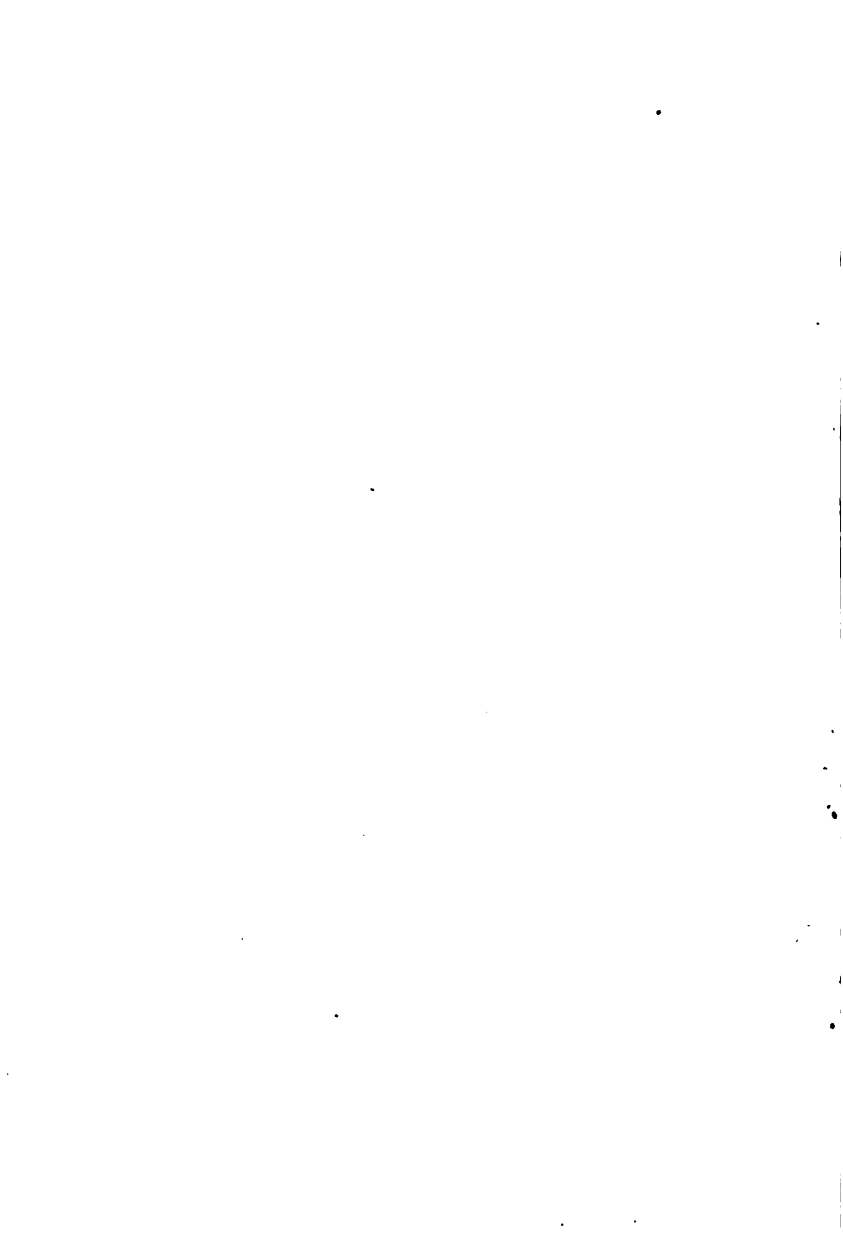
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PART I.



Zeig' mir die Frucht, die fäult, eh' man sie bricht,
Und Bäume, die sich täglich neu begrünen.—FAUST.



ALCESTIS.

CHAPTER I.

A LANTERN OF COCKCHAFERS.

IN the twilight of a long spring day, about the middle of the last century, the Capellmeister was holding a practice in the church known as the Hof-Kirche at Dresden, with the student boys and girls of the Court choir, whose musical training was one of his special avocations. The empty church lay in darkness below, the great roof was hidden in gloom, only the flaming tapers, fixed to each desk, revealed the stooping back and pigtail of the old man at the organ, and lit up the earnest eyes, upturned chins, and open mouths of the young singers, following, under the organ's sway, the difficult modulations of a grand *Magnificat* of John Sebastian Bach's. This choir was no ordinary one; the old gentleman in the pigtail would have told you that it was the greatest in Europe. This was Adolphus Hasse himself, director of the Court Theatre and popular composer of Saxony; he was that "caro Sassone" of the celebrated school of Naples, whose famous composers were all great singers themselves and carried its good traditions everywhere in Europe. The Capellmeister has grizzly big eyebrows and a thousand wrinkles: but though so full of age, he only looks dignified when a certain child-like dreaminess comes into his dim old eyes and softens his large mouth; and this is chiefly

when he is pleased and soothed by perfectly performed music, and not vexed and tired by a long interrupted practice. This great man has composed forty and nine operas, he has sung in them all himself; to him the Dresden Opera owes its first great days by means of the very training he is now giving to the young band and choir; but for all that, when our story finds him he is sorely tried by the paltry circumstance of his snuff box being empty, before the difficult choruses of the *Magnificat* are perfected. The work was to be performed at a special service at which the King himself would be present, and all were eager to do well, anxious for promotion; but Hasse had interrupted them again and again, and at last the youthful choir's patience was exhausted with the Capellmeister's snuff.

A young lad of about nineteen was made, under these adverse circumstances, to go through his bit of violin solo again; he had displeased the master, it would seem, by a tendency to hurry the largo and break through the spirit of the theme. Standing out there from among the group of lanky-haired, somewhat heavy-jawed German youths around, his slim young figure and dark thin face were bright and expressive; there was a sweet fresh eagerness in his face; and mingled with a foolish boyishness, I know not what of outward radiance that spoke of the intelligence that was perhaps yet to be developed within. His boy-chin went up in the air when he was interrupted, and his curious frizzing hair fell back upon his shoulders. He played with tone and spirit, but the severe Hasse would not be satisfied; he accompanied the player with such epithets as "frivolous Frenchman," "Spring in's Feld," and at last told him he was an unprofitable pupil, and bade him sit down. Perhaps it was only a snuffless Capellmeister's passing caprice, perhaps there was a certain carelessness in the lad's manner that irritated him, but he turned from him at last in a rage; and giving a deep sigh, gazed around till his eyes fell on a quiet young

girl, sitting opposite among the trebles, and, with an exclamation of relief, he motioned to her to rise to sing the "Exultavit." The young choir exchanged meaning glances, and seemed to intimate to one another that it was her grave and solemn air that won the Capellmeister's favor; and while they looked kindly at their more erratic companion, they cast critical glances at the odd figure who now suddenly rose from her seat to a surprising height, her large fair head towering above all others. The poor child (you could not have given her more than sixteen years) resembled a boy in her growth: her large shoulders and long arms and flat, undeveloped figure seemed to have a struggle with the stretched and clinging dress she wore; and her golden hair, standing out, short and unconfined round her head, completed this first impression. There was a half-dreamy, half-bewildered look in her pale face and eyes, the hues of which were all gray together. As she stood up while the organ sounded the theme of her solo, one would have feared for her any outburst of the severe master's withering displeasure.

But "*Et exultavit spiritus meus.*" Ghost of John Sebastian! What a voice it was that began to tell out thy divine melody there among the children in the echoing church! It was a strong mezzo-soprano, thrilling, audacious, almost magnetic in its tone; coming from that unformed, perplexed thing, yet it rolled out in perfect firmness and fearlessness, while the singer seemed only penetrated with the expression of her song. It was a voice so full of beauty and pathos that it thrilled the heart of the listener with some vague pity, that so young a soul should know such depths of feeling and passion.

Even the flippant choir were quite subdued while the song went on; the Capellmeister swayed his head, rapt and unconscious, as he played the accompaniment; and then, restored to good-humor, rapped on his desk to start the whole choir again, and marshal the voices in

with the fugue. "Omnes, omnes ge-ne-ra-ti-o-nes," sang the high trebles. "Omnes, omnes," came in the altos, they were in full swing—the Capellmeister roared in with his old once famous tenor. "Omnes, omnes, ge-ne-ra . ."—when, suddenly, the accompaniment stopped, the voices broke off, strewn on the air at unequal spaces, like runners tilted up in a race by an invisible rope; the organ, which had been plunging on at full power, stopped with a high sesquialtra scream; one of the Capellmeister's candles and more than one taper went out with a sort of flap, and then a spluttering noise, and then the astonished choir beheld their master rise from his seat, and wildly stretch his arms in the air, fighting as it were with some invisible power. "What is it?" they all half whispered, half screamed. "Something flew at the Capellmeister." "It's a bat!" "Ach! it is a beast!" whooped out a sensitive soprano, falling fainting into her neighbor's arms. Everybody tittered; the high stop, meanwhile, went on screaming as it expired high above all other sounds.

It had only lasted a minute, but the confusion had been complete; however, the Capellmeister resumed his seat, and regained his composure as quickly as he had lost it: and somehow, in a moment, they all felt extremely foolish, as if they had been the cause of the interruption; whereas it had only been the sudden stopping of the organ by the master in such an extraordinary fashion that had created the disturbance. But Hasse calmly adjusted his wig, wholly unconscious of having lost it in his excitement for one awful moment; and if, when he gazed around on all the choir in withering silence, there was still a certain look of vague hopelessness in his eyes, it was only that his finger was once more absently feeling round his empty snuff-box with the instinct of resorting to his usual consolation.

Nobody, however, thought of laughing now, with Hasse's vague eye upon them, for no words at the present time can say how each member of that choir valued

his place there and the master's good favor—but when he spoke at last it was more difficult to stifle explosions. He drew in his breath with a sigh, as if he felt that he ought to make a long speech, and did not quite know what it should be about; and commenced, in a depressed tone: "These holy walls have been desecrated! this noble choir that bears my name has been insulted! this sacred loft has been the scene of a common parish school-room disturbance! the noble work which we are studying has been degraded by a petty and unworthy interruption . . . the buzzing of a common *insect* has been sufficient to stop the gigantic chorus of our great Master, John Sebastian Bach!"

He paused, and looked up dreamily and puzzled, as if trying to recollect whom he was to scold, but there was perfect silence; and he felt bound to go on: "Yes, this our great Master! there is not, I believe, among you *one* who understands him, except Elisabetha Vaara," turning to the tall girl who had sung; "she, I believe, alone feels the height and depth, the dreamy breadth, and the massive effects that can only be given to the whole by conscientious attention and true feeling in every individual worker." The choir wished nothing better than that the master should go off on his favorite theme, and forget the offence that had to be discovered, but, unfortunately, he suddenly recollected himself: "What can become of the work in the hands of a choir among whom are found those ready to enjoy an unseemly interruption of it? when there are perhaps worse, perpetrators of unseemly freaks? what is the good of trying to bring you all into harmony, when among you there are such aliens? Mystery now envelops the miserable insect that has been the undoing of an afternoon's work. . . no doubt it will remain uncleared; but of course till it is explained the whole choir is in disgrace: and that our great Master's work may not be desecrated by the presence of the *flippants*, the performance of it must be stopped till they are

known, and his Majesty must be apprised . . ." But the looks of dismay on all faces were not allowed to settle, and the Capellmeister had not to threaten further, for a young lad stepped forward, with burning eyes, none other than the violin player who had just before received so much censure from the master. "I only am the cause of all the disturbance that has annoyed you, Meister; I foolishly brought my lantern full of chafers in to practice, and . . . somehow . . . they escaped: I did not know what a great disturbance they would cause."

Hasse looked at him with disgust; now that he fixed on some object for censure, he could look cross and fierce enough; the hapless violinist might well have hoped that the Capellmeister would keep to the subject of Bach's unfathomableness, and not recollect to utter the threats that made his confusion inevitable. Those about him had seen that after the final rebuke that bade him sit down for the rest of the practice, he had consoled himself with the contents of his lantern, and that during the sacred "Exultavit" he had elaborately arranged a bit of music-paper as a tube to receive five large-sized cockchafers in a row, which he then carefully aimed at the odious Capellmeister's ear. Any one acquainted with the ways of these curious animals will know how they will lie muzzy and intoxicated till let fly, when, with a terrific hum, they will start in a direct line from the point whence they are propelled, especially if there is an opportunity for a rapturous suicide in a candle-flame on the way—and thus the pupil, having relieved himself by a good puff at his well-aimed music-roll, had had the satisfaction of seeing his master's discomfiture, and his bald head for a few minutes, and was now doomed inevitably to full explanation.

"Ay! you Josquin Dorioz! I well believe you, but there are others besides . . . Your neighbors are doubtless guilty."

"No, Meister, we can swear to it," exclaimed the

shrill voice of a chorister, who had sate near the violinist and seen all.

"No, it is only I who am in fault," he said; "I can swear to it too. I blew the creatures through a music-roll: it is a trick they play at school."

The sensitive Hasse was truly staggered. "You, Josquin Dorioz! nay, this even of you I had refused to believe! For two years I have borne with you and your vagaries and follies. I took you in kindness to be one of my scholars, and I still hoped to make much of you. True, you have talent and a fine Technik; and till now I have scarce known why you should disappoint me—now I see that I read you truly then, and that I was right to mistrust you. You have no feeling for the sacredness of art—no reverence. Frenchman! go and trill your madrigals in Paris, where none will expect more of you, and vex no more the soul of Adolphus Hasse, nor taint his scholars with your bad example! I give you your dismissal from among them. Meine Fräulein, I wish you good evening; to proceed with our practice to-night is impossible;" and, picking his steps through the corpses or ghosts of dead chafers, for there had been but five, the Capellmeister disappeared through the doorway.

In a moment all the choir were round their unfortunate and sympathetic companion. "You little wretch!" cried all the young ladies, making quite an onset on the little chorister who had made the whole confession necessary. "Oh, M. Dorioz, *we* know that you had good provocation." All were full of expressions of sympathy and offers of help, for each one knew the chance the violinist had lost, and he seemed to be a general favorite. The fainting soprano languished near him, ready to let her substantial form sink at any moment on his shoulder; but to his rescue came the church beadle, ordering quiet and instant dispersion; and all began to go off, blowing their candles out and shutting up their books as they went, till one taper only remained alight,

and one book open, where the fair-haired girl still sat, lost to all around, with the expression of one who is waking from a painful dream. The girls looked back, laughing at her as they went out, and the irrepressible chorister called back, "Take him in hand, my dear; give him some of your cast-off frocks, and teach him the secret of being always in the master's good books."

Josquin lifted his head angrily from under the music-desk where he had been getting together the books that he would no longer use there, but the tormentor had disappeared, and he was alone with the fair-haired girl, and he blushed, and for the first time that evening looked ashamed.

"Lisa, do *you* care? Well, after this, you must renounce the friendship of an unlucky devil who will never do you credit; but for this once, will you walk home with me? It is verily for the last time."

"The last time? dismissed, Josquin? No, it is too bad," and starting up she said, "Oh, let us run after him; let us kneel to the Capellmeister."

"Kneel to the old bully? no, Lisa, for what should I do so? I am heartily sick of his endless hamperings and fidgettings; I am glad to think I shall never see this ghostly old organ-loft again. Why should I bear all this badgering? What place at the opera is worth freedom? I am free now, and I suppose I had better go off and trill my madrigals in Paris," and he imitated the Capellmeister's pompous intonation.

The girl gazed at him astonished; the great eyes looked shocked, and yet there was something of admiration there for his audacity and his jokes, of which she looked so incapable herself. As they wound down the narrow stairs into the street and threaded their way through the crowd, she looked, spite of the ungraceful garments, with her aureole of fair hair and spiritual face, like some sprite admonishing a beloved boy-mortal. Josquin continued to make fun of this misfortune, she remonstrating, till at last she ceased to answer him, and

walked along plunged in gloomy reflections ; thus they reached the bridge that links the Alt Stadt and Neu Stadt in Dresden.

"Lisa," he suddenly exclaimed, "you won't answer me, and I deserve it! fool! fool that I am!" and he stopped and leant his arms against the parapet of the bridge and hid his face, thoroughly wretched and discouraged.

"How am I to answer you, when you talk a language I do not understand ; when it is not *you* who are speaking, Josquin ?"

"Ah, there you have spoken right," he said, looking up eagerly ; "you have always read me truly with your great serious eyes, for all that I am such a flippant fool."

"But how could you be so mad, Josquin, as to risk your place in the orchestra ? Did not that music speak to you ? do you not care for it as you used ?"

"Yes, you know I do, more than the Capellmeister thinks. I should like to know if his long sermonings would inspire me with love for it if I had none naturally. As it is, they almost disgust me from my profession. But I can be in earnest about it, Lisa ; I will tell you what I once felt about it. Six years ago I discovered how I loved music. It was after a punishment of three days' imprisonment. 'Ah, qu'on est bien dans la famille !' It was the first time I went out in the sunshine after the dark room. A regiment of soldiers happened to be marching by playing. That thundering march ! I have only to recall it to get back the feeling it inspired in me. I never heard a note of music then, Lisa, and I thought I should go mad. The music called to honor and death. I longed to obey its summons, and felt that as long as it lasted I could die in rapture. And then when it ceased, I felt that music should be my cause, and that to be a musician would be more glorious even than to be a soldier. You know that I have been one ever since."

"Yes," she answered sorrowfully; "and when I think how enchanted you were at the Capellmeister's nominating you last year, I can't think how you could have behaved so to him. What made you let off those creatures?"

"Oh, Lord! don't question a fellow when he feels himself fool enough already. Hasse was so provoking, and those chafers came so handy; it was a trick we used to play in my old day-school in Vienna . . . well, I suppose I must go back there like a prodigal to the bosom of my family." He looked gloomily out across the water, and then exclaimed, "No! I will be pushed to the last extremity before I do that; but anyhow, Lisa, look you, we must say good-by . . ."

"No, no, we must not give up at once; you have so little patience. There is but one way,—you must regain Hasse's favor."

"My wise admonisher, you do not fathom our great teacher's character; he hates me, and he is the most prejudiced and obstinate of men."

But she only looked before her with her anxious face, longing to find some plan for helping him.

"I *have* heard," she said after a pause, "that the Frau Capellmeisterin is as good as an angel. Once, when Nodin took me into the little room behind the stage, I heard her sing, and from my place I remember how I imitated all her gestures and wept, and was quite carried away; and when the curtain dropped, all the people shouted, 'Faustina Bordoni, Faustina Hasse!' and the actors and chorus took her up and carried her triumphantly off the stage, and seemed to love her. Nodin says that she is good still, though she is old, and loves all young artists. If we could get at her, Josquin!"

They were leaning on the bridge, watching the dark Elbe rushing beneath. Fairy lights were reflected in it; the people sauntered to and fro, for the sky was soft, and a pleasant smell of limes came from the Brühl ter-

race and gardens. The palace that has kept the name of the minister was not yet the property of the public, for the old scoundrel of the "three hundred and sixty-four pairs of breeches," of whom Carlyle talks, had not yet vanished into nether darkness; but was at the height of his power under the Elector, Augustus II., also King of Poland.

That brilliant little Polish court made the town more fashionable than it is at this day, but outwardly it presented much the same aspect, as we learn from Canaletti's bright pictures; and there over the water were even then, reigning in their calm shrines, the two queen Madonnas, loved by court and people, artists and princes, the benign Holbein and shining San Sisto, gazing serenely, as at this day, on their worshippers.

The young man and the girl stood there long, seeking a plan to conciliate those powers that ruled their fate. "What do you say," said he at last, "to serenading the Frau Capellmeisterin some night when there is a moon? Just think, Lisa, it could do no harm, and we might appear interesting. Suppose I compose a trio for soprano and violin with bass, relating this woful tale. Nodin shall help, and I will take my violin; we will sing it under Frau Hasse's windows some night soon. I have it all before me—the cockchafers buzzing and your voice pleading; it shall be in F sharp minor at the very least!"

The girl was rather for going straight to the Capellmeister, and as they discussed they still walked together. They had left the life and light of the town after crossing the bridge, and they walked by the deserted river-side for some minutes before they turned up a broad, dim street ending in a *cul de sac*. Here the grass was growing between the rough paving-stones; the light fell yellow from the lantern which hung in the centre from either side; the stillness was only broken by the creak of the rope as it swung in the light evening wind, and yet, as they turned through the little door at

the end of the street, cheerful sounds greeted them. There was a paved court-yard, enclosing a tangled little wilderness of shrubbery that made you long for lilac time; in the centre a pump was presided over by a noseless and decaying Naiad, whose elegant shell fountain was now dry, and who turned her head gracefully away from the domestic implement that replaced it. Round this court and garden a great handsome brick house formed a sort of quadrangle; from its windows came forth light, a sprightly gymnastic tune from first floor's harpsichord, a strong suggestion of ground floor's savory supper.

And it is here that Josquin Dorioz and Elisabetha Vaara are at home, in what had been once a priory, and had then become a collegiate school, and was now only let out in apartments, chiefly to persons of the artist profession, who must have astonished its uncanonical, demure old walls. His is the trim window nearly up in the roof, with the flower-box and the bird-cage; hers is opposite, morally, a step higher in the world, between the struggling artist Anchio's studio and the first floor of the successful player of the harpsichord. Thus with two windows opening on each other across a green garden,

Window plants to be watered, weak points in the flower-fence facing,

with a scarcity of friends and an abundance of ideas, with one music-master and a beloved art in common—the friendship of this boy and girl requires not much further explaining, as here they bid each other good-night on Elisabetha's staircase.

The violinist has only to put down his instrument in his trim little room, give himself a brush, and then go out to get his comfortable supper with friends of his profession, that is, if he is not too much depressed to-night to follow his usual habits. But Elisabetha has domestic duties awaiting her. She was still pondering

on his calamity, and turning back at the foot of the stair to say, "You *can* but do your best, Josquin, to get an interview with the Capellmeister," forgetful of everything else, when a strong, musical baritone voice cheerfully called down the stairs—

"Sapperment, what has kept you so long, Lisa? I was just going without you to the theatre, and I bet that you have forgotten to bring the sausage from Schweingau for supper?"

The whole history of Lisa's anxious, bewildered expression was in her reply, as she called back hopelessly, and still half absently—

"Yes, dear Nodin, I have forgotten it; and there's not a thing to eat in the house, and the shops are all shut."

"Ah, dreamy daughter of the clouds, what a fool was I to trust you!" cheerfully called back the rich, pleasing voice; but one following the girl up the stairs would have been surprised by the aspect of the man from whom it came, as he stood on the landing to receive her. His immense shaven chin and huge protuberance of waist, his suffering face and bedimmed eyes, bore an ugly testimony to the old age which contrasted with his strong, manly voice.

"Bless my soul, Lisa, what can you have been doing at the Hof-kirche?" he said, as she reached his landing and entered an apartment opening from it. "As for supper, it is only lucky that I had not to be at the theatre at the usual hour, for I should have come back to find none; but I am only on at nine. I must be off, and can sup at the Seven Devils on my way back. But let me look at you, Lisa, my little goddess; you look a perfect scarecrow; how have you fagged yourself so? Don't come with me to-night, but try and get yourself some supper," and he pulled out a handful of groschen from his pocket: "There, cater for yourself, and stop at home."

"No, Nodin, I will come with you; I can borrow

some wurst for to-night's supper, and *do* eat it at home;" then suddenly coming out with what still occupied her, "O Nodin! Josquin has been dismissed by the Capellmeister."

"Here, where are those pumps that were sent home mended to-day? I am late already," was the answer from the inner room. "Josquin dismissed! a thousand devils! Now, Lisa, I can't find my snuff-box; you can tell me about the other presently."

The chaotic horrors of the room, where the stout bass was getting together his things before going to the opera, could be imagined from the confusion that reigned in the sitting-room from which it opened. The harpsichord, with masses of music stowed away under it, gave, however, a look of civilization to the room. There was a great owl blinking in the window, and near the green-tiled stove a shaven poodle lay, his fat, pink sides panting in his slumber. A little crucifix, of curious ugliness, hung in one corner, and there was a guitar decorated with faded ribbons on a chair with a heap of Nodin's huge hose, out of which the darning-needle was sticking. Elisabetha did not look out of harmony with this somewhat lugubrious interior, as she dropped down on a low stool and began absently to feed the dog with large morsels of the bread and milk which she had got for her own refreshment while waiting for the old man. But in spite of the dreaminess that seemed to carry her up into some other world, to which she half belonged, there was always a conscientious look in this girl's face, something of anxious responsibility. Whether she sang in the church, or admonished her boy-friend, or, as now, waited for Nodin, there was the same zeal and seriousness in her manner, as if she fulfilled a trust. And that the reader may know the history of her odd relationship with the old man, and of Josquin's intimacy with the pair, we must go back a few years, while she accompanies Nodin, eager not to let him go alone to the theatre.

CHAPTER II.

MELANCOLIA.

It was at the door of that theatre, three years before, that Josquin had first met Elisabetha and Nodin, when he had arrived there a tired wanderer, to whose imagination, for two months past, it had been a paradise and haven of rest.

Josquin was then a runaway, not from the parental roof, but from a big family mansion in Vienna, which to him was ever after the type of all dull, deadly, impossible existence, the abode of his father's family. The name of Dorioz was only adopted by him when he began his musical career; it had been his mother's; she had been an artist, a French woman, Nanine her name. And with this name of his mother, Hasse associated him when he called him a frivolous Frenchman; and it gives him his first claim on our own notice, for he was the son of a poet-mother, and therefore marked with favor by the heavenly powers.

It was but a dim memory that the boy kept of the sensitive, passionate Nanine, but sometimes an image came before him, pale and faded like an old fresco, a suffering face with tender brown eyes, a dress of saffron, and a chaplet between her fingers. And sometimes the same image of a pale woman, with the eyes lighted up while she played on a violin.

Josquin's father, Alexander von Gasparein, had been fashionable and dilettante; he had fallen in love with Nanine in Paris, and though he had incurred the displeasure of his family, by honestly making her his

wife, he devoted himself, after her early death, to training the little boy she left him to be as like his mother as possible; and it was not difficult, for he had inherited from her a spark of genius. And yet the father had not intended his son to be an artist; he had thought to lead him just to the point he wished, not considering that it is a very narrow line that separates dilettantism from art as a profession, and that the keen young soul with growing wings will not always remain on the desirable confines. But he did not see the result of his early education, and Josquin being left an orphan, the Gasperein family, who had ignored him for nine years, relented and summoned him from Paris to the Vienna mansion.

Thither he was conducted by his nurse, Silvie, and to her skirts he clung, a small creature, all eyes, while inspected by the big baron, his uncle, and by his three aunts; Agathe, the high-born widow, Brigitta, bland and worldly, and Crescentia, forty and furtively playful over her tambour frame. These ladies had each a scheme of her own for the little boy's moral improvement; but he was unconscious both of schemes and moral defects, and settled down at first delighted with the novelty, and perhaps in the years that followed might have lost the spirit with which he came imbued—the spirit inspired by that dangerous brown instrument of his mother—had it not been fostered in him by the loyal Silvie.

Now Silvie was at once distressed by his first contentment. She instinctively knew that her boy's education was about to be changed, while she felt it her duty to keep up all the traditions of the old home. She adopted a slightly injured air, and watched her opportunities for bringing Josquin back to his old habits.

One day everything seemed to go wrong with the child, a sort of reaction after the delight in all the novelty; his tempers ended in a violent passion, after which he sobbed in her arms. "Ay, nasty, ugly temper,"

Silvie said by way of soothing him ; " the devil has been here all day ; he was waiting when the naughty boy got out of bed to tempt him. He is very busy in Vienna, I think. Don't you remember how you used to send him away in Paris ? Why, look here," she said going to her bed, and pulling out a violin case ; " here is little Séraphine, who has been lying there ever since we came ; the wicked Satan has not heard a tune since we came here ; it's no wonder he has been so busy. Come, my cherub, make me some music, tune up poor Séraphine, play me at least the "Trois Princesses ;" and she began to sing through her nose :

" Y avait trois princess—es,
Vole, vole, mon cœur, vol—e."

" Séraphine " was the name she gave to Josquin's own little fiddle ; there was another, Nanine's own violin, she had christened " Pauvre Maman ; " this one was carefully stowed away in her box. " It always lived in my master's bedroom," said Silvie ; " I do not care to let it get into the hands of those who do not even ask what has become of it." Both had been forgotten by Josquin in the novelty of everything else.

" Yes," he now said miserably, " he would try to play the 'Trois Princesses.' " It was an air with little variations : they all came back to him. He began, still convulsed with sobs, but soon forgot everything else but the music.

The unwonted sounds were heard by the three ladies in the drawing-room, sitting at their work. Agathe only looked at Brigitta once, Crescentia started nervously ; they had not an idea that their nephew could play on his mother's instrument, which to them was the symbol of all vice. Brigitta rose like a woman of action, and, followed by the other two aunts, fluttered into the room, where Silvie, with arms in contemplative akimbo, stood before her little player, his eyes sparkling, his little foot tapping ; there were stains of

tears still on his cheeks, and every now and then a sort of sobbing sigh came like the heaving of the storm that had just before been convulsing him.

"Really that Alexander was too infatuated and shameless . . ." Agathe began; but the little boy called out, quite excited by his own music, "Don't you like it, aunt? it's about three princesses, and there is only one who is good and pretty, and that is my Aunt Crescentia;" and he nodded and played away the variation to the refrain, while his nurse, who did not understand what he had said in broken German, and thought the ladies could not but be admiring, exclaimed ecstatically: "*Joue toujours ! est-ce gentil, est-ce mignon, ce pauvre chou !*"

But her raptures were soon interrupted, for Brigitta went up with decision to the little boy, and saying, "You have played quite enough, my dear; when you are sorry for your impertinence you shall have a nice game of dominoes in the parlor," seized the violin firmly, and, regardless of convulsive clutch and outburst of passion from the boy, marched out of the room with it, leaving Agathe to rebuke the nurse.

After this began Silvie's troubles, and the boy's too. Everything was to be done to fit Josquin for healthy conventional life. He was started in classics by a pedagogue; a fencing-master was added to the dancing-master; the musical name of Josquin was dropped. "Josquin? Harlequin!" had exclaimed Agathe on first hearing it, for it had no associations in her mind with the old Chaucer of harmony—Josquin Desprès. "It sounds like a mountebank; and doubtless the child has the blood of some tight-rope dancer in his veins." Soon, too, Silvie's care was to be replaced by a valet's, and this was a terrible blow; the poor woman, however, could not make up her mind to return to Paris, but remained to set up as a laundress in the town, where her Parisian accomplishments got her a thriving business.

"They are all wicked, Silvie," her beloved boy said to her as she attended him at his going to bed for the last time.

"No; mustn't say that," she said.

"But you are going, and they have taken away 'S raphine,' and Aunt Agathe said I wasn't to play any more."

"Well, but haven't they left you 'Pauvre Maman?' " And when she took up her abode a little way from Josquin, she carried his mother's violin with her.

Silvie would shrug her shoulders, talking of her boy. "He has got his mamma's eyes; you cannot drive nature out with a pitchfork," she would say. Nature with Josquin was freedom: music, *tapage*; the pitchfork was gentility, classics, dulness. In the next few years it was less his musical taste that asserted itself than his humorous, frolicsome spirit. He was nine when he first came to Vienna; for the next six years imagine the child's unnatural life. The deadly lessons, the walk and drive in full afternoon costume, the game of dominoes as sole recreation in the great fusty red saloon where his aunts constantly sat receiving visitors. Our little fellow was hardly conscious of his wants, but yet grew to lose his bright, vivid looks and innocent cravings for jokes, and he might have pined away if it had not been for one happy event.

This was his occasional visit to Silvie: it took place much oftener than his aunts knew. But here the servants came to the rescue; for through his visits to the nurse they were enabled to receive rare treats in the good woman's laundry. From the first she had produced the mother's violin and encouraged him to play on it; the laundry was perfectly safe for sound, and here she could store up the new music that she would buy for him, and while busy over her washing stir him on to improve. Then she would invite one or two favored servants over to listen, or a few neighbors, and treating them all to her French pancakes, enjoin them

to keep silence as to their privileges. Josquin's audience would sometimes form quite a ring, and the ladies' little negro page, who had a sympathetic attachment for Josquin, would listen fervently, with tears of delight running down his swarthy cheeks as he played.

Thus he had one outlet to his feelings, and did not forget what music he had learnt from his father during those years in Vienna; and thus his first public in the washerwoman's cottage had been the people. They would call for simple tunes, and he would play all that he picked up in the streets, working out melodies in his fanciful way, and sometimes airs of his own little creation, which Silvie was proud to detect, coming out of the back laundry with soap-sudded arms.

But the dull days went on between-whiles in the Kärnthner Strasse in Vienna. Six years passed, and Josquin was nearly fifteen; in appearance, a remarkable little being: there was vitality expressed in every part of him, in the frizzy curliness of his hair—alas! now hidden in the obnoxious perruque—in the movements of his hands, which had been from his cradle the admiration of his nurse; when amused, his eyes would suddenly scintillate, and his little, thin, sallow face break all over into brightness. And the demon of music was not come out of him; the child was wild with the love of it, and in church, almost the only place where he could hear it performed, when the organ pealed out, his heart would beat, and he would sing so fervently, that Aunt Brigitta was quite pleased with his devotion. There was another thing he liked—that was dancing, but in this art he had a cousin who far excelled him.

Josquin would feel keenly that cousin Charles was preferred by the partners with whom he successively fell in love. *His* one accomplishment he had to conceal; and it seemed so hard that his candle must be always under a bushel. There was one little blue-eyed girl in particular, whose favor Charles had won, whilst

himself, poor Josquin knew she considered "peculiar;" before her he desperately longed to display his secret power. She was coming to spend the day; could he not then beam on her with a splendid revelation of his talent? Charles, who was already in his secret, he could trust not to betray him, even though his music charmed the young lady. With all these representations, he went to Silvie and begged so hard, that with great reluctance she let him have the violin. For five years she had kept it, poor soul, and given her darling musician opportunity to play on it; now all was to be spoilt by his vanity. He concealed himself and his fiddle in the play-room till the hour came when the little lady would come upstairs with Charles. They found Josquin playing a brilliant fantasia.

"Oh, you nice boy!" she said, "can you play? you can then make music for Charles and me to dance."

"To be sure, Josquin," said his cousin; "play us a pretty gavotte."

"Play for you to dance?" exclaimed Josquin, furious; "do you think this is a common fiddle? listen, if you please, to this tone! my violin was made at Cremona by Stradivarius expressly for my mamma!" and he began to execute his most pathetic piece. The little girl listened for a while, and then said, "It is very beautiful, but I would rather dance, if you please." Here Charles burst out laughing. Josquin could bear it no longer: he dealt Charles such a box on the ear with the unfortunate Stradivarius, that the little Cécile sent up a piteous cry. Down went a servant to Aunt Agathe. "Madam, here's Master Alexander [they now called Josquin by that name in the family] been breaking Master Charles's head with a fiddle!" "Fiddle! what fiddle?" said the three ladies all at once. When they came upstairs a fight was raging, the violin lying on the floor. All came out—the practisings and audiences in the laundry, and Josquin got three days' imprisonment, with three sorrowful subjects for reflection:

Silvie departed, sent back for good to Paris; the violin captured; Cécile scornful and perfectly callous.

We have heard Josquin tell on the bridge of Dresden, four years after, how it had been after captivity, coming out into sunshine, and under the influence of martial strains of music, that he made up his mind to be free at all costs, and seek a roving life. Perhaps he did not at once realize that Music was indeed his calling—but still his beloved violin was to him the symbol of all joy and freedom, and he knew that if he left his people, fiddling and daily bread would be the same thing. Josquin did not reflect that bondage now meant more liberty hereafter if he remained a gentleman: he was fifteen, and five years meant a third of his life! How could he wait so long? And it was glorious June weather, June the vagabond, the rollicking, that fills all sons of liberty and sunshine like Josquin with the spirit of wandering and a happy restlessness, and all one golden June day he formed his plans for running away.

When it was discovered that he was gone, the Von Gaspareins received the news with mixed feelings.

"Of course the boy has enlisted," said Brigitta, shattered by the thought of the scandal in her circle.

"Clandestine habits! military notions! oh, Baron, what may not Charles have learnt from his cousin!" said the injured widow-mother.

"Enlisted, pooh!" said the Baron; "the boy has got hold of the violin; the western roads must be searched at once, he has gone after his nurse."

But when the ladies heard that he had started with the violin, they almost hailed the suggestion cheerfully (made by Crescentia) that the ponds should be dragged, as if it were highly hopeful that he should be found in one of them with the odious instrument hung round his neck.

But, meanwhile, the golden sunrises and sunsets counted the first days of Josquin's pilgrimage north-

wards; he had not known the road to Paris, he had started with but one instinct—to get as far from Vienna as possible. The first walk under the stars, violin case in hand (it had been secreted in the Baron's study, and he had stolen it the night of his flight. Stolen it! was it not his own possession? his one treasure in life?) was thrillingly exciting, and the next morning his breakfast at a farmstead was the first experience Josquin had of the pleasant land out into which he came with wild ideas of making his fortune.

But that musical Germany of his time was indeed a favorable place for a romantic musician. In every village there were dancers for whoever would fiddle to them; in every farm-house and homestead the musician was welcome, to lead perhaps a family quartette, or while away the evening by playing solo to the assembled household; in every large church, in every town, was the old organist, brimful of learning, lording it on his organ-throne over parson and people. Everywhere music teemed with the glorious sons she brought forth, a race of giants, to be the fathers of all musicians to come, and everywhere honor was done to her in however dry and primitive a fashion; for is there not a quaint mixture of pedantry and trifling—old age and childhood—in the music of that period?

And so across this musical Germany Josquin had travelled, with the usual experiences and adventures of runaways, always hearing of the wonders of Dresden and its great lyric opera, and dreaming—who knows—that he carried the stick of the conductor in his carpet-bag. But when he arrived at the door of the theatre one summer's evening, he had not even money to enter with, and he took up his stand at the gate of his heaven, to watch the happy go in to feast on the heavenly strains, while he himself remained penniless and shut out.

Josquin had stood there on two successive evenings, watching the world of fashion coming across the sunlit

market-place in their painted chairs and coaches, but on the third, being assailed with pangs of hunger of a more positive kind even than music-hunger, he had gone round to the other side where the bread-winners went in together.

These were the singers and players, strange Italian gentlemen, and groups of men and women with a family likeness about the elbows and knees, smoking and gossiping together. Josquin wondered whether they were not ready to burst with joy, if they were indeed the chorus, as he was told, at the idea of presently appearing on the stage. There was one business-like contralto giving nourishment to her babe up to the last moment before going in, when she would hand it to a smiling grandmother at her side; then there was a sort of hush and a large lady with *éploré* eyes, wrapped in a pile of shawls, alighted out of her chair with the assistance of a solicitous maid and an old gentleman with a grave and concentrated air. "Ah the Tesi!" was whispered, "the Tesi is arriving." How often afterwards Josquin thought of this, his first introduction to the green-room door, and how he had wondered whether such a prima donna might ever have something to say to him, or whether he should have to remain contented to belong to the small crew of the orchestra fiddlers who made way for her! Our hero was thus musing with empty stomach, as he leant against a post, his violin listlessly hanging by his side, when his attention was drawn to two figures coming across the Platz towards the theatre, an old man, enormously fat, led by the hand of a tall girl. They were Nodin, and Elisabetha Vaara, walking as usual to the theatre. What struck Josquin most, as he observed the oddly matched couple for the first time, was the grave and perfectly abstracted air with which the girl walked by the side of her undignified companion, for on that occasion Nodin had had some difficulty in walking straight. Elisabetha's long steps were unfaltering, her scanty, colorless clothing and

spreading fair hair gave her a wild, uncared-for look. It was altogether a sorrowful apparition, and Josquin's interest was awakened. The slightly intoxicated state of the old man seemed to be taken as a matter of course by the group of people near the door, for they all greeted him familiarly as he stopped to chat; and Josquin, inquiring of one who stood near, was told that this was the basso profondo of the opera. "Generally takes comic parts, and is then all very well; a perfect fool in the drama, for they all think so much of his low E—taking that part to-night in Sesostris—pah! it's an indignity . . ." and the informant forgot Josquin, and continued to mutter deprecatingly, so that the boy understood that this also was a disappointed bass. But he tried to hear what old Nodin was saying.

"Yes, I bring her, of course; I wouldn't have her miss the Tesi to-night for the world."

"Ah, the little maiden pays for her lesson by rendering you good services, Nodin. Since when have you been incapable to-day, old fellow?"

Then they passed on, and as they did so, Josquin met the girl's eyes. His aspect seemed to touch her, for she looked back at him once with a glance of compassion. Then everybody began to enter or to drop away, and very soon the boy was left alone, with night coming down and nothing more to look at outside, and within to his imagination seraphim and cherubim, and harpers harping with their harps in divine concord, while he remained shut out.

He was very tired, and he still had to consider how he should earn enough for his night's lodging; but as he leaned against his post fatigue overcame him, and he slipped down fast asleep. It must have been nearly two hours after, that he awoke; it was quite night, and there at the door was the young girl he had noticed; she was looking up at the stars, drawing in long breaths of fresh air: suddenly she caught sight of Josquin sitting up staring at her, and she turned shyly to

go in, but in another minute she came back. She hesitated, and then said in a childish voice, "What are you waiting for?"

"For nothing," said Josquin. "I did not intend to wait, but I think I fell asleep; I have nothing to take me anywhere else."

"But can't you come in? ah, I suppose the porter would not let you pass, and you have no money."

She looked full into his eyes like a little girl; she seemed to entirely sympathize, but not to pity, it was so natural to have no money, and to be lying out there.

"What is going on now?" Josquin asked wearily.

"Oh! the *Tesi* is not on, or I should not have come away. I came to wait for M. Nodin, who will soon be here to drink his lemonade."

And he saw that the girl had left the jug she carried with the porter at the door, and had now come to fetch it; and he guessed that the old man she had accompanied was in need of some cooling draught in the course of his performance, to counteract the effects of what he had taken in the earlier part of the day.

This was the secret of Elisabetha's eagerness not to let her guardian go alone to the theatre. Before she had watched over him he had had the greatest difficulty in keeping his place at the opera; but, thanks to her care, he was now not tempted to drink during the opera-time, and never went on the stage tipsy.

The stout figure now came out in the doorway, in a toga and sandals; he was panting, and without saying a word the girl poured out a tumblerful of his innocent draught, and waited till he had swallowed it. Then she pulled his hand: "Nodin, this young lad with his violin says he has never heard an opera in his life; he has no money; mayn't I just bring him in to hear the next act from here?"

"No, no; we've enough of children trailing in and out, and sticking in the way. Keep to your fiddle, my lad," he said to Josquin, "and you will soon have

money enough to come in to the opera the other way."

"Let him go instead of me," urged the girl. "Take him in, Nodin."

"What? and miss the great act of the *Tesi*? No, I won't have you lose that lesson. Well, well, I suppose, since you are bent on it, I can allow you to bring the lad in. I will say a word to the door-keeper; but let me get out of the way. I don't like to be seen with a pack of children at my heels."

Never after did Josquin forget that hour, when, awe-struck, he followed his little benefactress into the back scenes of the opera. As they went through the dark passages, she looked neither to the right nor the left. Here and there a group of singers were waiting, and some grinned as she passed. But in a business-like way, and perfectly at home, she led the way to a dark corner, where she suddenly squatted down, motioning to him to do the same, and from this place they could see the stage. She made not an attempt at conversation, and Josquin was staring about so busily that he scarcely noticed her silence, and forgot her presence for a while. There was a general smell of lampiness, oil, wicks, flarings, burnt glass; a strong draught poured in on them, and it was very dark, for the curtain hung in front of the stage. It was altogether a somewhat depressing paradise, but a thrilling hum of voices came through the black curtain, and an exciting tuning of violins. Then Josquin began to try and make out the scene that was being got into place; it all looked dark and lugubrious, with huge triangular patches of white in the background.

"What are those funny things painted there?" he said to his companion.

"Oh, those are the pyramids of Egypt; the opera is *Sesostris*, composed by our Ober-Capellmeister."

"Pray, who is *Sesostris*, and who the Ober-Capellmeister?" asked Josquin.

"Oh, Sesostris was a great conquering prince of Egypt, and our Capellmeister of course is Hasse."

"Dear me, I wonder how Egyptian conquerors sang, and what your Hasse knows about them," he could not refrain from saying.

At this moment, in a half-classical, half-eastern costume, with elegant pink feet carefully sandalled, the warbling conqueror perambulated the stage, evidently in no calm state of mind. "That infernal draught!" he muttered, sucking a lozenge; "it has done for my high *la*, curse that note" and suddenly crossing himself he ran up his scale. "*Re, mi, fa, sol, la*, my voice is gone! andata giù! . . . giù! . . . giù! I shall never survive that passage," and again he crossed himself, hastily repeating an "Ave," and, once more, ran up the scale. "Come, that's better." And as another man joined him, to condole on the huskiness of his second act, the Italian tenor repudiated the idea of dreading the third.

But the stage was cleared, and suddenly the curtain drew up, and the wondrous act commenced: Josquin listened with open mouth; the divine Tesi came forward, and he forgot the pyramids and the swearing tenor, and complete illusion came to hold him spell-bound while the music went on. And there was the wonderful sea of faces on the other side of the stage and the delicious orchestra, and the Capellmeister to watch, winking at the actors from his desk, placed under the stage-box. Josquin longed to kiss the hem of the Tesi's garment as she passed out flushed and palpitating. Then he looked at his companion. What picture that he had met with in his wanderings was it that came to the boy's mind as he gazed at the wonderful girl? The curtain had once more fallen, and her still face stood out white from the dark background of lumber and ladder that surrounded them, her elbow rested on her knee, her cheek on her small hand, and

her hair fell loose on her bare shoulders, while her eyes looked sorrowfully before her.

So she sat motionless, and while he tried to find what she reminded him of, Josquin was half wondering whether there might not be *wings* hidden in the shadow behind the strange girl, who from her powerful limbs might have been a boy—certainly was half a sprite. He went on staring at her dreamily, and then the last act began, and once more Josquin was enraptured. But when the conquering procession began, he saw it all very hazily, for he was thoroughly tired and hungry, and suddenly, as the finale was being sung, he fell heavily against the wall next his companion in a dead faint.

When he recovered he was once more outside the theatre, and the fat bass and the girl were bending over him. He got up in a few minutes, and, thanking them, asked for his violin.

"No, no," said old Nodin; "you shan't carry it, my boy; I have got it here, and you shall come home with us, and put something better than water into your stomach."

And they took the poor wanderer that very night for the first time to the Kloster-haus, where this time the bewildered Elisabetha had got the supper beforehand. The contrast between Josquin's poverty and his manners struck Nodin, who had seen not a little of the world; but only inquiring his name, that he might put it at the end of his every sentence, he refrained from the questions which he longed to put, till the poor boy had tasted food. All the time he ate he entertained the guest with an encouraging discourse on the flourishing state of music in Dresden, the splendor of the opera, the comfort and beauty of the house he occupied; for Nodin's intemperate habits only fed the amiable illusion in his brain, that made him envelope all about him in a sort of splendor, and allowed him to look on himself and the world around him as gods in Elysium. He

was perfectly happy when tipsy up to a certain point, and this limit seemed to be quietly allowed by the girl. All this Josquin had understood afterwards; then he only wondered as he looked on and listened. Elisabetha, having finished her own supper, had produced a heap of woollen socks which she began to mend, and appeared perfectly abstracted while Nodin burst forth about her. "Yes, do you see, M. Dorioz, this Signora Tesi that you heard to-night, it will not be long before her fame is completely eclipsed by that girl you see there. A treasure, M. Dorioz, that I predict to you will one day be recognized by the world, have I got there. The Tesi had a wonderful organ, but she is much too stupid to be an actress; the Bordoni was great if you only want the piquant and graceful—in these my Lisa will not surpass her—I have given up expecting comedy from her; but in the great, the quite noble style," Nodin said, expanding into an immense beaming smile, "there will be none to equal her Ah! and the Ober-Capellmeister knows it too. I picked her up singing in the streets five years ago; I took her home with the woman who said she was her mother, but in the morning the mother had disappeared, and the girl was left with me. I have kept her ever since. You see, M. Dorioz, she just suits me. It is true she frightens away my pupils by her odd ways, and there is hardly any crockery left since she has had the care of it, but then it is a comfort to be allowed to go one's own way, and she understands my ways. If she does dream over her household work, is it any wonder when she has such a future before her? You can't expect the *pot-au-feu* (this Nodin pronounced *bot-au-veu*) to raise the drama; and I assure you, M. Dorioz, that this is what my pupil will do some day. If you could hear her talk about her art, her thoughts are so elevated!"

Elisabetha sat on darning, taking this wonderful description of herself as much as a matter of course as all

other of Nodin's gilded descriptions. "So you see, M. Dorioz, that she made a forlorn beginning enough, and is now, through my influence, started on a certain career. This is the Florence of the North," he said, thumping the table with his fist. "Art flourishes here more than anywhere else; the Capellmeister has just taken her into his choir, and that is the certain road to fame. Have you genius, M. Dorioz?"

"No," said Josquin simply, "but I have a very good violin."

So he was made to play to them; and as he stood up in the shadowy, odd-looking, monastic room for the first time, while Nodin puffed at his pipe, and Elisabetha listened dreamily to his violin, a strange *bien aise* took possession of the boy, and a sympathy with the quaint pair who seemed to understand his isolation so readily. His brain was full of fancies which he longed to express to them on his violin; it made a little fantasia, some time afterwards Josquin wrote it down, and put the title *Melancolia* to it, still haunted by Dürer's parable which the attitude of Lisa that evening had recalled to his imagination.

And thus the fate of the little French violin player had kissed that of the young northern singer, and they were not to be severed in life. It was not long before Josquin's people had traced him to the Kloster-haus, where Nodin helped him to get a room; but they found their nephew so settled and determined in his beloved profession (he had immediately got engaged as assistant to an organist in the town), that they found it a troublesome task to remove him. Perhaps the words of Silvie returned with force to the Baron; perhaps he began to reflect that a penniless nephew, who might make a good musician and nothing else, had best be ignored; but he became less active in pursuing him, and at last entered into an agreement with Nodin to see that he was kept on by the organist on the payment of a small premium. Nodin's gravity and excitement over

the situation were immense. He was touched by the way the boy clung to him, and amused by his scorn of all his worldly prospects. He could not discourage the boy's Bohemian sympathies, but he tried to make him look after his own interest by preserving one of the Baron's letters, which might prove useful in his after-life. In it the Baron signified that the only hope of his nephew's regaining his favor would be a complete change of mind. Josquin did not think twice about it, but allowed Nodin to take the letter into safe-keeping.

Thus he had entered on the four happiest years he had ever known, under the care of the simple old music-loving organist of Dresden, and with his sympathizing friends. Here he was properly appreciated, as well as wholesomely neglected, which he had never been before; taught first lessons of the necessity of work, fed on goodly canons and counterpoint pure, nursed by lofty fugues, watched over by the Gothic saints of an old church, where he sang daily in the choir: above all he made strides in violin playing. When Hasse had taken him into the royal band, fortune had smiled on him: but soon all seemed about to be lost by a bit of boyish folly.

CHAPTER III.

THE CAPELLMEISTERIN.

INDEED I am almost ashamed of my hero, when we return from the pictures of his boyhood, and whatever beauty appears in them, to find him again in so commonplace a disgrace. But his impatience of all restraint is not insignificant of the poet-nature that shines out, now brightly and then dimly, through the impulses of his boyhood; the poet-nature that might have been productive of no poet-power, but for the teaching which life alone could bring him. Through the school of

“Lust und Entsetzen und grimmige Pein”

we must see the years lead him before he attain the power at last. And the first change came to his calm Kloster-haus life with that boyish freak of which we must hasten on to see the issues.

One morning shortly after its occurrence, Faustina Hasse, the Frau Capellmeisterin, was receiving her usual Sunday evening guests in her old house in the Ostra Allée; modest, even dingy, but classical ground. The *Caro Sassone*, *Faustina Bordoni*, those to whom these names are familiar will associate with them pictures of Venice, and youth and water-music, masks, and golden days of triumph, when electors, princes, and their courts bowed down before the popular young composer and his nightingale bride. Such a picture, indeed, presents their youth and middle age, but a very different one their present life on the modest second floor of the old house, though not without its charm. Old age

had changed Hasse far more than his wife; he had always been indolent, but he had once had a straight back and handsome features; he had never been very practical, but he now only left his dreaminess to become unbearably irritable; all his life he had been a sort of musical instrument through which seemed to breathe a spirit that in no way touched the *man*, and music still appeared to possess him; sometimes it had an almost mesmeric effect on him, seeming to deprive him of all other power and completely weakening his will, and he was never so dignified as under these crises; but the inspiration would pass, and then his bills would come in and his grievances, and Faustina would dazzle him, and he would become the lazy and irritable old Hasse of ordinary life, far too lazy to remain fashionable.

But still life to him had not lost its charm, though the proverbial gratitude of princes in his case was somewhat being fulfilled; he had his rows of snuff-boxes, the souvenirs of all courts of Europe; he cherished his grievances, and, spite of his firm belief that in the hands of innovators Art was going to the dogs, there remained to him immense pride and pleasure in his office. To Faustina's bright, fantastic imagination everything yielded charm; she was perhaps a little weary of the show of life, but her heart was the softer for this, and her enthusiasm for the beautiful and for friendship glowed warmer than ever. The Capellmeisterin had not given up society, and had her influence still there, and it is in her salon, where fashion condescended to meet Art and letters, that we must find her a few days after Josquin's dismissal. It was one of her evenings of largest reception; the harpsichord stood in the centre of the low room lit by the reposeful light of shaded lamps; on the deep, low couches made for listening to music reclined gay groups of people talking and drinking coffee; the curtained recesses offered secluded nooks for more private conversations. One of these recesses, lit by a dim taper, would have awakened your curiosity

as a stranger to the house; late in the evening you might have discovered that it contained a large bed, ensconced in which lay the Capellmeister. However fashionable, however distinguished this company, he always made a point of retiring to the bed in the alcove, allowing a few friends to keep him awake with a game of piquet or whist, sitting near the *ruelle* of his bed, while he gave audience like the Grand Monarque. He wished to have the enjoyment of the music at his own house, without the trouble of giving opinions or of remaining awake when he felt otherwise inclined, and it was not often that anything was seen or heard of the Capellmeister, though sometimes a sonorous bravo or grunt of disapprobation proceeding from the alcove startled those who were not acquainted with the ways of this household.

Faustina was now nearly sixty, and had lost the beauty of feature and symmetry of form so famous to her contemporaries; but she carried off her humorous originality with a certain grandeur and poetry of expression, which gave you glimpses of her old fascination. She paced her rooms in a gorgeous brown brocade sacque, her hair frizzed up on her little head, which waved and tossed about with the motions of her conversation; when she sat she would display a tiny foot—that feature for which an old goddess often feels the longest a lingering, melancholy affection.

Faustina did not much like another clever woman in the room, but she adored beauty. She seated herself every now and then on a low sofa, and made love ardently to a young girl of surpassing loveliness, who sat playing with a long peacock fan. Her long neck rose out of a maze of twisting lace, and knots, and bows, like a rare flower out of hothouse leaves, her long almond eyes gazed languidly out on an admiring world; with all her gentleness there was a vein of mercilessness betrayed in the little pout of her under lip; the diamonds round her neck sent up a shower of cold spar-

kles with every breath that lightly heaved her rounded bosom. Faustina was pulling off her glove to play with the little hand while she addressed a middle-aged man standing near.

"Ah, Doctor," she said, "you may laugh at me for becoming sentimental in my old age, but I assure you this is no common intelligence I have come across: I have seen enough of hopeful germs that have come to nothing, yet I would rather be disappointed twenty times than let one perish for want of encouragement. Believe me, there is promise of a new life blossoming in the young minds of this day; when I listen to this lad, I feel that I would like to live a hundred years to see the new fruit gathered in; for is it not the bitterness of growing old, Doctor, to feel that new beauties will be born, and April and renewal take place, and we sunk in autumn, and not there to see them?"

She spoke with such vehemence that many of her guests stayed their talk to listen to their hostess; she continued to them more quietly: "We are talking of a little fiddler whom I consider a genius; the Capellmeister there won't hear of him though," and she sank her voice to a whisper, and her head waved in the direction of the alcove; "the boy has been giving him trouble in the choir, and he won't admit him to the band. He calls him a Frenchman, and says he has no conscience—a little brown thing, with the fire breathing through every pore of his yellow French skin, what should he know of conscience?"

"Where is he to be heard; why mayn't we have an opportunity of judging?" said the Doctor she had addressed. He was a tall, serene-looking man, with a kind, calm smile lurking in his beard, the growth of which denoted him to be a Russian.

"Well, Ivanhoff, you shall have that opportunity to-night. But I must tell you how I came across him. He came to open rupture the other day with Hasse about some boy's prank or other, and lost his place in

the choir, his only hope of a livelihood. By way of conciliating my husband, he comes and wakes me up out of my first sleep, with a serenade trio which he writes on purpose, relating his pitiful condition. Of course I was furious, for it must be allowed I have had my full share of these things: but the boy's composition was truly not in the common way, and such a girl's voice he had got to sing it! In a few minutes I found myself stepping out of bed, and peeping through the shutters as though I had been a little girl at Venice with a head running on nothing else. I could not make out at first whether it was a boy or a girl singing, for the voice might have belonged to either, and in her long black cloak, with her short aureole of golden hair floating round her head, she looked unlike anything I had ever seen. For all the world they reminded me, as they stood there in the white moonlight, of Lot's messengers, or some angelic vision. Can't you imagine it, the pretty spirit accompaniment to the voices that seemed to plead for warmth and admittance?

"When it was over I became cross again and went to bed, but all the next day the angel's music was in my head, and as I had recognized the bass who had sung with them to be Nodin of the Opera, I sent for him to know who were my serenaders. The girl turned out to be the little Vaara, whom I have often heard of from Hasse, and the lad—not only did Nodin tell me that he was the composer both of words and tune of the serenade, but that he is the son of a dear woman I once knew—you have all heard of her, Nanine Dorioz—the pupil of whom Tartini was so fond; and this is her son whom Hasse has just dismissed from the choir. You see, I feel I must give him a chance of being heard, though, to tell you the truth," and her voice sank again to a whisper, "I have not told the Capellmeister a word about it."

The lucky Josquin had not perhaps been aware, when he applied to Faustina for help after his scrape with the

Capellmeister, that not only had this impetuous lady a warm love for young artists, but also a strong spirit of opposition, which made it her delight to take up anybody who happened to be out of favor with her husband or others. The more intimate of her guests, however, understood this tendency, and after receiving their hostess' version of the history of the young fiddler they were about to hear, they entered with zest into her interest.

"And if Hasse should find out that we are sheltering a withered branch, and should reproach us, you must all help me to bear the consequences. I don't think he could withstand your appeal, eh, my duchess?" she said to the lovely girl, whose hand she had held during her discourse.

From the other side of the room came now laughter and the sound of a guitar, playfully touched by an old gentleman in a magnificent blossom-colored coat, surrounded by a group of ladies. He sang in a falsetto voice:

Quand on sait plaire,
Surtout à la cour,
Que peut-on faire
Et nuit et jour
Sans un peu d'amour?

Look at his agreeable old wicked face, his delicate white hands on which the lace falls sumptuously; he is the type of an old court musician, and he is the delight of the ladies. Imagine the brilliant little society into which our friends are about to come—they, the simple-minded and eager, into this world of the pleasure-seeking and languid, who only bear with art and unconventionality when it wears a large hoop and becomes piquant.

"Here come Lot's messengers," said the Doctor, laughing, as the boy and the tall girl were seen advancing down the long red room among the groups of people. And even in Faustina's circle many looked on the

couple with that wondering and self-possessed gaze with which respectability, good birth, and high breeding often survey that mysterious creature, the artist. Oh who shall explain the vague dislike, the distant horror, the instinctive recoil of conventionality from the dreaded monster—originality! And Lisa, poor child, in her ordinary motherless garb, was odd-looking enough. As she came forward in the dress which Nodin had suggested as most suitable for the occasion, with loose hair, she looked as though she had fallen from some other planet, the child of a race of shining-haired giants, into a world all out of proportion with her. Josquin was far more at home; he was dressed with the greatest care; his eyes, which shone with excitement, alone betrayed some of his emotion as he went up lightly and kissed Faustina's hand. She received him with that manner which she knew so well how to display to any who depended on her.

This was the woman who, many years before, in the moment of her greatest triumph, came before the great Handel in deadly feud with her rival of the London stage, the pathetic Cuzzoni. She was tired of hearing her talent constantly compared with another's by the town, and vowed she would not sing for any opera manager who did not pay her more than any other prima donna. Handel, wearied with the quarrels, and full of partiality for the piquant Bordoni, somewhat grossly gave her one guinea more than her rival, who retired in a rage, and soon afterwards died in broken health with Faustina's praises sounding around. But she who had broken poor Cuzzoni's heart knew how to display all the warmth of her nature to any one who depended on her. This brilliant old veteran of art seemed to throw a mantle of warm loving-kindness round the young recruits, to expand her heart on them and thaw the warm human springs which conventionality never fails to freeze. Soon Lisa was safely settled in a secluded nook, and Josquin was made to stand up to play, while those

of the guests whose curiosity the hostess had awakened, gathered round to listen to the performance of which she had led them to expect much.

There were but few, however, in the crowd, and as Josquin began to tune, though his eyes were bent on his instrument, he felt the influence of so many critical and indifferent faces, all strange to him. As he preluded on the strings, waiting for courage to begin, he raised his eyes for a moment, and—alas for the poor moth-like Josquin!—they fell upon the corner of the room which seemed to concentrate all the light where the young, beautiful lady sat waving her long green fan. The old gentleman with the guitar bent over to whisper in her ear, and as her lips half parted with an ineffable dreamy smile, and the long, languid eyes met his with a look of impassive scorn, a great trouble seized the young player. It might have been fancy, but it seemed to him that he had once before felt that cruel, sweet smile; a sort of vague resentment rose in his heart, and a mist swam before his eyes. And, meanwhile, how was he to play? this was his first appearance as a performer, and Faustina expected much of him, he felt. But music seemed a thing of far away; no spirit whispered larger things to him, but cold, conventional fear of criticism clogged his mind and fingers. All swam before his eyes, when suddenly he caught sight of Lisa's white, scared face; she bent upon him a look of terror and anguish which showed that she saw his trouble and shared his suffering. Poor Lisa, it was a shame to torture her thus: Josquin felt that for her sake he must overcome his nervousness. Her anxiety seemed to give him courage, her girlish timidity to make him a man. With a sudden effort he attacked his violin and commenced the opening movement of a sonata for violin alone, with a spirited ingenuity which was the fashion of the time. When he reached the second, the burden began to disappear from his heart and ceased to clog his arm; as he told out the grave and tender air of the *andante*, some

of that electric thrill that binds into one soul the soul of the player and the audience seemed to reach him, and Josquin felt himself and something greater than himself.

There was a little pause after it, and the room was quite silent. Faustina's eyes were filled with tears. "It's his mother I hear, I see! such sensibility! such fineness of fibre!" she whispered to a neighbor, and she turned round and nodded encouragingly to Elisabetha in her dark corner. Then, with courage restored, Josquin passed to the fresh, tuneful rythm of the dainty minuet and rushing trio; and an irresistible impulse made him glance at the scornful lady, when he again met those long eyes bent on him, but this time—and Josquin's heart gave a joyous throb—there stood in them two bright tears, and her face wore a slightly wan look which bespoke the heavenly visitation of emotion. In that moment, while his bow walked the happy minuet over the yearning strings, the boy's heart danced to the measure, and as he came to the finale he was fired to inspiration; and he abandoned himself to the rollicking and jocund spirit with which it was written, and astonished Faustina's critical assembly by the fire of his execution and richness of expression. Her own kind brown eyes shone and beamed with delight, and her head was in constant motion. Perfect silence reigned in the room, and greater men than Josquin nodded their heads, surprised into approval, and on the faces of the women sat emotion, sweetening the workaday expression.

"Now divine air! now is his soul ravished!

Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?"

Josquin is returning to the last repetition of the bravura theme of the finale; his mind soars in rich unearthly fields far away from all thought of Capellmeister, audience, false position; the fair edifice he has built up is just about to be consummated, when suddenly down it

comes, it vanishes into air as at the spell of a wizard. The spell is a voice proceeding from behind. "Bravo! Freilich eine schöne Technik! Bravissimo!" It is the Capellmeister advancing, swathed in a gorgeous dressing-gown, with tall night-cap and slippers on feet. At the sound of the voice Josquin quickly turned and stood before Hasse, awful even in this changed aspect, sans high-heeled shoes, sans periwig, sans small-sword, sans everything.

Everybody then began thinking of themselves and their embarrassment; were they to go away, or look away only? Faustina was radiant at the success of her *protégé*, whose playing had so far made her husband forget himself; but she feared to speak and awake him from his somnambulist state, and, making him feel his position, to turn his delight to wrath; and her promised supporters were all far too much paralyzed by suppressed laughter to be able to say a word in his behalf.

In despair she looked round for somebody to take up the word, when that strange child Lisa's solemn face met her glance; she alone did not show alarming symptoms of explosion; the situation did not seem to her comic indeed—this first meeting of Josquin with the master since his dismissal! Now his fate was about to be decided. Her face might almost have been drawn as the expression of terror and pity, like that of the old tragic Greek mask, as she gazed on the two, expecting an outburst of wrath. In a moment Faustina went up to her: "Come! he will hear you; you must speak, child; intercede for your friend," and led her across the room to her husband. It took all by surprise to see the girl step forward, seeming to forget all her shyness, and stand forth in the middle of the room before the Capellmeister, so doubly alarming in his present costume. When she came in they had thought her uncouth, but as she clasped her hands before him she suddenly seemed to attain a pathetic grandeur in her attitude that a practised actress might have studied. "Meister! will you

not forgive him now you have felt his power? It is in suffering that he has learnt to play thus. If you knew his devotion, his wish to serve you again . . . he will do you honor." Lisa's speaking voice was not remarkable; she had a little eager catch in her speech, an imperceptible stutter before one or two words, but it irresistibly stirred some fibre in you when she spoke earnestly. "You see you did not know all he was worth," she went on; "I have often told you that you misjudged him; you did not know that he was my friend; working in your choir was such lonely work before he came . . . for my sake do not dismiss him!" but she became confused at last, and burst into tears.

"Lisa! is it you too? where do you both come from? You are a witch; I always said so, though you *do* know how to sing hymns. Come, come, don't cry, my child: I am no ogre!" then suddenly becoming fierce, the Capellmeister turned to his wife:

"Faustina, what is this? why this mystery, this whispering? You don't know what you are encouraging. How am I to keep order in my choir. You are finishing the spoiling of the boy. If he had an atom of respect for me or shame for his ill-conduct, he would not be fiddling here in this impudent . . ."

But they all came round him. "Ah, dear master! ah, good Capellmeister! Caro Sassone, he is so young, so beautiful, so well organized, he plays so seraphically, divinely!" The pretty Cécile took one of his hands—at this moment, it occurred to one or two ladies to be shocked, and they flounced off in a huff unnoticed by anybody. Hasse tried to release himself and growled; at last in despair exclaimed:

"Faustina, I am catching cold; see what your fantastic follies have led me to! Take him, pamper him, turn his silly head, do what you like with him, and let me hear nothing more of this!" and without another word, fled back to his alcove, the drapery closing solemnly behind his tall night-cap.

An embarrassing pause might have followed had not the Doctor proposed that Elisabetha should immediately sing to them ; and when another lady boldly suggested that they should all hear the serenade, Faustina caught at the idea, and sitting down to the harpsichord, began herself putting in the guitar accompaniment from memory, while Josquin played and Elisabetha sang it.

Everybody was delighted, and compliments and exclamations of pleasure still fell pleasantly on the young composer's ear, when the girl was asked for a solo, and sang, accompanied by a friend of Faustina's ; and then Josquin, who between praise and displeasure felt all confused, retired to a dark corner, where he could just overhear some remarks which contributed to his embarrassment.

Two men stood conversing in a recess of the room, with their backs to him ; one the old gentleman who had sung to the guitar, the other a dark personage, who had sat all the evening hidden in the recess, with his heels on a divan and his eyes fixed on the ceiling. The elder man had just come up to him, saying, in his high, cracked voice :

" My dear Excellence, I have been trying to get near you all the evening ; but you seem to be more enlivened by this performance than by the other that the dear Capellmeisterin expects us to think so much of."

The other shrugged his shoulders. " The fact is, she gets old—she gets old ; but I confess I pity the Capellmeister."

" *Ventre Dieu*, your Excellence ! he was always helpless. It is a very good pleasantry, no doubt, but I for one would not stand this *éclaboussage* from the streets in my drawing-room."

" And yet novelty always pleases, for everybody is enchanted. To look at them all nodding their heads over this serenade ! an ill-composed thing. What does it all mean ? "

" It means that when the Frau Capellmeisterin thinks

she has an opportunity for displaying her own eccentricities, she will take it, and that everybody is ready to follow if they are but led. But how our friend is to keep order in his choir if his wife takes up every little reprobate there! It won't do; the lad must lose his chance for the orchestra, whatever Faustina thinks her influence can do."

"That dear Faustina and her *protégés*!" said the old man with his well-bred little snigger. "Did you ever see such an elephantine specimen of a young *debutante* in your life?"

"Elephantine do you call her? well, 'un éléphant qui a avalé un rossignol' when she sings. What an organ she has! I shall keep my eye on her."

At this moment Josquin became aware of two large, melancholy blue eyes fixed on him, belonging to a tall man in a faded turquoise-colored coat, who stood with his back against the wall facing him; there was a star on his breast, but his dress and person gave one the impression of a sort of nonchalant disorder, which suited his languid figure, as he stood against the doorway absent and serene. Josquin gazed back for a moment quite fascinated, but Lisa's song had come to an end, and Faustina moved up to the group; and he began to listen again from the place where he was hidden.

"Well, Count von Plauen, and you, Chevalier, what do you think of my Frenchman? I hear you praise the girl, but it is of the lad I want you to speak." While she spoke there was something tragic in Faustina's manner, as if she expected to be repelled.

"Madam, he has a delicately cut face, something interesting about him, quite enough to ensure him success; he has sentiment, he may be clever . . ."

This was spoken with such a sneer that the kind, vivid woman's face quite saddened, but the old courtier put in, "He has the praise of Faustina Hasse, and therefore we must all acknowledge him, dear lady. Who would not welcome any one she had smiled upon?"

"You, Chevalier! you I saw grimacing all the evening; you are an old impostor, and fine things I know you will be telling them in Paris, of Faustina in her old age; but you can say that they will soon envy us a little Frenchman, who will add to the glory of Dresden."

"I fear, madam," said Von Plauen, "that Paris, after all, will have the honor of claiming him; for after he has set the authority of the Capellmeister at defiance there is no chance for him at our opera or Court chapel."

"He has *not* set it at defiance," Faustina burst in; but the serene gentleman, who had been gazing calmly over their heads, still staring across at Josquin, put in cautiously: "Are there not other orchestras in Germany ready to welcome a child of genius, Monsieur l'Intendant? One coming with Faustina Hasse's interest will find every master ready to open his arms to him. And do you not think, Madam, that there is another beginning possible to your *protégé*; for some months would he not be the better for travelling and studying out of an orchestra; for instance, as chamber-musician do you not think he might best develop?"

"Ah, as chamber-musician, dear lady," the old courier exclaimed, "that would be indeed a good beginning; let him see the world, let him perfect himself, and gain that facility which my friend Rameau said to me the other day he had attained only in courts. 'Donnez-moi la Gazette de Hollande, et je la mettrai en musique!' and then he must learn what is indispensable for success in life, 'l'art de plaire.' I began by being chamber-musician at the age of seventeen."

"No; it isn't in courts that the gift of pleasing is learnt, say I, nor does the soul fatten on such music as is to be extracted from the 'Gazette de Hollande.' You are a dear old ignorant chevalier, and you are charming, and nothing else," said Faustina shrilly, and the old gentleman wriggled with delight into a seat.

But Von Plauen raised his nostrils, and ceremoniously bowed his good-night, and in a moment Faustina became more her natural self, and beamed out to her gentle and sympathetic friend: "Your Excellency has spoken true to your great and beautiful nature," she said, and drew him to her husband's alcove, for there seemed to be signs of renewal of life behind the death-like curtain there.

Perhaps at this reminder an electric thrill went through the assembly, and each one felt that he was treading on a volcano; but each of the guests seemed seized with the desire not to be left the last; and Josquin thought it wise to take advantage of the move, and to make his escape with Lisa among the first.

CHAPTER IV.

JOSQUIN FINDS A PATRON.

As the friends walked home under the stars, they had more fears than hopes, in spite of their excitement, as to what would be the result of the evening's brilliant catastrophe. It was a relief to recount it all to Nodin, who roared and beamed over the story, and whose pride and delight had some effect in buoying up their spirits. He would not be depressed by the conversation Josquin had overheard; he felt sure that from henceforth his fortune was made, and he only wished that he had been considered sufficiently respectable by the Frau Capellmeisterin to be invited, that he might have witnessed Josquin's success. "Fancy the old badger unearthed by your violin, and my goddess making her appeal before that noble society!" He made certain that this her first appearance in the world might hasten the day of her triumph, when he, poor, shipwrecked old Nodin, would come in for a share of the splendor.

But meanwhile another influence, contrary to Faustina's, came to work on the weak Hasse, and prejudiced him further against his pupil. The man who had spoken so fancifully in praise of Elisabetha, and so arbitrarily of the violinist, was the Count Von Plauen, an official person at the Court Theatre, of whom we shall often hereafter have to speak in this history, bound up as it is with the history of the Dresden Opera. Between him and Faustina, as may be seen, there was no love lost, and they were always in oppo-

sition. He now positively put an end to all her hope of influencing her husband in Josquin's favor, by refusing to let him enter the orchestra.

Many days, however, passed before the little party in the Kloster-haus were relieved of suspense. The performance of the Magnificat came off, and still no notice was sent to Josquin. Hasse had kept silence, and at the last rehearsal, and on the grand day, his place was taken by another pupil; even more to Lisa's grief than his own. She had a great success, and there came in reports of royal praise; but it touched him to see how much less she seemed to care for these than for his disappointment, and a new sentiment of loyalty was kindled in the mercurial Josquin. When he first knew Lisa, it was awe and wonder she inspired in him, but he had been too much of a boy to keep this feeling in their daily familiarity, and not to think of her in her *ponderous* earnestness, as he would call it, except as a sort of joke; now, he felt, however, that she had made the only home he recognized in the world, and he dreaded being transplanted from the kindly soil where he had taken root. With her he had always been able to look forward to a glorified future. Music was so completely a part of this half-tamed girl, that she looked forward without shrinking to her public life, and led him to soar with her in her high-flown ideal of it; and in their long talks about the future, into which she threw all the seriousness of her nature, and he his bright hopefulness, had lain the secret of her power to keep him steadfast all these years. Josquin had made many friends in the town, a gayer town than the Dresden we know, and he had his life of distractions and pleasures; but he would come back to Lisa, with her simple intention, her ardent way of looking at things, her grand ignorance of evil, and the glimpses he got into this pure soul elevated him above the other influences with which his life brought him in contact; and better than the Capellmeister's theories,

better than all Josquin's thorough-bass, was the influence of this fellow-worker to make him believe in his calling.

But now all this was coming to an end, for as the days passed, it seemed most likely that he was forgotten by Faustina, and not forgiven by Hasse. He began to go through all the hard experiences of bread-seeking again: waitings, disappointments, long expeditions across the town in the dusty hot weather; he worked hard at his compositions, but what he earned by them was not sufficient to live upon, and all the while he nourished the hope that he might be summoned back to the orchestra, and be allowed to live joyously with a free mind, while learning still beside Elisabetha.

At last, however, he learned his fate—he was neither forgiven nor forgotten. Hasse—who had not ceased to give Josquin lessons in composition, though maintaining a stern silence all the while on the subject of his punishment—at last opened his lips. At the end of one of their lessons, he stood up and looked at him: “Josquin Dorioz, all hope of your entering the King's orchestra being now at an end, would you learn in what manner you might retain your greatest privilege—that of being taught by Me?”

Josquin could only say “Yes,” while his heart sank with disappointment. “Come with me, then,” said the Capellmeister. “You have not been forgotten, Josquin Dorioz: I have had an offer for you, but I have waited awhile to apprise you of it. You have now been humbled, and are more fit to hear of your good fortune.”

And he led him into Faustina's boudoir, where, to his astonishment, Josquin beheld seated, by the lady's side, on a little *tête-à-tête* sofa, a tall, blonde stranger, whom he recognized by the blue eyes that had fascinated him at the Capellmeister's a month before. They gazed at him now with the same expression of interest, while Faustina greeted and introduced him.

"M. Josquin," she said kindly, "the Count Lichtenberg, who desires to speak to you, heard you at my house when you were there."

The name was well known to Josquin; Lichtenberg was a great patron of Art, lately come to live near Dresden. The young man stood up before the two friends with his eyes on the ground—indeed it was a little embarrassing, for neither spoke; but Josquin was only troubled because Hasse's words had taken away suddenly all his best hopes. Meanwhile, Faustina was saying in French to her friend: "Fin—spirituel—hein?"

"Yes, that is it," he was replying, half to himself, "that is the thing I want—sensibility—individuality. M. Dorioz, has the Herr Ober-Capellmeister spoken to you of the proposal I made to him for you a month ago?"

"*Not for the world*, your Excellency," said Hasse, reproachfully breaking in. The Count looked almost discomposed for a moment, as if he had done wrong, but he went on suavely, "I was much pleased with your playing then, M. Dorioz, and interested in your composition; and I supposed that you would certainly be engaged in His Majesty's band. But I find that it is not so; and as I am desirous of getting good music at my own house, and feel a wish to help you, I offer you the post of chamber-musician in my household."

"Your Excellency," Hasse broke in, in a tone of remonstrance, "he will turn out a mere idle coxcomb if you flatter him."

"Idle he shall not be," said the dignified Count. "You know my life; he shall not be less in earnest about Art than I am. I have long been looking out for this young man," he said, turning aside to Faustina. "You know my wish to train him. M. Dorioz, does the thought of this please you; will you come and be my Kammer-musikus?"

"Your Excellency, the idea is quite new, for only

just now I learnt that there is no hope of the orchestra; I would fain know about the duties”

“Yes, yes, Dorioz, you shall not take this lightly that I offer you: indeed, if you do come to live under my roof, you will understand what weight I give to the post I offer you. If you fill it well, you will be the one to inspire a whole household. My tastes are quiet, but much society is forced upon me by my rank. I would ennoble it with beautiful Art and music, which raises those who come, though their minds may be bent only on the feast. I myself, Dorioz, have not the youth and brightness to inspire such beauty,” he said, with his melancholy smile; “but in you I have recognized the charming sentiment of the composer, who will sympathetically seize every mood with his music. . . . More of this I will say on another occasion. I have judged you, and think I am not mistaken in you. How old are you, Dorioz?”

“Almost twenty.”

“Yes, young enough to be guided—to be led—bright, impressionable nature,” the Count murmured in his pleasant, suave tones. “I shall wish you to stay under my guidance during the next few years . . . learning, profiting, not only giving out . . . travelling with me; some time hence you will develop, gain experience”

“Your Excellency, it is more than I deserve or could have hoped for,” Josquin said. A light did indeed begin to fall on the vista opening to him with this mention of travelling, and meanwhile he could remain near Lisa, he thought; but again he became troubled, for the strange Count had interrupted him, and was continuing in his gentle voice:

“You will gain more and more liberty to develop, but meanwhile I shall wish you to be entirely under my guidance; and, *mon enfant*, there are one or two questions I must ask you. Have you father or mother?”

"They are both dead."

"I hear you have taken your mother's name?"

"Yes, she was well known in Italy as a musician long ago."

"Yes, I think I can recollect . . . but have you relations living—where are they chiefly?"

Josquin had become quite unaccustomed to tremble at the idea of being discovered, but he now started unpleasantly. "I have none in Dresden; they are chiefly unmusical, and for that reason I have little help from them."

"Ah! an independent career. Have you a large acquaintance in the town?"

Josquin thought here he was safe. "A few fellow-pupils and artists, the Capellmeister and Capellmeisterin, a few old admirers of my mother's: these form all my acquaintance."

"But I must ask, are there many ladies amongst them?"

At Elisabetha, then, Josquin discovered at last, the Count was aiming.

"Your Excellency, that is a question I have never considered. There is the Frau Capellmeisterin," he said, bowing, "and Lisa Vaara, who has been kind to me ever since I came to Dresden. Your Excellency, she is so very serious," and he could not resist looking up amused into his patron's face. Faustina burst out laughing merrily. Von Lichtenberg had no humor, but he did not seem displeased, and when Josquin asked to be allowed a day to give an answer, and left them, he continued to praise the young man's intelligent bearing to the Capellmeisterin. But she, who had watched his face brighten and fall, was wondering, and almost disappointed that her favorite had not appeared more dazzled by the idea of the excellent position offered him in a nobleman's house; however, before the amiable Count left her, she had agreed with him that it was

only a new sign of the originality that charmed them in the young violinist.

But Josquin was indeed going home with a burdened feeling of impatience, and Faustina would have needed to know his history to understand his prejudice against the new position offered him. Up to this he had indulged the faint hope that after all Hasse would take him into the Court orchestra, and so make him independent; but while the Count had spoken to him, he felt that his freedom was gone; and as he left Faustina's it rushed into his mind, how dangerously like was this society he would now have to enter to the old Vienna bondage from which he had escaped. The Count's description made it sound an agreeable vocation enough; but then what had been his meaning in his last questions, except that a poor Kammer-musikus was not to call his soul his own? Would he, then, never be free? he thought, as he returned to the beloved Kloster-haus. Yet all the while he felt that it would be madness to refuse the good offer.

For long Josquin mused when he reached his room. Near his window swifts went wheeling past shrilly, and swallows in and out of the red chimney-pots that stood peacefully glowing against the blue; lilac trees in the courtyard and noseless statue and pump were glorified in the golden evening, and on the roofs below and above him the gold lay dying. In one dark corner of the garden there was a guelder rose; its white heads stood out cool and creamy, refreshing only to look at after all the heat and dust of the day. Infinite regret and fondness seized Josquin, as he looked out on the dingy old abode. He was little accustomed to analyze his feelings; indeed, this had been the secret of his strength and happiness in the past years, since unconsciousness is the soul of the life poetic that we only live perfectly in youth. But now he suddenly felt that he had hitherto been leading an ideal life, and that it had only been ideal because he had not realized it; the spell was

broken, something told him, for he now had a choice to make; doubtings and choosings came to mar the music; whatever became of him, an old chapter he instinctively felt was coming to an end, and with his entrance into a new one, he felt a first touch of analysis and self-examination. But when supper-time came, and he went to tell his friends, he had resolved to accept the Count's good offer.

It was delightful to see Nodin while he related his news; he listened, beaming and dazzled, clasping the ends of his fingers on the top of his stomach, and nodding away while puffing at his pipe, repeating to himself every gratifying detail: "Faustina, put the hand on your arm—good—his Excellency the Count explained to you—an immense salary? no, a peculiar interest—a noble circle. Yes, yes, a great patron—go on, M. Dorioz—ah, a prospect of travelling."

Here Lisa looked up; her face was wan, it was very differently *she* listened to Josquin's prospects. But even Nodin said quite sadly here, "Ah! M. Dorioz, that is the worst of it, you will be leaving us; even while you remain at Dresden, you will be removed. But we must choose the path of glory!"

Josquin hastened to assure Nodin that what he called the path of glory did not tempt him; that he would far rather remain beside his kind friends in freedom, but that he thought it his duty to accept, and to be working so that he might repay the Capellmeister and his teaching. "For," he added, "the Capellmeister has promised to go on instructing me, even while I am at the Lichtenberg villa, so that I shall sometimes see you. Indeed, he kindly said he was willing to keep me altogether."

"What? did he say that?" Elisabetha broke in; "might you really stay on working and perfecting yourself, as you have done so far?"

"Yes; but, Lisa, you can think that I am in a hurry to be more independent of Hasse."

"To be sure, M. Dorioz," said Nodin; "you deserve

a more brilliant position. You can now have two strings to your bow, and two feathers to your cap!"

"What do you mean, Nodin?" said Lisa, looking up quite earnest and severe, as she could look. "Don't you think M. Dorioz is good enough to be worth the Capellmeister's bounty? Why should he be loath to receive a kindness, wholly, as it is intended to be taken, without thinking of a second string to his bow? He must give himself up entirely to becoming a great artist before he thinks of getting a position."

"Ah, Lisa, it is those who can give generously, like you, who know how to receive so generously," said Josquin. "Perhaps you are right; but still I would fain live on what my own efforts can procure."

"I do not understand you at all," she said, with her earnest eyes looking at him full. "Nodin, you mean nothing by the path of glory, and you, Josquin, do not realize what you are giving up. This life that you think of entering is at all events a conventional, shackling kind of life. You know the people for whose praise you will now have to live; here you have a far safer service. There I know you will live on sweets, and here at least on wholesome food."

"But how are those who are in debt to choose their nourishment, Lisa? You are unpractical and high-flown; surely music is the same everywhere?"

Although the words thoroughly echoed his own thoughts of awhile ago, they irritated him at the moment, he scarcely knew why. Josquin was quite crazy in his impatience after freedom, and now even Lisa's convictions and impracticabilities seemed to put a restraint upon him. How often afterwards did they seem to him the best thing that he knew, and was thankful to have known them, these convictions and impracticabilities!

She became silent now, and Josquin talked on for some time to Nodin after supper, till the old man fell asleep; then, looking round, he saw that Elisabetha had retired into the recess of the window; he felt hard, and

yet remorseful and unhappy. He went to the window, and looked out on the night, all that could be seen of the beauty of the heavens above the Kloster-haus yard.

"Lisa, come and look at Orion," he said; and as she leaned out, he thought her white face looked intense and pure as the guelder rose against the darkness. "I hate going, Lisa, but I must. What shall I do?"

She was too much in earnest to be sentimental, spite of the south wind that gently stirred the night, and she spoke out practically: "Only, Josquin, if you go, keep out of the way of your family; don't let them draw you back."

"I too have thought of my family, Lisa, but not with any fears; I shall soon be of age, and then they can have no power over me, and, if threatened, you will see me running home. You have made this old place home to me;" and then, with a sudden gentle impulse, for the first time Josquin put his arm round the girl's grand form, and looked into her earnest eyes: "Lisa, when I write to you, may I call you sister? Good-night, dearest sister," and he gave her a good kiss, and then turned to say good-night to Nodin, who unfortunately awoke too late to see the embrace that would have delighted him.

CHAPTER V.

AT THE HARPSICHOORD.

A WEEK of regrets Josquin yet spent in the Klosterhaus; but when the appointed day came, and he had said farewell to Nodin and Lisa on the outskirts of the town, and set his face for the villa, he began to feel his heart lighten and become free of all dulness and depression, and if there was still sadness there, it was of that sort which comes with all beginnings and endings, and is soft and not hateful.

To each one of us comes, sooner or later, the awakening to the full consciousness of life, which Josquin had been experiencing in the past month. Till very late, he had gone on his way in boylike fashion, always following the great Of-course, though blessed with strong desires and decisions; but with the necessity of change had come the awakening, and with it, at first, only doubts and regrets for the past. He had thought that all sweetness was gone with the unconscious life. But this morning, as the riverside road led him joyously along out into the June morning, it seemed to him that he had done with looking back; at every step that he took towards his new abode, vague presentiment and expectation made his heart beat, and these were born of youthful yearnings and brought hope. And all about him that morning seemed to speak of life and progress. Nature had painted her skies with soft water-colors, for it had been raining, and there was not a bramble that had not its poetry, not a bit of the earth that was not stirring; the sick were crawling out, the children and

the lovers seeking the trees. As he left the town, a fancy came into his mind from some fairy tale, of how through winter and struggling spring the words of men are caught up and imprisoned by the spirits of frost and cold, but when the warm winds blow how there comes an escaping of their frozen speech, so that in summer there is constantly an uproar, for who will understand it, of voices in the air. It seemed to him that morning that the air was full of voices, utterances of new experience and beauty, and was not his share in these best things of life awaiting him? was not this new lot that he had dreaded bringing him an answer to the undefined hope that suddenly filled him with impatience for the future? "Come bondage! come work! if with these come also inspiration, richer life, fuller experience!"

The villa stood among trim Italian gardens and fountains; on the side nearest the river there were sloping terraces, but Josquin's way led him through the front iron gates opening on the road. A lackey received him under the Palladian portico, and desiring him to wait till his Excellency was visible, left him in a small vestibule filled with works of art, at the end of a long gallery, the windows of which opened on the terraces. Here Josquin was sufficiently amused for half an hour, looking at the frescoes on the walls, and some beautiful bas-reliefs on the pedestal of a Roman urn; then becoming impatient, he went to the window to look out on the trim gardens and statues. As he stood here, a perfect rush of spring came up, delighting every sense, and Josquin saw that a little beyond, on the right of the window, the terrace suddenly ended, and a few feet below it lay a garden laid out in English fashion, a perfect paradise of blossom seeming to absorb all the sun and shelter. It was a little green close shaded by apple-trees, a row of limes terminated it on the other side, along which was prepared a trim border of flowers; the shadows from the apple-tree twigs fretted the sun-

flooded green, where buttercups showed here and there cheerful heads of gold. What charming mind, thought Josquin, had put its sentiment into this quaint garden? Hark! as he leaned over the terrace where the warm scent of earth came up, and a chorus of bird-songs, there blended with these sweetnesss that of a high treble voice, the words and melody wafted through a window :

A l'Amour rendez les armes,
Donnez-lui tous vos momens,
Chérissez jusqu'à ses larmes.
Les alarmes
Ont des charmes,
Tout est doux pour les amans.

There was spring in the blackbirds' songs, and spring in the French ditty, and spring filling Josquin's heart. Forgetting all prudence, he could not resist stepping forward till he could see right into a long bay-window that opened on to the garden. It was a dark-panelled room, but the light fell upon a figure at the harpsichord—a young girl, whose fingers gently touched its keys, as she sang out of an ornamented song-book. In a moment Josquin recognized the dignified head and mouth, the dreamy eyes and brows, of the beautiful young girl he had seen at Faustina's. What! was this Count Lichtenberg's daughter? he fancied him a bachelor, and he little thought that he should belong to the same household as this charming singer. The tenderest minuet, the rhythmic first line of a sonnet, the madrigal breathing a summer sky, all fragrance and daintiness of beauty, seemed to find their expression, Josquin thought, in this gentle lady.

But he was obliged, for fear of discovery, to return to the gallery, and quickly passing in again he shook a rose-bush standing near, bringing down a shower of that morning's rain-drops on himself. It is your baptism into a new life; take care, Josquin, that it is not a baptism into a new love! a dangerous beginning to the

career of service to princes! Beware! or "*à l'amour rendez les armes!*"

As he entered he found himself face to face with a young man rather older than himself, in the dress of a Roman abbé, gray and thin and melancholy in appearance; melancholy too was the nasal voice in which he told Josquin that he was his Excellency's secretary, and came to summon him to his presence. In silence he conducted the violinist to the Count's apartments, which lay on the same side of the house as the boudoir just described; that part which Josquin had already traversed seemed to consist entirely of reception-rooms.

The Count was reclining on his sofa in morning undress; his head, which was perfectly smooth like his chin, and tall forehead were unconcealed by the ordinary perruque; papers and books surrounded him, but he was employed in feeding some beautiful spaniels with slices of sweetbread which he cut himself—and thus bald and languid, he appeared to Josquin even more strange and infatuated than he had done at their first interview; but as he looked up with his kind smile, there was a melancholy in his large blue eyes, and a mildness in his lofty brow that made him lovable, spite of the touch of weakness that had at first repelled the young man.

"Well, Paradies," he said to the secretary, "have you introduced yourself? can you make M. Dorioz at home? *Cher enfant*, are you happy now in coming to accept the place I offered you the other day?"

"Yes, your Excellency, I could not have hoped for a better opening. I only fear not to fulfil your high standard."

"I do not fear it, Dorioz, though my standard is high for you. I want you, while living with me, gradually to understand your position in my house. You may have been surprised at my questions of the other day; but while working and learning still you will gradually come to understand the ideal I have made

for your life, and you will understand *me* too. A long time ago I discovered that life was only precious for its illusions; politics grew to have no interest for me, for methinks they are too much decided by big battalions; philosophy, too, which once charmed me, has become a war of conquest, a cutting down of forests. I once sought the illusions of religion by leaving the world, but in the cloister I could not find that on which they could feed. No, Dorioz, in Art alone do we find the illusion that will carry us through the prosaicalness and staleness of life—in the raptures of music, in the deceptions of painting and sculpture. You, young man, are one of those who help blades of grass to grow, while others will scratch with pen-knives at the bark of oaks. Cutting down prejudices, forsooth! In you I have seen the spontaneity and freshness of genius. No theories for me, no talk! If the angel Gabriel came down from heaven to convert me to a theory, and I knew he thumped when he played, I should not be converted. A good touch, that is all that is necessary for the world's good; you, M. Dorioz, will be my missionary of beauty and light."

Josquin could reply nothing to this rhapsody; he looked with astonishment into his patron's blue eyes, while the latter detailed to him further the duties of his office: he was to play every day with the Count, spend some hours in composition, lead in the evening the chamber music. He was to have his own room in the house while they remained at the villa, afterwards in town he might lodge separately. "For the present, however, I wish you to remain working close to me; and to begin with, Dorioz, before we come to other things, I wish you to bear in mind always that you are *very young*."

What this could mean, the poor Kammer-musikus was at a loss to guess; but it recalled to his mind the Count's suspicious questionings of a few days before, and he thought that the prejudice against any sort of sentiment

was a strange result of his patron's horror for theories. But he could not help admiring his new master ; sitting there amidst the statues, pictures, and beautiful antiques and other treasures of his library, he was in harmony with all the refined taste of the house. He felt fascinated, while he rebelled against the new patronage.

"Your Excellency, I will always return your kindness with honest service. I think you are right in saying that we shall understand each other best when I have begun to work for you."

The Count seemed satisfied ; and seeing that the young man's eyes strayed now and then to the pictures on the walls, said, "Are you fond of paintings, antiques, sculpture ? My life has been spent in collecting such things for this villa and my house at Vienna, and you shall learn something of them here. Paradies," he said, turning to the secretary, "take M. Dorioz to the music-room, and through the gallery to his own apartments. This afternoon, Josquin, you shall come back to me, for I have here," and he laid his hand on a pile of terrible-looking manuscript music, "much that I want to discuss with you."

Josquin had heard of these wonderful compositions. "Was he to criticise them ?" he asked himself, "or to *missionarise* them ?" to use the Count's expression. He was half amused, half dismayed by the new importance the vagaries of his master imposed upon him ; but he followed the young priest, who was eyeing him out of the corner of his pale eyes, which seemed to blend with the insipid colorlessness of his hair and complexion all into a thin gray together.

As he led Josquin into the beautiful music-room he was silent, and as the young musician exclaimed at the perfection of the building for sound, at the fine organ in the gallery above them, the other one looked only timidly and mournfully at him. Josquin was wondering whether a St. Cecilia in sacque and patches ever drew inspired notes through those silver pipes, and he only

waited for encouragement to ask the secretary whether the young lady of the house was the Count's daughter. In the room there were several busts and statues; one of these was a fine copy of the Dancing Faun at Florence. Josquin knew little of the beauty of sculpture, but the power of this statue was quickly felt by him; the whole poetry and fire and motion breathed into the half-grotesque form struck him and delighted him. His reverie was interrupted by the voice of the secretary: "You seem to be strangely delighted with that grotesque invention, M. Dorioz."

"Yes," said Josquin, "I was wondering what grand tune it was he danced to. I should like to play him some day a great gigue of Bach's, for I think that would be worthy to express him."

"What! a gigue, M. Dorioz? Ah, how I trusted that you would banish such tastes from this household! What will you say some day to his Excellency's idea of having only great music for his balls, and when he will make you lead the musicians up in the gallery? Ah, you do not perhaps suffer from the nerves, M. Dorioz; but if you knew what I have endured from the infernal racket!"

"But is there often dancing here?" said Josquin.

"Happily not all the year round, but for these three months of the year the Count's niece stays in the house, and then there is farewell to all peace and quiet. The Count expects me to work at his manuscripts; how can I, when just as I settle, the partitions of my room shake with the jiggings below? And yet you say you like such things!"

They were passing through the gallery again, on the way to their own rooms, when the door of the vestibule at the end was opened, and Josquin, turning at the sound of the rustle of silk, beheld the gentle player on the harpsichord coming towards them, in large straw hat and garden gloves, and he recognized now unmistakably his beautiful listener at Faustina's.

Some other memory also vaguely seemed about to be recalled by the young lady's face, but it would not come.

Never, Josquin thought, had he seen so noble a picture of grace and loveliness, as she entered, with the rich bloom on her cheek and lips, and dignified port, stately though she had entered carelessly and unconscious of strangers. She passed the young men as if she did not see them, and Josquin had to discreetly turn his eyes on one of the statues, though they fain would have rested longer on nature's more glorious perfection passing by.

When she was gone, Paradies looked grayer than ever; he conducted Josquin up a private staircase, and showed him into an apartment shut off from the rest of the house; then closing the door, he exclaimed:

"There, M. Dorioz! that is how you must expect to be treated for the next three months; that is the lady who leads the whole household the very devil of a life while she is here, and serves those she troubles with scornfulness and neglect."

"The Count is not married, is he?" asked Josquin.

The secretary shook his head mysteriously: "No—nor ever will be! That is the misfortune with your so-named women-haters, men who think themselves superior to other people in these things; they are always worse ruled than any others. You know at one time he was anxious to be a monk, and spent five years of novitiate in the cloister; he has always had a horror of marriage. Better if his Excellency had a wife, or a mistress; as it is, we have three female rulers instead of one. There is his mother, the dowager lady; she is what you call a well-preserved old lady. Is not that a terrible anomaly of nature, M. Dorioz, when a woman is dry as a parched pea, with a man's will, a child's waywardness, and a girl's coquetry, yet expecting devotion? Then there is her demoiselle de compagnie, the haus-frau tyrant, making one wipe one's shoes—but

there is nothing like the Fräulein von Lichtenberg for coquetry. The Count is so absorbed, *he* sees nothing!"

Josquin nearly burst out laughing. Surely this monkish Jaques could not have much cause to complain of the coquetry even of the sprightly dowager, still less of the radiant Fräulein von Lichtenberg. He kept repeating the name to himself, it seemed to help him towards the recollection which he tormented himself to recover; but Paradies began showing him the room he was to occupy. His apartment would communicate with that of the secretary. "Here I work," he said, showing Josquin his study full of books; "from my sofa to my writing-table, from my table to my sofa, that is my life." Both his and the Kammer-musikus' rooms looked out over a far-stretching view. Josquin exclaimed when he saw it: the fair plain where the woods would soon be green, the stately river with its noble windings worthy to bathe a stately town, the city lying there with its spires and smoke pointing and rising heavenwards, a calm, silent thing pleasantest of all to look out upon.

"Oh, good luck!" he exclaimed; "what a window to work at! I have always said that I should be a philosopher if I could live looking over a town."

"It's much too near for me," said the secretary; "all that I care for in this view are those far lines of hills; and though I never go near the town, the town comes out here, and how is it possible to keep the true calm of soul necessary to a student in all the bustle?"

For all his abject depression there was something interesting in the plaintive secretary; there was a gentle pitifulness and sweetness in his tone as he spoke the whining German language. The words *leiden, weinen, allein, Sehnsucht, in die Weite!* seemed made for the mouth of Paradies. "Poor fellow!" thought Josquin, "my tunes, jigs, and gavottes though they may be, I vow shall keep me fresher than his fusty manuscripts." But there was something ominous about his depression;

Josquin could not help wondering whether there might not be something in the atmosphere of the house to depress him in like manner.

When the evening came it was with some trepidation that he dressed himself, and went down in the music-room for the after-supper family entertainment. He was waiting there when the family entered for supper: first the Count, bland and serene, looking as if his soul had been fattened with the first droppings of the grape; on his arm was an old lady, whose gold-headed cane, high old-fashioned Louis XIV. head-dress, spoke the Dowager Countess. They were followed by her companion bearing cushions, vinaigrette, with cheerful, long-suffering look, as though she would say "Beat me," and painfully knew every inch of her position; then Cécile, followed by two young men. This little group had all the gayety that seems depressing to him who has not been present at the festive gathering, and the young men seemed to be taking the opportunity of making speeches restrained during supper. But Cécile was languid; attired in a pale muslin the color of faded rose-leaves, she sate down in a far corner and appeared absorbed in a small spaniel dog on her arm.

The Count greeted the young musician kindly, and introduced him to all the family at once with a wave of the hand—the strangers followed Cécile, giving no more salutation to Josquin than she had done—but turned to his mother, and said, "Madam, this is our new accomplished Kammer-musikus, a pupil of Hasse's; you will be charmed with his talent."

The old Countess seated herself and addressed him a few words of welcome. She was a tall, superb old woman, stronger apparently than her son, but with the originals of his blue eyes and a grand, expressive nose. She looked searchingly at the young violinist, and she gave him to understand that her ears were dainty, as she expressed it: "Good violin playing is rare as good wine, and those who have known the fine *bouquet* of

such tone as that of Veracini's, or of Tartini in his fiery youth, who have been taught music by the Padre Martini himself, have a right to be difficult to please—you understand, young man ; now let me hear."

Thus encouraged, Josquin began to play the Trio selected by the Count ; it was with a great feeling of alarm that he began, and some disappointment that the most sympathetic listener he hoped to have seemed listless and wholly uninterested, sitting far away in a remote corner of the hall with her lap-dog. The old lady, on the contrary, was at his elbow, Sibyl-like, listening with one hand hollowed to her ear. She deigned to be pleased, however, and peremptorily asked for a solo, naming a favorite sonata of Veracini. Josquin obeyed ; and she called for another piece, and another, till he had played for nearly an hour, feeling at last half-inclined to laugh at a remembrance of Paradies' deprecations of the old lady's insatiability. Between the movements of his sonata he looked at last in despair towards the young lady of the house ; nothing was to be seen of her but the contour of a cheek, the graceful coils of hair. She had not seemed even to recognize the player she had praised at Faustina's ; the man near her whispered to her ; she was interested in the lap-dog on her arm—in anything but the music. Josquin felt disgusted at the want of sentiment for it displayed by the possessor of so rare a gift of beauty : and it would indeed have been trying to a less sensitive nature than his to pour out his sweetness before attentive old age, while youth and dreamy loveliness sate unmovable, unreachable in the distance. "This is what I deserve for letting my head run on fine ladies," he said to himself. "Why, these marble statues have more soul ;" and he bethought him of the beautiful Greek Faun, there before him, living, breathing, full of power, dancing now, it seemed to the player, to the tune of his mighty presto, while near it sate, listless and cold, *Fräulein von Lichtenberg*, unconscious of all beauty

but her own. Perhaps the musician gained inspiration from his fit of pique, for he drew an exclamation of delight from the old lady and all his listeners, and as he ended the Count came up, saying, "Bravo! that is famous. Madam, I hope that you are satisfied with my choice." The Dowager rose majestically to take the arm he at the same time offered her. "Monsieur Dorioz, you have played *well*; and, my son, you have shown good taste in your choice. I shall look forward to our next meeting for music."

Her rising seemed to be the signal for the ladies' departure; and now Cécile was to receive her well-deserved rebuke. The sharp-eyed Dowager noted that her granddaughter did not seem to know that the music had ceased. "Ah, my child, at your age even I had learned to forget everything when music went on, but I wish that Nature had dowered you with *my* ears!"

"Well, dear grandmamma," replied the young lady, rising with heavy, dreamy eyelids like those of a sleepy child, "I am quite content with having inherited your pretty nose."

And she was about to follow her grandmother out of the room, when the Count said, "Cécile, will you not remain to hear my new trio?" and he produced an immensely thick manuscript, and placed it before Josquin. "It will take three-quarters of an hour, including the repeats; but I should like you to try it with me, Dorioz; my sister will kindly play with us;" and he himself sat down with his violoncello, while his niece, hardly attempting to disguise an immense yawn, let herself drop into a chair, and was soon fast asleep in her corner—a baby's sleep, with flushing cheeks and placid lips.

While he went through the mazes of the dreamy Count's composition, Josquin could not help the most wandering thoughts. The moment he heard the beautiful *Fräulein von Lichtenberg* called by the name of Cécile by her uncle, it had flashed into his mind that this was the little girl of his boyhood's parties, the

niece (à la mode de Bretagne) of his Aunt Agathe, and Charles' cousin; and at the same time it occurred to him for the first time, that Charles's mother's name had been Von Lichtenberg: all this was sufficient to make his heart beat very unpleasantly, and suggest to him many possibilities of Lisa's words coming true, for he was running a risk of coming into actual contact with his family again. It was easily to be explained that so far his patron recognized nothing in him, having spent in the cloister just the years of his father's marriage, and having seen nothing of his sister's family since. "If I am discovered, however," he resolved to himself, "the Count will be obliged to dismiss me, and I shall be none the worse for a course of this life for awhile."

"M. Dorioz, what do you think of my ritournelle?" said the simple Count as they came to the end of the movement.

"I like the melodies throughout, your Excellency," Josquin said, as truthfully as he could, and he tried to become more attentive.

When the music had come to an end, and he was safely in his room again, the pale secretary came rambling in shyly, and looking out of the corners of his eyes. He said he came to see if Josquin wanted anything, then added abruptly, "M. Dorioz, I must tell you how I enjoyed your playing to-night. Good God, sir! you played that presto marvellously well; that rapture at the end, how did it go? I should be satisfied if I could feel like that once a month."

"Thank you, M. Paradies; I shall be glad if I can help you to realize the sensation oftener by my fiddle, and perhaps you will teach me to know some of your books."

"Yes, you shall read Euripides, M. Dorioz. Good-night to you, sir," and he withdrew his sickly head.

Josquin wondered about the sorrows of the "incompris" young abbé, but as he did so he shuddered; there

was a something ill-omened about his first meeting with him at the commencement of his new apprenticeship, and he conceived all the more horror of the sentimental, self-anatomizing image, because it in a sort of way reflected his own mood. He wondered whether reading Greek tragedies with Paradies would be his chief relaxation at the villa, and whether he might not grow like him. Perhaps it was a wholesome warning to the musician on his entrance into respectable life once more; for he determined, whatever happened, to live up to his and Lisa's old ideal. He would disdain scorn, he vowed; he would never be sentimental like the doleful Paradies; he would live for joy, and have no vain cravings, save after the stirrings of his own dear Art. And as for the divine-browed Cécile, who might at any moment discover him, but who troubled herself so little about him, he would not vex himself about her. She had once bent on him eyes full of tears; she now was too proud even to recognize the poor Kammer-musikus in her uncle's house; she was a creature made to live for the emotion of the passing minute, bon-bons, a husband, her own songs—or, were nothing else at hand, the sound of the violin. Should he fret himself at the indifference and follies of this impassive lady?

CHAPTER VI.

DOWN IN THE CITY.

THE next morning, with the first light of the dawn, Josquin awoke; and if it had not been that through his open window came the reassuring chirrup of the sparrows, and that all the mystery of night was dispelled, he would have been a good deal startled at seeing his patron at the foot of his bed, dignified though dishevelled, in the costume which he had worn the evening before; he had a large piece of music-paper in his hand. The young man started up in his bed. "What is there I can do for your Excellency?" But the Count reassured him with a wave of his hand: "I have had one of those restless nights, Dorioz; composition kept me awake and at the same time was a relief to my brain. Would you be complacent enough to play with me at once the duett I have been writing? I will wait in your sitting-room till you are ready. You see," he said, as he turned to the door, "David is not summoned to go to Saul, but poor Saul comes to his David."

But when Josquin came out of his dressing-room a few minutes afterwards, he did not think his patron appeared like the moody tyrant, as he looked up smiling from the table at which he sate, calmly correcting his manuscript. "This is a pleasant room for working in, is it not, Dorioz? In my part of the house I fear to wake my mother too early, and the music-room is bare for two people alone. I shall often come and visit you here."

Josquin brought out his violin, and the Count sat

down to the harpsichord ; but as they began their duet in the light of the rising sun, which illumined all the plain and made the windows of the windmills and houses flash on the outskirts of the far-off town, Josquin nearly burst out laughing as he heard a loud groan from the adjoining apartment on the other side, where the slumbering Paradies was no doubt aroused by the unwonted sounds. But regardless of his neighborhood, the Count serenely played on ; and he and the violinist discussed and made music pleasantly enough for two hours, and then his Excellency said he would go and lie down ; begging the chamber-musician to remember, that if he left him to himself for the whole middle of the day, it was that he expected him never to pass a day without six hours of practice.

Many an evening and morning such as these Josquin's first times at the villa began to follow each other in monotonous succession ; and the days flew rapidly ; far more so than they had done at the dear Kloster-haus, it seemed to him ; for somehow there was an unreality in the life he entered upon, and the hours seemed to pass as in a dream, indistinctly. Once in the week only he was to go into the town to show his compositions to the Capellmeister ; he was always to be ready to play in private to the dowager lady, and to practice with the Count, besides performing in the music-room on music nights, and in all concerts and receptions. Then there were expected of him original compositions for every occasion according to the Count's fantastic programme—water-musics, impromptus, small performances in the theatre—surely here was his work cut out for him in a way calculated to keep a well-regulated Tonkünstler from dreaming. But at twenty what will shut out the vague longings from one eager for life's experiences of delight ? Was it not somewhat a hard beginning for our Josquin, this life of service to princes ? to have the dance of life going on all around him, and no one to think of the musician who must make joy and be

serious ; give sensation, and not think of sharing the intoxication ? His case was peculiar. His patron always held up to him an ideal personage as his conception of his true character, and it was rather hard to have to live up to an eccentric Count's ideal. All in the pleasant weather, the gay world came flocking out to the villa : there were comings and goings, riding-parties and water-parties and dancing ; and of all these joys only the echoes reached the young musician in his solitude, working to minister to them. It seemed to Josquin that he had no identity at the villa ; he could not help longing for some personal share in the life there. The young lady of the house remained far off, absorbed in her pleasures, and it was hard, spite of his determination to work and not dream, to shut out the wandering desires. Often would the warm summer breaths come up into his room while he played, and he would find himself expressing, in the divine language that it was given him to possess, all the secrets of his want and pain. He could not have put them into words, but he could, when the evenings came round for music in the hall, appear with his sighing measures and passionate renderings learnt in his solitude, and pour forth his secret longings unbetrayed. And then the scornful Cécile would sit surrounded by her adorers, and let his violin utter its pleadings without the smallest heed or interest.

And while Cécile asked nothing of him, the dowager, on the contrary, was exorbitant in her demands on the young man's time ; she was always pouring into his ears her reminiscences of fifty years back, and summoning him to play to her ; and as for his Excellency, his niece might be frivolous, and his musician might be suffering under her indifference ; nothing could disturb his serenity except the difficulties of quartette-writing. The genius of his new Kammer-musikus enchanted him, and he would let his whole household, and the world beyond it, go on its way, while working

in a remote corner of the house with the young composer.

And yet while cramped and fettered and kicking against the pricks of his new circumstances, some power from within was at work to keep Josquin sober at his post in the months that followed; he was yet finding new elements of life, expansion under new influences; and it was because the inner life was strengthening that he was able to renounce the excitement from without, that had always seemed necessary to him. There was one element of happiness for him that he owed to Paradies—one outlet—in the treasures of his books he found it. In the readings that he himself had proposed to the secretary, there was found an influence to bind together the fresh, untutored imagination of the musician and the trained mind of the priest.

They read together, and Josquin would sit fascinated while the pale secretary construed with sustained voice some Greek tragedy to him, and as the dim images rose before Josquin, there was always one face for Iphigenia, Alcestis, Antigone, that would come and blend with them, making the several conceptions more living and real than fancy could have shaped them.

One day Paradies watched him dreaming on after their reading, with eyes towards the town; he half envied Josquin's growing popularity and his bright independence, and, in his distrustful way, unworthy of the sympathetic nature which yet refused to join in his sentimental complainings, Paradies said to himself, "No wonder that Dorioz keeps his heart free and light up here, for he has some secret interest in the town." It was an unworthy suspicion of Josquin's frankness; for the latter was just musing whether he might not interest his sad companion in Lisa, whose face recalled the Greek tragic mask. When he proposed shortly after to take Paradies to the Kloster-haus, the Abbé betrayed no interest, but in his heart he was delighted.

"Did you say she reminded you of Euripides, M. Dorioz?"

"Yes; come and be introduced to Alcestis," replied Josquin, laughing.

So one day they walked into Dresden, and Josquin brought his morbid friend to the Kloster-haus. But when he introduced him, he was amused to observe the slightly disappointed look with which Paradies met Nodin's jovial greeting, and Elisabetha's warm and eager welcome. Her mouth was as usual grave, but her eyes were lit up with pleasure as she received Josquin in delight; the presence of a stranger, however, made her retire shyly into herself.

But Nodin was in great excitement; he abstractedly asked his visitors a polite question or two about their health, their walk, their welfare at the villa, and then burst into the subject all absorbing to him. Elisabetha had just received an official request from his Excellency Count von Plauen to sing after Easter next at the opera, and to make her *début* in the most gratifying way possible at the Court theatre, in a prominent part. "I was just saying, my dear M. Dorioz, that if you were here our happiness would be complete: we *did* want you to sympathize,—didn't we, Lisa?"

"Yes, that's right. Bravo!" said Josquin, much excited by the fulfilment of hopes, which, however, he had never doubted would come true; and giving Nodin both his hands, he said gayly, "You have deserved it, my good sir; and it is not every *débutante* that is so fortunate as to have a famous basso buffo to care for her, and watch over her, on to the very boards of the stage."

"Yes, Josquin," said Lisa; "but we have built so many castles in the air together, that this seems nothing, does it?"

Here Paradies, who had positively winced under the ebullition of spirits displayed by the host, who was now bringing out a bottle and some glasses in a festive

manner, put in dolefully, encouraged by Lisa's serious face: "Ah, no doubt the Fräulein Vaara has too deep a spirit not to feel dread of all the brilliancy her friends can promise her, rather than pleasure in anticipation! The responsibilities, however, of her gifts are so great, that though she would fain live in retirement, she must remember the refining influence of the great singer . . ."

"My good sir, that is what I always say," said Nodin, uncorking.

"The elevating power of the drama . . ." Paradies went on, as if he were in the pulpit.

"Ah, you take just my view!"

"The need of reform in our degenerate days . . ."

"Sir, you are a scholar and a reverend gentleman," Nodin interrupted, "and I am proud and flattered by your appreciation of my views. I assure you, we have here a second Cuzzoni; you and such as you will appreciate her power, when you feel it. Drink, my dear sir, to her health, and accept my very good wishes for yours;" and very soon, both talking at once, Nodin and the cold-blooded secretary were clinking glasses on most familiar terms.

And meanwhile Josquin stood beside Lisa, who began asking him questions eagerly about his life at the villa. He felt restrained, unhappy, and returned her short answers. Paradies was watching the two out of the corners of his eyes; the conversation became general on Nodin's part. He entertained them with many anecdotes, and the minutes flew. Josquin had passed the time when he was expected to be back, and with a sigh he rose to go.

"Well, Lisa, I am gladder than I can say to think that we shall see you come out in the winter; but oh, how I envy you! As for me, I must go and fiddle for his lordship. Farewell, Elisabetha!"

These were Josquin's parting words, and as he hurried home with his friend, afraid of being late for the

music-hall, where he was that evening specially wanted, he was almost as silent and melancholy as his companion.

"Your friend seemed to be frightened by my very person, M. Dorioz," at last said Paradies, his voice droning from out the twilight: "how will she bear the life of the theatre?"

"You are right, Paradies, in wondering. What would you say if you heard that half-tamed thing pour out her voice unfalteringly in the church, with a firmness that many a prima donna would envy!"

"How strange, M. Dorioz! and does your serious friend know the religious life, think you? she has no . . . scruples?"

"Why, Paradies, I believe that all she knows of God and His praise are the divine psalms of Durante, Marcello, and Palestrina, which it is her delight to sing. Oh if you could hear her voice hymn them forth in the church—heavenly! That is just why she is not afraid. Her art is her religion, Paradies."

Then they were silent again, and the twilight deepened. Josquin was right: when Lisa sang she was as unconscious as a cathedral acolyte serving before the altar. Under other circumstances, this fervent soul would have dreamt a "vocation." She would have been satisfied with none but the summits of prayer and self-sacrifice; this child was of the stuff that martyrs are made of. But the little street ballad-singer, full of some wild northern poetry, had never had her imagination fired with any but the inspirations of art. Her first recollections were song, and now, under Hasse's training, and with constantly hearing the greatest singers of the day, she had become a real artist, keenly sensible of the true and the false therein. It was a high sense of duty she had acquired towards the public, to whom she would merely be the interpreter of music, and she came to her public life without fear.

As Josquin approached the villa, he was still con-

trasting his own trivial life with Lisa's straight, bright course, her larger public, her direct, simple aims: the house looked like some soft, enchanted palace, standing in the midst of its orange-trees and sleeping gardens; light and delicious harmony came, stealing doubtfully, while they were yet far off, through the evening stillness. The musician was not reconciled by all this loveliness; but be patient, Josquin! Your time is coming, and you will cease to envy your sister's vocation down in the city; life, and personal share in it, will be for you, and you will become contented with life at the villa.

CHAPTER VII.

UP AT THE VILLA.

"WHAT has retarded you so much, Dorioz?" said a suave voice, greeting the two young men as they approached from one of the windows of the gallery. It was the Count himself, who was standing there mild and reproachful.

"We have had the agreeable surprise of an afternoon's visit from the young Prince Valentin," he said; "a fine musical amateur, and by very good chance Fräulein von Lichtenberg has been in voice. We have had much singing, but our guest is leaving us. You come too late to help us;" and Josquin saw a horse and rider starting from the door, surrounded by a group of ladies; he might wish to be scornful, but he felt a pang of disappointment.

"You know, Dorioz," the Count went on, laying his hand on his musician's shoulder, and drawing him into the gallery, where he began pacing up and down, "the rarity of my niece's musical moments is a lasting regret with me; she has such wonderful taste, that I cannot pretend to think her excuses always real; but my rule, you know, in life is, to force nothing from others against their will. Without spontaneity nothing can be good, nothing beautiful; and when she sings as she did to-day, I feel that it is worth all her caprices to get such moments of delicious inspiration. See, all the ladies are returning—come, Dorioz, you and I will go to our violins."

Josquin could not reply for irritation; but this ill-

humor was good: it showed that he was yet deeply interested in something at the villa—may not a tender curiosity be a healthy sign of life? Anyhow it helped Josquin that evening to resolve to throw himself into his life at the villa. There where the lights of Dresden twinkled in the plain, a kind sister heart, he knew, beat in unison with his; but he should best follow her ideal, he told himself, by leading an undivided life where his fate had led him.

Just before they retired for the night, Paradies broke his reverie: "I don't know about her being like the Greek mask, but I think I could compose a play for your golden-haired friend, M. Dorioz."

"Yes, and I will set it to music," replied Josquin.

The very next evening, Fräulein von Lichtenberg appeared in the music-hall, beautifully resplendent in pearls and sky-blue, no longer nonchalante and dreamy in her faded rose-leaf muslin: by that change of costume, the spell seemed to be broken which had kept the whole household dull, spite of all its brilliant entertainments through the summer. The Dowager lady was a little less in the ascendant, the Count more brisk and less distracted, the visitors less hopelessly adoring.

"My dear uncle, do put away the quartets for this evening," she said; "let us find some new part-songs, M. Dorioz." And as they turned over the music, and his Excellency was out of hearing, she said to him suddenly, "Ah, M. Dorioz; don't you find sometimes that the enthusiasm of another stifles your own? When his Excellency raves about things, I feel that they say *nothing* to me! and what am I to do then? But to-night I am musical. Will you try over this duet with me? I have promised to learn it for his Highness's return to-morrow."

Almost the only words she had spoken to him since his first coming to the villa! Now for the first time she sang to his accompaniment. As the high treble voice rose with his, Josquin recalled the first day that

he had heard that delicious music, filled with he knew not what charm and expressiveness. He remembered with a thrill that the eyes of the singer had once been bent on him full of tears: Cécile to him had been a mystery. Those eyes so full of dreams, that calm, divine brow could not have belonged to a commonplace mind. Her soul, he had declared to himself, was asleep; it would awaken—and often without one, even when impassive, she gave forth more sweetness than a winged angel. And now something seemed to have moved her into life; and so great is the power of beauty—Josquin and all the household seemed to feel that the sun in the heavens was shining out on them.

In truth, Cécile was a creature of the age, of the world around her: she had nothing but her beauty that was not instilled into her by the traditions of her girlhood: she belonged wholly to the pleasure-seeking frivolity of her time, and yet she was just this much—a woman, full of the woman sentiment. Without love and admiration, even her beauty faded; when she could not be excited to admire in return, there was no pleasure for her in flirtation. And when thus much soul can be discerned beneath the complications of a lady's corselet, her ribbons and her laces—is it not something?

And so Josquin indulged his romantic musings. He had formed the resolution to throw himself into his life at the villa, now that intercourse with his girl-friend in the Kloster-haus, which had once been so much to him, he found more and more difficult, and he unconsciously gave way to sentiment. Was it not natural that, cut off from all other sympathy, he looked for it from those about him? that he dwelt with pleasure on the little speech Cécile had made him?—*he* had good cause to understand that she suffered and felt hard under the influence of her uncle's vagaries and sentimental infatuations. The days passed; the young prince came and went from the villa; the villa's lady

was piqued and excited into animation—and the chamber-musician worked in his remote corner to inspire her with emotion.

But it was rather a hard test to which Josquin's feelings were to be put, in order to bring out the sentiment of Fräulein von Lichtenberg; and the test spoke directly to his artist-pride. The Count had been constructing a small theatre, indispensable to his views of life at the villa, and it had just been completed. Josquin was to compose an operetta to inaugurate it—his patron had unbounded belief in his genius as a composer. The question was, what libretto to choose for the occasion?

Now ever since his visit to the Kloster-haus, Paradies had been working at a libretto to which Josquin often thought of writing music; it was the work inspired by the abbé's first visit to the Kloster-haus. Since then indeed he had become Josquin's chief link with Lisa; he would come back enchanted with the kind reception he received, but something told Josquin that it was for the sake of his friend up at the villa that Paradies was so welcome down in the town. The musician's heart leapt up at this idea of an opera, for perhaps now Lisa would come and work with him at the villa; and he confided to the Count about the secretary's libretto. Lichtenberg was charmed, begged the young men to work hard in the next fortnight, and left Josquin all the leisure he could to compose.

"Do you think that perhaps our Iphigenia will sing in it?" Paradies asked with great interest.

"Who shall say what the Count will suggest at the last?" Josquin answered, raising his shoulders; and he was right to build no hopes. When the work was finished, and he brought it to his patron, Count Lichtenberg said, before looking at it, that he had resolved to inspire in his niece more desire to put forth her talents, and that he thought it would be a good opportunity of drawing her out to make her sing the first part

with the great amateurs he intended to have at his house. He himself would take a part, and the young Prince Valentin would sing the tenor.

Now, whatever hope Josquin's romantic feelings gave him of the beautiful Cécile's soul, his heart sank at having to hand over to her the music he had labored at so carefully. The artist in him overcame all that the youth might have felt, and rebelled at the idea of having his careful work trifled with by fine gentlemen and a lady, who, he knew, would be quite absorbed in their own flirtations. The color rose to his cheek, and he said naïvely to the Count: "If your Excellency had only told me sooner, I should have taken less pains!"

But it was now almost aggravating that the enthusiastic patron received everything he said in the peculiar light of his infatuation: "Ah, I like to see my artist color! You are as vain as all the rest, Josquin; you think dilettantes can do nothing. At your age it is very well, but remember that art will soon be the profession of *all*; that we shall only have amateurs, and will dispense with you artists, in the golden days when each one follows his bent and inclination! My niece shall be put on her mettle by your words, Dorioz; but I assure you she is keen over my project;" and then he praised the composition as he glanced at it.

Josquin felt thoroughly cross and out of tune, so much that he paid no heed to the Count's threat of reporting his speech to Cécile. He only begged for leave to go and show the end of his finished work to the Capellmeister; and leaving the first two acts for the perusal of the soprano, he escaped with the rest of the unhappy operetta under his arm, longing to get sympathy in his indignation from his friends in the city.

Hasse commended his work, and Faustina laughed and condoled:

"You should have heard," she said, "the recriminations of my poor friend C—— thirty years ago in

Vienna, when his best work was brought out by the Court, nobody singing in it under the rank of grand-duke! The queen, Maria Theresa herself, often made it her boast to me that she had first sung in the part in which I was afterwards so famous! At the time, how well I remember my poor friend the composer's groans over the difficulty of writing for such dilettantes!"

Josquin had returned not much sweeter in temper, though comforted by friendship, and was preparing to come before the Countess Dowager to play to her (which he indeed enjoyed when in a happy frame of mind, for though egotistical and too historical for an ardent Kammer-musikus of twenty, the stately lady was as good a listener as he could have wished), when the appearance of a messenger with a note put the Dowager lady clean out of the young man's mind. It was from Fräulein von Lichtenberg, bidding him at once come to her apartment; and, the servant added, it was pressing, because twice in Josquin's absence the message had been sent.

"You shall show me the way in an instant," said Josquin, hastily giving himself a brush before the glass. "This is just what I have to expect for the next month, I suppose;" but there would not have been the same excitement in his step if he had been betaking himself to the Countess Dowager. The servant led him to the western end of the house, where was the small apple-tree garden and bay-window, and Josquin was introduced into the very panelled room he had looked into on the day of his first coming to the villa.

Fräulein von Lichtenberg was seated at the clavecin; before her was the written score of her part, and as she turned at Josquin's entrance, he saw a flush on her cheek and disturbance on her brow that did not speak promisingly for the *première's* good-will towards her part. From the further end of the room advanced the young lady's companion or governess. Fräulein Cécile, she said, had sent for Monsieur Dorioz to explain to

her the music of her part: she had been trying it over and found difficulties in making it out. This lady was a Frenchwoman, and spoke in that tongue, and Josquin replied in the same with a perfection that seemed to surprise her. "He had anticipated some difficulty," he answered coldly; "for his Excellency, not having told him beforehand that the part was for Fräulein von Lichtenberg, he thought it would probably want some modification."

But Cécile rose impatiently from the harpsichord: "M. Dorioz, you will play me that at once, if you please," she said imperiously; "I don't know how the singer you were writing for would interpret your ideas to the public. My uncle thinks much of this music, I know—*pour moi, cela ne me dit rien—rien!*"

"Madam," he answered, "I am sorry that my music so entirely fails to please you. My interpretation of it would be as much a thing of myself as the work itself, and I fear you would like it only less if I were to render my ideas to you myself. I shall be happy to alter what I have written for you, but to play it to you would be loss of my time and of yours."

"What arrogance, sir!" she exclaimed. "Have I not a right to demand the composer to unfold his own idea from the obscurities with which he has veiled it?"

"Madam, I am not arrogant; I am too much discontented with the work which has found so little favor in your eyes to be even a little vain; but have I not the right to act as one who has taken pains about his work, and who has given his best? You are now out of all patience with my music and with me. Will you expect me under those circumstances to be able to play to you?"

While he spoke, Josquin saw that she was taken by surprise, but he went on firmly: "My time is short this afternoon, I regret to say; I must join her Excellency, the Countess Dowager, who expects me. Before I go, will you honor me by pointing out anything I can

explain? There is one passage which at once I would like to alter, with your permission;" and he drew out his pencil and began in a business-like manner to alter the written score. All the time he worked, Fräulein von Lichtenberg restlessly moved about the room. Suddenly Josquin lifted up his head from the large MS. score—she had stood still, facing him, and he surprised her gazing at him full; the color of her eyes seemed heightened as they were searchingly bent on him, half in scorn, half in surprise, and the color mounted high in her cheek. Josquin felt his courage and calmness forsake him all at once, so radiantly beautiful the young girl looked in the anger that he had raised: only the blush on her cheek made him humble.

"Madam, I keep you too long. I fear I am troublesome with my author's sensitiveness: but we are by circumstances ordered to work together for awhile. Can we not avoid any but what will be pleasant recollections? My work, obscure and uninteresting as it appears to you, you should feel needs all the more the help of your grace and intelligence. Will you not give them to me as allies? I must repeat again, that I did not know for whom I was composing when I wrote this; I had formed my idea differently had I known; but I am ready now to do my best for you. Will not you deign to do your best for a helpless composer?"

The voice that uttered these words was sweet and earnest, the speaker was indeed full of charm, suddenly scintillating from his first dignity into an eagerness that was almost naïve, and Cécile felt it.

She was a woman and Josquin was full of charm, and she suddenly chose to forget that she had sent for him in anger; she gradually softened as he began to point out to her the alterations he had made, and then she sang very delicately. In a moment he recognized that her singing had as much distinction in it as everything else that belonged to her—he was at her feet: but he had not played a note to her alone!

As he spoke of going, she said: "Monsieur Dorioz, I must have you play it before you leave . . ." and Josquin might weakly have relented, but at the moment a servant entered with a message . . . the Countess Dowager was waiting !

As if in spite of herself, Cécile exclaimed impatiently, "Ah, that is always the way with grandmamma ;" and then she seemed ashamed of having shown vexation ; she bid him good-night with serene brow and languid eyelids, in which, it sometimes seemed to Josquin, lay most of the expression of her face. But he had seen her betrayal of herself, and he was touched by her child-like forgetting of dignity.

When he was gone, the French lady *gouvernante* burst out :

"But how distinguished he is! how dignified, how charming!" and Cécile was saying, "I wonder how long grandmamma intends to monopolize everybody who comes near the house. Does she expect M. Dorioz to compose madrigals for her on the strength of her wonderful ears and the beauty of a hundred years ago?"

"Hush! remember yourself, Cécile," said the decorous *gouvernante* ; but neither she suggested nor Cécile remembered that it was the Dowager, and not the young lady of the house, who had first discovered the charms of the new chamber-musician.

That night Josquin sat up till morning, re-writing and arranging for *Fräulein von Lichtenberg* the part he had written for *Elisabetha*. The eyes of the beautiful and imperious Cécile shone in his lonely room ; if on the next day his work was approved and said to suit the lady to perfection, was it any wonder when it had been directly inspired by her charms? and in the days that followed, when he was more and more praised and made much of, was it any wonder that the musician no longer felt inclined to quarrel with the performance of amateurs? He ceased to dream at the window when the lights of Dresden shone out in the plain ; he gave him-

self up to pleasing those about him. He did not fail soon to draw a rebuke from Paradies for his frivolity; but what was the young composer to do? He was sent for at every hour of the day, to accompany, to teach, to rehearse.

In the beautiful September mornings, when the sunlight fell into the great music-hall on dancing marbles, wondrous landscapes from Holland, precious stuffs, and flashing majolica wares; when the windows opened on to all the gay buzz and beauty of the gardens; when the butterflies chased each other among the hollyhocks, and the dahlias flaunted in rows, the little band would sit for hours at the harpsichord, singing and studying the music Josquin had written for them. There would be the young composer leading, modest and firm; there the handsome prince-tenor, shouting with head in the air, altos and basses circling round, Cécile, softened and exquisite, singing her part with a will. Amongst them all, the Count, thrumming away at his violoncello, kind and ecstatic.

Alas for such an unpractical Excellency! Even while he thrums and prepares all for a gay music-meeting in his soft Boccaccio gardens, a terrible cry of war is coming over the harvest-fields . . . an army advancing within a few leagues of the hapless city of Art! But the *Reichs-Armee* will never brave the great Frederick and bombard his prize city! Frederick must arrive in time! Everybody is hoping; the governor is sending constant messages, the population is in tremors, but nothing can make Count Lichtenberg see the realities that surround his ideal world!

And meanwhile, such delicious Boccaccio mornings were reconciling Josquin to his life of bondage, and he too swam with the stream, loth to turn to realize coming troubles. Was it any wonder when, at every moment, he was receiving new signs of Cécile's awakened interest? Sometimes Josquin would start at meeting her eyes during the rehearsals, gazing at him with a subtle and

half-involuntary curiosity and fascination. Her mood was adorable: she was dreamy, absent with the Prince, responsive, tractable with the young music-master. And Josquin was her servant by his position, she colored his life by her beauty, he composed under the inspiration of her loveliness; and all this went to make his sentiment for her the most delicate feeling, full of romance, tenderness, and humility.

At last, however, the inhabitants of the villa, spending their morning in such bright fashion as usual, were disturbed by that cry of war coming over the harvest-fields—the army was within a few miles of the villa—fortifications were begun in the town—all the horrors of a siege preparing for the poor inhabitants, who too well knew the signs of it.

When Count Lichtenberg heard it, he was first stunned and then disgusted—in a few hours he had made all plans for departure. Messengers were running backwards and forwards from the encircled city all that day, which had begun with such delighted harmony up at the villa. Paradies had first broken the terrible news to Josquin, coming back from the Kloster-haus itself. Nodin had been working at the great bridge fortification, Elisabetha was there with the old man. The governor threatened to burn the Neustadt if Daun cannonaded the town; in that case Josquin's friends would be in the greatest danger. He was preparing to start at once for the town, when a message came to him from the Count. Lichtenberg was pale, haggard, and unnerved.

“Josquin, you will not desert me,” he said. The musician imagined that he was going to tell him of some frightful sacrifice he must make for the sorrow and horror all around, but he went on:

“In four-and-twenty hours we must be off for my house at the Italian lakes: will you help me with presence of mind to pack these manuscripts?”

“Ah, your Excellency, I have friends in the town

who are in great danger; I cannot go and abandon them."

"What, you too, Josquin; you too are losing your calm! Ah, I had thought you would stand by me. It is only such as I in the world, Josquin, who contribute to its repose. I entreat you, young man, to follow me. You shall see the world. Dorioz! will it tempt you if I offer you three times your present salary? Josquin, for *my* sake come away from your friends in Dresden."

An hour afterwards Josquin was making his way at full speed to the town—to tell the beloved ones there that he was going away with the Count—to find out where they would take refuge. He was too late: he was stopped on the way by sentinels, threatened, and turned out by them into the fields, to find his way back to the place whence he came. He could not even get a letter into the besieged town. He came back to find that Cécile had started for Vienna with her *gouvernante*; and a few hours afterwards, he formed part of the Count's retinue who went to take up their abode in the South for the winter. He had not said farewell, and he left Elisabetha in a beleaguered city!

CHAPTER VIII.

MID-LENT.

A YEAR and six months have passed away; it is Mid-Lent in Vienna, the day which the Church and the world have ordained to break in on the silence of Lent, with the echoes of the past season and the wild Carnival that ended it; and Vienna, the gay and careless, is one scene of frantic pleasure-seeking.

In the month of March the sunshine gets a new color, and spite of rough rains and winds, the anemones begin to show their pale heads, and dwellers in the city, who do not see the bare trees, dream that winter is over, and look for the return of roses and broad chestnut shades in their public gardens.

Meanwhile, under his cap and bells, Folly still shivers while he laughs and capers, and all the people are turned out to greet him in the streets. When the night comes, the dancing will be prolonged by all the ardor inspired by the approaching close of festivities, a zest that remains from the sharp contrasts of mediæval days—Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we fast.

And it is here in Vienna, in its crowded streets, that Mid-Lent day, that we must find Josquin again, after his long wanderings in the service of Count Lichtenberg. Folly has gained him also as his votary, the reader will say, for he will remember that in returning to Vienna Josquin was running the risk of meeting his family again—entering the very camp of the Philistines. And it is indeed not without many heart-searchings that the musician has followed his patron here; it is almost

the first time since his arrival that he has ventured out into the fashionable part of the town.

Eighteen months of new experience has Josquin had since he left Dresden—of good work, of new, beautiful influences, of Italy, of Art. His patron has given him all these; he has overwhelmed him with kindness and new interest: when the young man has mentioned his doubts about following him to Vienna, he has offered him a better position and footing in his service there, and implored him not to leave. Against all this Josquin has been weak to struggle; there had been little to tempt an artist back to poor bombarded Dresden, and how was he to begin over again anywhere else? Besides, Josquin had argued to himself, there was little chance of his being recognized immediately by society, and he could well keep out of his family's way in the obscure position he held; for though developed since we left him, he was yet but the obscure fiddler longing for more personal share in the life he saw around him. Was he not changed? he asked himself; was there really much likelihood of the poor chamber-musician being recognized? and if he were, would not the Count sympathize with him against his family?

Thus he had argued; but still, so great was his horror of the old haunts, engraved, by a strong acid as it were, upon his memory, that he had scarcely stirred out since he came to Vienna. Josquin might not have led a perfectly sober life all these months of wandering, but in his first weeks at Vienna he had returned to all his old Dresden ways; and he had fed such high romance, remained on such heights of feeling! To-day, as he sat as usual at work, the March sun, which encourages the anemones and the pleasure-seekers, came flooding into his room; the spirit of Carnival entered into him, and he threw down his music and his work, and rushed out, seeking he knew not what—some new experience, some joy of living! He felt he must have his fling, if only a dance in the public gardens. Poor Josquin! with all

this festive feeling at heart, it was only subjective. That evening he had to look forward to no other end to his Carnival than the leading of the Count's musicians in the gallery, while the Count's guests danced below.

It was a new fancy of his Excellency to have the most refined music for his ball-room. This was the first reception that he gave since his arrival in Vienna, and at the ball, that night, Josquin expected to see the beautiful Cécile again, for the first time since the days of the operetta. He now occupied rooms away from the great house—was less immediately brought into contact with his patron's household. With some bitterness, indeed, the musician had thought that he should only meet the beautiful niece again when she would be dancing to his piping, unconscious of his presence, far away from him, as in the old days. "But away with sentimentalizings for the present," Josquin had thought, as he emerged from the house into the street; "for her partners to-night, for me this afternoon;" and with heart lighter for the sunshine, he went to seek a friend he had at the other end of the town.

As Josquin Dorioz threaded his way through the shouting crowd and gay masks, the girls turned back and looked at him—truly it was a figure and face to be remembered. You would have given him more than his years now, for there were new-born lines about his mouth both grave and sweet; it was the mouth that we see often in him whose work is an infinite interpretation, a vague aspiration, and the lines told more of the inner life of our artist than he could himself. But the eyes were keen as ever, there was the same joyous vitality expressed in his movements, in his wiry, supple frame, as in the days when he used to rejoice his nurse Silvie's heart.

Josquin suddenly began to hurry his footsteps; he was on the very spot where years before he had run away from Aunt Brigitta. Following the stream of the crowd, he arrived at the market-place, where the masks

congregated for the amusement of loungers and spectators in the balconies. What does Josquin look for instinctively in every carriage that passes him, every window where there are ladies? what fair face is it that alone he desires? what is this remains of sentiment half-unconsciously nourished in our musician's breast? It would be difficult to say how much the thought of meeting Cécile von Lichtenberg had influenced the decision that made him remain near his patron. Eighteen months ago he had been torn away from her with something of a passionate admiration, but those days at the villa had left only a tender recollection of her whose mere beauty had then instilled new life into him. The thought of her excited him only now when there was likelihood of his seeing her again passing him by in the street. In a balcony on the market place, there was, attracting the notice of all gazers, a bunch of smiling, fresh, girl faces, and Josquin, forgetting caution, stood staring up in the middle of the square, thinking perhaps to discover among them the long, almond-shaped eyes, the gentle smile. It was but for a moment, but in that moment he had been recognized. He was turning away when a hand was put upon his shoulder; and starting, Josquin beheld a young man, well-dressed and good-looking, much of his own height and figure, looking at him with an amused expression, while waiting for recognition. He was bewildered a minute, then exclaimed: "My cousin Charles!"

"Josquin! what a rencontre! what have you been doing all these years? Ye powers, what hair! I recognized you through it from up there, and immediately left the goddesses to pursue my vanished, mad cousin. You know I always called you mad. But how goes the music?"

Josquin thought to himself that this gentleman's own dress and appearance did not testify to any very great sobriety of mind: but he was horribly perturbed by his cousin's recognition. "Indeed, I am not dressed, nor

in any way prepared to meet with my family. To tell you the truth, I am rather alarmed at meeting you. For Heaven's sake, Charles, don't let my uncle know about me, or my Aunt Agathe!"

"No, no, dreamer, you can make yourself easy; they are none of them in Vienna. By good luck, they are all at the country-house. I am alone in the Kärthner Strasse, and you know you can trust me. I always kept your secrets, and have ever had artistic sentiment myself."

"Are you sure that none of my people were up there with you just now?" Josquin said.

"Not anybody so dull. I assure you, Josquin, 'tis the daintiest company in the world I left up there to come after you; and you only look scared at me. Come, you can trust me with your secret, if you have one—what are you doing here?—how have you been getting on?" and it was in vain that Josquin tried to get away. His cousin swore such secrecy, and was so good-humored that he at last gave him an account of his time in Dresden, and of the position he now held with his patron.

Charles was amazed; he was the nephew of Count Lichtenberg, by his mother; he was going to the ball at his house that night. "What! hired to my mad uncle—treated as a mere fiddler—you, Josquin, with your face and talents. Well, you are in luck that my mother is not in Vienna. Fancy old Lichtenberg knowing nothing about you! And so this is the life you left us all for!"

"A very good time I have had ever since, I assure you, Charles. This is but for a time; soon I shall be free; but I can now work without fear of starving."

"And, meantime, what fun do you have? By the bye, my handsome cousin, Cécile must have been at Dresden with you. Why, Josquin!" he said, stopping still with astonishment in the street, and bursting out laughing, "it was she herself whom we both adored. Don't

you remember my brutal behavior, and your rage, and how between us your Cremona was carried off? My poor fellow, I must make up to you for that some day! But I begin to see now; tell me—of course you are in love with her still, and this infatuation of yours for the office of chamber-musician is no longer to be wondered at—”

“Indeed,” said Josquin, laughing, “she did not speak to me for six months after I was in the house.”

“What! the little demon! and did you submit, Josquin?”

“What should it matter to me?” said the other a little sadly; “Music is my mistress, Charles, and ever shall be my only one!”

“So, so! ever the same! My dear fellow, it is all very well to talk in that way, but I dare say you will introduce me to a score at least of daughters of song, here and at Dresden—to no end of your artistic friends. In return, let me do something to help your position with the Lichtenbergs; can’t I let them know about you?”

“For Heaven’s sake,” said Josquin, “do nothing of the kind. It would be folly to let it be known that I am a nephew of the Gaspareins; my family would be down on me again. They only leave me alone because nobody knows about me. I have been a fool to come out here; but remember your promise, Charles, and keep my secret. I assure you I am perfectly contented.”

“My dear fellow, you can trust me; I won’t do anything to put hindrances in the way of your career. I only thought you looked a little dull, and suggested bringing you a little into society. To think of you fiddling with the musicians to-night while I am dancing down below!—you, Josquin, with your face and figure! *c’est plus fort que moi!*”

Josquin had told him this part of his business, and Charles, at last, was so amazed at the unusual character

in which his newly found cousin appeared to him, that he could only walk along by his side in silence, staring at him every now and then, and exclaiming: "What a madman! what a dreamer! but what a charming air he has, though!" But suddenly the delights he had left in the balcony returned to his remembrance. "Well, look here, Josquin: let me come and see you, old fellow. I swear profoundest secrecy; I quite understand all your desire to go on with your career now you are started; I passionately adore music, too—so you can trust me. Farewell!"

Mr. Charles von Gasperein was a young man with some pretension to culture and universality of ideas. Josquin remembered him a good-natured, conceited boy, who never wanted any better recreation than the drive or promenade which made his own life such a burden as a little boy; he used to like joining in the conversation in the great red saloon where the aunts perpetually received visitors. Charles had always looked upon Josquin as a very good joke, and "perfectly mad," as boys will say of anybody not exactly like themselves. Since those days, however, he had learnt to look upon things in a different way; he had travelled, and picked up new notions, not sufficiently to fertilize his mind to the point of having independent ideas, but enough to fill him with contempt for the dull and narrow education of his home-life, from which Josquin's more original mind had long ago emancipated itself. In society, for instance, he saw that it was the privilege of the noblest born to patronize art and talent, and to borrow radiance from the genius and originality of all choice minds. He despised the commonplaceness of his own people, who so carefully guarded their respectability against any charge of bohemianism. Charles had long dreamt it his vocation to give a splendor to his name and fortune by imitating great princes in their patronage of Art and Literature; he also had a great capacity for the getting of enjoyment, and he had often thought that to

leave out the society of artists was to waste a great fund of amusement. Now the meeting with his strange cousin delighted him, though it went through his mind as he walked by his side that, without frightening him away by any sudden action, he must gradually draw him from the position he now held.

After his cousin had left him, and Josquin had pursued his way to the gardens, he did not know whether, on the whole, to be annoyed at meeting him. The relief of knowing that his uncle and aunts were not in Vienna was so great, that he felt himself breathing more freely, and Charles seemed so good-humored, and was so agreeable and gentlemanly, he felt inclined to trust him. And so his present position struck his cousin as very peculiar! Josquin had never, all these years, thought of himself as a gentleman. A defiant, merry spirit now took hold of him. The Viennese girls were not so handsome as the Italian, but how well in time they danced! Did Charles' young ladies up in the balcony know how to foot it in that fashion? Josquin was looking on and listening, with a crowd, to a Hungarian band, playing national airs with a sort of barbaric fury, while the people danced in the gardens below; lights were being lit among the trees; people were looking on and drinking beer. Josquin flung himself into the ring, and forgot everything in the pleasure of motion and music for a few minutes.

But soon he had enough, and no longer feeling inclined to go and find his friend, and musing on the dangers of having met his cousin, Josquin returned, with a craving after carnival unsatisfied. The end of his day would not be brilliant, but still, as the hour for the happy drew near, his heart, too, beat with a sort of expectation. That day Josquin jingled his cap and bells unwittingly, like the rest of the world; but not in meetings with his relations, nor from any outward circumstances, lay the dangers of folly for him, but in his own impressionable spirit.

When he reached the great house, ready for its splendid entertainment, he had to hurry through coaches, chairs, foot-runners, and men carrying torches, making the street all bright, and was only just in time to open the music. Instead of going in, like the rest of the world, from the hall to the ball-room, he had to escape up a secret staircase that led to the musicians' gallery, and grope his way till he pushed open a little door at the top. Then he found himself in a blaze of light, among the chandeliers. The fiddlers were waiting, the guests below pouring in; and, dazzled by the flood of light, Josquin began playing and leading the opening measure. Let the reader think of any minuet inspired by the century, and bring before him the dignified company stepping into the stately ball-room; let him imagine, too, the high musicians' gallery hung with draperies, the fiddles and hautboys, and the majestic trombone, and their young leader looking down upon the scene of pleasure, no sparrow in the roof of kings' houses more lonely.

At first Josquin played mechanically, but having to lead, he soon felt that he had a responsibility in moving the crowds below, and his blood began to warm to the measure. A dignified society it was, but also as frivolous and pleasure-seeking as you could wish; and though the days had not come for the more romantic valse, the votaries of the "*Menuet gothique*" could be inspired, too, with the poetry of the ball-room, with all the intoxicating secrets of music and motion. There was something piquant in the fantastic license, the familiar *tutoiement*, the frantic seeking after pleasure proper to the costume, to the season of the ball. All its sentiment, as it were, seemed to come up on the breath of a thousand flowers to the gallery where Josquin sate. He could scarcely keep his limbs quiet as he played the inspiriting tune, for, like all musicians, he was passionately fond of dancing, and his whole

frame beat, and he longed to throw away his fiddle and leap down below into the crowd.

This measure was followed by the "*Menuet de la cour*;" a clear space made itself in the centre of the great ball-room, the company gathered round, and in the centre, in full shepherdess costume, with crook and ribbons and pink satin petticoat, stood a figure whose beauty would have been too dazzling for a Scudery's insipid Arcadia. It was Cécile. Unmistakable to poor Josquin was the languid balance of the slight figure, and the dignified long neck, and the little pout of the under lip: in the distance he felt all the beauty of foot, hand, and brow which he scarcely saw. Then what shall describe Cécile dancing the minuet opposite to as elegant a Damon as heart could wish, with all eyes upon her, or the beatings of the young musician's heart as he leads the measure from his remote corner? Ah, it is too hard to pipe to this ravishing Phillida who danced, but not in response; who obeyed, but all unconsciously, the measure imposed by his violin!

It was over, and Josquin awoke as from a dream, to real life again. He had to lead the music for another hour; his snuffy crew began to think about beer—pah! their leader hid his face in his arms on his desk, too deeply depressed to laugh at the comical side of his position. When would this fatal evening come to an end? he thought; when he heard a voice, accompanying, with rapid conversation, the noise of stumbling footsteps on the staircase, and in tumbled a man in a domino, rubbing his shins, and Josquin recognized the voice to be his cousin Charles von Gasperein's.

"Well, my dreamer, how do you like this bird's-eye view of life? I thought I must come and see what it was like up here. Let me tell you, Josquin, your music and musicians are said to be the most wonderful ever heard. Capital idea of the Count's, but it is too bad of him to make you work so hard. I am sure you are as good as any of those dancing down there. Come and

refresh yourself by taking a little turn with me. Shall I reveal to you where I am going? To tell you the truth, I have a room in the house to change my dress in. You see, there is no fun like the domino; but I must wear my Spanish costume—I have spent fifty thalers on coins alone for it—and must quit my domicile regretfully. I have been mystifying my cousin Cé-cile. Do come and see my Spanish dress.”

As Charles rattled on, Josquin became anxious about what the players would think of his having a friend who could spend fifty thalers upon coins alone for his dress, and who treated him so confidentially, but it was vain to try and excuse himself; Charles would not be quiet: “You say you can’t leave your band? Nonsense! Gentlemen, I am sure that you will wish your accomplished leader to take a little rest for an hour or two; and you will go on quite as well without him, considering how much younger he is than any of you. Meanwhile, I will send you up some supper, which, I have no doubt, will inspire you to play as if your first violin was still amongst you;” and slipping a gold piece into the hand of the man that came next to Josquin, he half dragged his cousin after him down the dark staircase. Our hero was half annoyed, half diverted, by his cousin’s interruption. Charles’s lively conversation did not pause for a moment, as he led him to a little room in the remote regions of the house, where a valet awaited him with curling-tongs and waxlights. “Now,” said Charles, shutting the door, and throwing off his black mantle and mask, “you are not going to say a word, Josquin, but instantly jump into that domino, and come with me into the ball-room. Not a word will I hear! you will be perfect; a little presence of mind, and rather more of the military line in your back, and you will be taken for me. The domino is the soul of Carnival, the quintessence of sentiment, the finest flavor of flirtation! You look pale, my cousin: no medicine like a little enjoyment; you are serious—poetical

—all the more suitable for a black domino. Come, not a word, or I betray you to your patron!”

In vain Josquin remonstrated; his duty to the Count, the suspicions of the fiddlers. “By the bye,” said Charles to his valet, engaged in adjusting his hair to suit his sixteenth-century dress, “see that his Excellency’s players have a dozen of that best Vöslauer, and say it is from me, for their supper. Josquin, look at me; do you ever desire to see anything more elegant than these ribbon knots? and yet, I assure you, I prefer the domino for the ball-room. Come, you shall be taken for me, and all the girls in the room will want to dance with you.” Josquin began to feel as if Charles were speaking in a dream; his heart beat high; he felt transformed in his new dress; his cousin’s offer of leading him to the ball-room was truly tempting, and the feeling of perfect security behind his mask made it all the more so. As for the musicians, if Charles’s supper was not enough to silence them, they would, at all events, fancy that he was only taking a stroll with Charles; and so, without very much more persuasion from his cousin, Josquin let himself be led down into the great hall where the people entered, and through it to the very door of the dancing-room. There, the Spanish hidalgo all of a sudden left him and plunged into the dance with the first partner he met, leaving the poor domino to stand, quite overcome, by himself. He leant against one of the pillars of the vestibule, and taking refuge under its shadow, watched the dancers in the ball-room, now on the same level with himself. It all felt most dream-like; he had been sleepy before Charles came up to the gallery—was it possible that this was a dream coming to fulfil his waking longings to join the dancers? He was standing thus, when a voice, fresh and light, said behind him, in French: “You appear to be pensive this evening, my cousin; I saw you disappear through that door just now; where have you been? I assure you, your mask and your mood make you much more

charming than usual. If I were you I would adopt them forever ;” and turning round, Josquin was for a moment face to face with the adorable Phillida, and then saw her pink satin petticoat flitting away into the crowd. With an irresistible movement, he started into the ball-room. Like a black shadow he now followed the pink satin will-o'-the-wisp on the arm of her partner, and up and down among the dancers was led, she laughing, talking to every passer-by, fanning, flirting, he watching in doorway and corner ; till at last, Cécile, thinking it to be her cousin, who wished to make her believe that her speech had been addressed to a stranger, went mischievously up to him : “ Yes, I do assure you, a mask is all you want to make you charming, my cousin.” She felt convinced that it was Charles, from having seen him come through the door which could not have been known to any of the guests of the house ; but still the black domino stood watching, immovable. Thus Cecile went through the next dance ; but when it was over, she could see him no more, and went on to the balcony that ran the whole length of the ball-room, to breathe the air. The instant her partner had left her, the inopportune domino was by her side.

“ Ah, cousin, you wish to make me believe it is not you ; but you only tire yourself and me too. Leave me, sir ! you fail to amuse me ! ” and turning she went swiftly down the whole length of the balcony and through a French window, the last of the row at the end. Josquin could not help it ; before she had time to shut the window he had followed, and found himself in a small, deserted boudoir, face to face with the young girl, glowing, angry, divinely beautiful.

“ My cousin Charles, this isn't fair. If it isn't you, pray, sir, who are you that dare to take advantage of your likeness to my cousin, to whom I speak as to a brother ? ” She had become confused for a moment in her anger, but now bent upon Josquin that look of mingled severity and scorn that he knew so well. How-

ever, the absurdity of the position kept him from giving himself up to the sentiment of it.

"Madam, I know that no words can excuse my boldness—"

"Your name, sir!" she insisted.

"Madam, I so little know myself—pardon me, madam—I mean, there have been so many mistakes—my own identity is such a very confused idea to me—that I find it hard to tell you, madam, *who* I am."

"This is joking carried too far, sir; I insist upon knowing your name, your calling, your reason for coming through that private door I saw you pass through just now. My father, I know, receives all guests himself."

"Ah, madam, you ask me what is my calling, and you upbraid me for an act of folly. What will you say when I tell you my calling is one which has illusion and folly for its worship? Illusion and folly are my daily bread. Let me this evening speak in parables, and remain unknown to you; only believe that if I have trespassed in following you here, I have done so in all humility."

"But what do you ask of me, then?" Cécile seemed to be interested in finding the voice not unfamiliar.

"Your hand, madam—for one dance?"

Cécile burst into a fit of laughter.

"And is that all? and do you pursue me half an hour to ask this?"

"Ah, madam, what would you have me do? how could I, a stranger, seek your hand for a dance, surrounded by other men? I could only watch you giving joy and life to all the world. Fate has made me follow you here; and now"—Josquin was quite carried away; he felt certain Cécile must know his voice; she did not look ill-pleased. Ah, Josquin, you are but a baby in simplicity compared with your charmer, for all her serene and childlike brow. He continued—

"Now, madam, I am bolder. The crowd is less thick; see out there the stars are beginning to set, and the sky is growing pale. To-morrow will Lent be here; will you give me the last moments of to-night's pleasure, and banish anger and distrust?"

Fräulein von Lichtenberg, could scarcely have failed to recognize the tones of the black domino's voice as those of her young music-master—the agreeable, clear tones that had softened her in that other scene of anger at the villa a year before. He still spoke in French, as was the custom of the masked ball, and there was a peculiar refinement and charm in his perfect accent. Whether she knew Josquin or not, she did not seem to be reluctant: "On this condition, then, sir," she said, before taking the hand he offered her; "that before the week is over, you present yourself in your true character before me and my uncle. On your word, will you promise?"

"On my word, as a man of honor," said Josquin, reckless; "give me some token that I can present to you for recognition when we meet; this flower may I have?"

Cécile appeared surprised; she laughed almost scornfully, and gave it to him; then he led her to the ball-room again. On entering, the first person they saw was Charles in his gorgeous array, looking not a little amused at Josquin's success. He good-naturedly helped him to mystify the lady, and also to inspire her with confidence by whispering to her: "A particular friend of mine; a complete original, and very sentimental!"

And Josquin had chosen his time well for this much longed-for dance; the crowd was thinner, and among those who remained hovered the spirit that best animates a ball-room; it was sweet to heaviness with the breath of dying flowers, and the whitening sky only urged on the lingerers to enjoy the numbered moments of their pleasure. And, moreover, Josquin was a rare dancer, and Cécile, flushed, excited, and piqued, caught

the influence of it all, and gave herself up to her unknown partner, and Charles, watching her, thought he had never seen her so charming.

Charles, who had lost all other interest in the ball, looked on with delight at the success of this manœuvre of his, by which he only wanted to make Josquin his debtor while giving him a taste of pleasure. He was really deeply interested in the keen-eyed musician, and as he watched, thought what a pity it was that he had not been able to remain a gentleman and bring all his brightness and talent to the adornment of the Gasperein name. Charles's idea of his vocation in life was to found for the family the reputation of being merchant-prince poets, and it was aggravating to see one of its shoots blossoming altogether independently of his family. "How graceful the boy is," he said to himself; "he inherits the shape of his leg from us, though Heaven knows where he gets his cracked head. We must do nothing to alarm him, but if anything can conciliate him, this will. What is he saying?—'Does she care for music?' 'She adores it;' the devil she does. Ah, my cousin, you made a fool of me once; let us see if this time you cannot bring a fool to his senses;" and then having given more attention than he had ever done before to other people's affairs, Charles went and made a lengthy supper by himself. He returned to help Cécile's *gouvernante* to find her charge, and just overheard Josquin's good-night.

"But if not at your own house, where from henceforth can I meet you, madam?" he said eagerly, before Cécile turned away.

"Where? Do you go to the theatre?—to the gardens? Do you skate or ride? Do you go to Frau Von A.'s, Countess von B.'s?"

"Yes, I do go to the theatre; I skate and walk in the gardens; I go where you go, madam, but you will not wish to recognize me in the place which I occupy. There are two worlds, madam, in social life. One con-

tains you, living to smile, inspire, to approve, to criticise; the other, which contains me, who must live to be inspired, to be passive, to keep behind a mask, to be myself only at the risk of losing all." Josquin spoke half earnestly, but suddenly Cécile drew herself back: "Ah, sir, you are a riddle, and I have always thought that riddles are the stupidest things in the world when answered. Therefore, keep your mask! I have no desire to see you risk all, as you say, by unmasking!" and Cécile seemed to want her ribbon and flower back, but her lady chaperone was calling her to bid good-night to his Excellency's guests, and as Charles came and tapped the black domino's shoulder with a reminder that they had better not be the last of the departing crowd, he saw him slip the ribbon and flower into the breast of his coat, well shrouded by his dark drapery, suddenly press his hand to his chest as if in pain, and raise his handkerchief to his lips.

CHAPTER IX.

TOWN AND ART.

THE Vienna world awoke the next morning to a silent town, resounding only with the querulous bells of Lent and business life and sober streets; and if there were some to whom, after the long winter season of pleasure, the reaction was a relief, our musician was not amongst them, as he lay in bed that morning, ruminating on the truly dream-like end of his carnival, no more sated with pleasure than a trappist monk with meat, returning to his usual lenten fare after a feast-day's interruption.

Josquin lay, awakening from confused dreams, almost afraid to open his eyes, as the sunshine poured in over the floor, for fear that daylight should bring out, as usual, a common-place reality, hateful after happy visions. But some tokens of their truth were there lying in the sunbeams—a domino mask, a flower and a ribbon—amongst his music and manuscripts; and tokens of other realities were there, but not common-place ones—his violin in its case, and a packet of letters from Dresden, all that Josquin has known of Elisabetha in the past two years.

Sometimes that waking moment will bring a gift of strange clearness and perception; poor mortals will complain of its unpleasantness—for who can afford to realize his life too vividly? Certainly, Josquin sat up discontented in bed, looking round him on the confused mass which seemed to typify his whole existence.

There were Cécile's ribbon and flower, and he had

met her again with a new consciousness of belonging to her; for was not she Charles's first cousin, and had not Josquin one precious bond in common with her—a mutual Aunt Agathe? And he had danced with her, and was settled near her, to be brought in contact with her by his art—so thus much was no dream; but how the ribbon-pledge was to be returned to her, as he had sworn, his dreams had *not* suggested. Pshaw! what poor satisfaction was his! what was he still but the humble servant of princes? how much nearer Cécile than before? And why should he crave after that which, of his own will, he had given up—that which he had assured Charles he still despised? And then, following on these reflections, was the question suddenly in his mind, which was to vex Josquin at his awakening for months to come: “Where now was the necessity for the bondage he chafed against?”

Now, such faithless questionings had never all these years hampered him in his eager course, but once having started up, there were a good many things to give them force in the argument that was to follow. On his table at that moment lay a certain document which he had once put by with scorn; it was framed by a worldly-wise baron, had been treasured by a well-meaning friend, and it now lay amongst the packet of Dresden letters.

These letters told a sad story. The tame old Kloster-haus had had its share of the commotions of the siege, and had proved quite a *feste Burg* to the inhabitants of its neighborhood, for when the governor threatened to blow up the Alt Stadt, they had sheltered themselves in the remote building. Elisabetha had been its presiding genius; in the court-yard, where sheds were put up, in the garrets and crowded apartments, she had worked, helping and encouraging all. It was Paradies who bore witness of this, and who wrote eloquently. Josquin ought to have liked his enthusiasm, but, in truth, he could not bear the superior-

ity which Paradies seemed to think he had gained by staying in Dresden : he wrote as if he alone could appreciate Lisa, and possessed her entire confidence !

Lisa had had other things than herself to write of. In the midst of the heat and anxiety of that autumn, sickness had spread ; and Nodin had been one of the victims, though active almost to the last for the public good. Nodin was gone ; but when the siege was over, Elisabetha had been left with a new protector—an ancient lady, who, having lost all her earthly goods in a fire of the Neu Stadt, had consented to live with the young singer—that is to say, to be worked for all the rest of her days. As for the stage, all was gloom there ; Hasse had been ill, his manuscripts had been destroyed, the opera was closed for almost a year. But Elisabetha had clung to the master, thankful that there was somebody in the world who seemed to want her ; and to her he looked to retrieve his loss when she should make her *début* as his pupil.

So Josquin now felt a pang as he took up his budget of letters to look out some which Nodin had sent him. Topsy, beaming old Nodin ! it had been difficult at first to associate with him the idea of death ; but almost at once kindly death seemed to wipe away the remembrance of all the downhill side of his life, and his splendid ambitions, his aspirations, of which Lisa had known so well how to make use, ennobled him in Josquin's memory, and it was sad to think that he never saw those visions fulfilled, in which he had delighted to see himself at last respectable, helped onwards by Elisabetha's high vocation to the stage. He had sent many messages to Josquin, and some letters which he thought might prove useful. Lisa added no comment on them, and Josquin had only laughed when he recognized the old correspondence between Nodin and his uncle. Now, what idle demon made him look it out ?

“ My nephew must understand that it was never my intention, when I drew him from the miserable position

in which his father left him in Paris, to give him equal advantages to my eldest nephew, Charles, my heir. But I wished to give him the education of a gentleman, and to put him, later, in the way of being independent. His inherited tastes, however, show me that a fruitless antagonism will constantly waste my endeavors. I will not be patient with such a scapegrace. Experience alone can teach him his folly; if he should come through it without further discredit and with a complete change of purpose, I may consider yet the claims of my brother's son. But as long as he remains a musician, let him expect nothing more of me. He has, I understand, adopted the name of his mother: let him see that he does not come in my way while he wears it."

Josquin had come to Vienna, knowing well that an encounter with the Baron would make his position with Count Lichtenberg impossible. He now saw two things clearly—that if he wished to avoid an unpleasant interruption to his career, he must escape before the return of his people; secondly, that if he hoped to regain his lost social position, he must not wait for a crisis, for the Baron's discovery might bring so much wrath on him as to prevent a reconciliation forever. And yet, after pondering for some time over his letter, he felt, that, above all, he dreaded any sudden interruption, and, feeling ashamed, he thought as usual, What would Lisa say to such waverings? I must be a hopeless fool; but anyhow, I love music still, and always shall, Baron or no Baron; and he seized his violin from the table, throwing down his letters, and began playing vigorously, sitting upon his bed, when there was a knock at the door; and before he had time to answer, it was opened, and Charles entered.

"What, at it already? this is just as I like to find you, *schwärmer*: expressing your sensations of last night, I suppose? Heavens! what an original—I am dying to hear you play."

"This is very attentive of you, Charles; are you often out so early?"

"No, indeed; and when I tell you, Monsieur mon cousin, that I came out early on purpose to see that it was all right about our affair of last night, you ought to be grateful. You need have no fear, the musicians are our allies."

Josquin thanked Charles by holding out his hand. Somehow, he had got over his first shyness and embarrassment at having been recognized, and Charles was so intelligent, and so friendly, that he felt less alarmed about his secret in his trust. And he was still more relieved when his cousin, instead of recurring to anything he had seen the past night, began making plans for the pursuit of music in the coming dull months.

"You have not the faintest conception of the delight your society will be to me. You know, old fellow, that I have always had a passion for art myself; nothing would charm me more than to make it, as far as an amateur can, my profession; but alas! my duties—they only allow me to fill one part—that of the patron. But you and I will work together famously. My notion is to have music at my rooms twice a week during this quiet season. For the opening concert I have already engaged a tenor, and shall have all the world; but after that, our meetings shall be small and intensely æsthetic; if you will honor me by playing, Josquin, you shall be heard by all the best judges of Vienna. You will be of service to me, too, introducing your artist friends."

Josquin could not help chuckling to himself at the notion of having to *patronize* his cousin in order to turn him into a patron. Anyhow, he was relieved that Charles accepted him as an artist, and for the present did not want him to be anything else. Charles was impatient to hear him play at once, but Josquin had to keep an appointment with Meister Vulpius, a learned

contrapuntist, and his cousin left him, engaged to come to supper.

The old master Josquin went to see was a contemporary and friend of Hasse's, and bore the young man interest. He came in with slippered feet and profuse apologies for his beard, which was of a week's luxuriant growth, but he nevertheless entreated Josquin to join him and Mistress Vulpius at their midday meal. Josquin could see a yellow old lady in a cap through a glass door and muslin curtain, seated at her dinner; the young man came from the fresh outer air, and that dinner certainly appeared to be rabbit and onions. However, he stayed and got his work looked over by the master, who carefully criticised and praised it.

Then it was time to go and deliver Charles's invitation to a certain rising *virtuoso*. He found him in bed, with a long pipe in his mouth, discussing the delights of the dancing-hall of the night before, with a concentrated-looking friend. The other was an art critic, and each handed to the young violinist, with a patronizing air, a gazette, containing the remarks of the one on the playing of the other. There was also an article on *Greek music* which these omniscient gentlemen hoped to revive. Both men were successful in their profession, but for all their dull theories, had not they, too, their fun in life?—What harm, thought Josquin, if he longed for his in more refined conditions? With a pang, he found himself comparing the two classes of his friends unfavorably to the fellow-workers. On the one hand there were the gracious, the brilliant, the tasteful; real life, beautifully toned down by good manners; on the other, real life *not* toned down—scrambling for success; broad enjoyment do doubt; but he must care for no other life who would enter thoroughly into this.

The remainder of the afternoon Josquin had to give to the Count. If he was out of tune with his brethren he was out of tune with his patron. As he played with

him, he was wondering how the ribbon should be given back to Cécile. Josquin chafed and kicked against the pricks, and they met him on all sides. The day ended smoothly, for at Charles's assembly the Lichtenberg party were not present, and Josquin only won great praise from a formidable audience; and the Count afterwards heard of the sensation produced by his chamber-musician, and took more and more pride in his development, and treated him with all kindness and consideration.

At last came the evening when Josquin was to meet Fräulein von Lichtenberg (for she did not now spend her evenings in her uncle's music-room as at Dresden), and with a bold resolve, he put her ribbon into his pocket and went prepared to keep his promise. He knew she was there when he began to play, and he played his concerto splendidly well. It was the Count himself who graciously went up to the violinist and said, "Dorioz, you have surpassed yourself to-night. You shall renew your old acquaintance with my niece, for whom you wrote that charming operetta last year at the villa;" and he led him up to Cécile. His Excellency must have been satisfied with the modesty of the young man's mien; but, in truth, Josquin's courage so failed him that he could scarcely lift his eyes from the ground, as he saluted her like a stranger. But Cécile's manner was full of graciousness. All saw the radiant eyes bent approvingly on the young player, and all heard the pretty thanks she gave him for his performance: but only Josquin caught the words that hastily escaped her lips.

"M. Dorioz, do you mean to say that you are only playing a part when you play like that?—that you risk to lose all by being yourself?"

"Ah, madam, will you forgive that?" Josquin could only stammer, so startled was he at hearing this lady quote his own words; "I do not know how I could have been so daring; but I am ready to brave all

your displeasure. Here is the flower you gave me—do with it what you like ;” and he produced from his pocket the ribbon and flower.

“ My uncle,” the lady said turning to the Count, who at this moment observed them, “ M. Dorioz preserves a pleasant recollection of our theatricals of old days at the villa : see, he has kept this *chiffon* in remembrance ! ”

Josquin could only give her his gratitude in one gentle look, but at that moment he was at her feet. He was called upon to play again, and had to leave her side, but he went with the delicious consciousness of having a secret with Cécile, and he found in his music a language which he could trust to leave naught unsaid. Now it was happiness only to be in the same room with her. In the same room, do I say ?—in the same dream, in the same heaven, in the same glad land of sound, at whose borders dulness and triviality fly away, whither pen and ink can never lead you, reader. Over the borders Josquin carries Cécile while he plays, and meanwhile the Count is asking whether she does not think his tone more delightful than ever ; and the men call him clever, and the ladies handsome ; and the lively host afterwards introduces him to all the ladies, who praise him, and Josquin has a reputation from that day in Vienna.

As the days went on, Charles’s musical parties, and those at his patron’s, were our hero’s chief social excitement, but when Easter came, and these were merged into the fuller gayeties that burst out all the town over, he found himself invited and sought after and made much of in most distinguished circles. Charles kept his secret : the Gaspareins remained away. His employer was full of kindness and consideration, and fearing to lose the favorite violinist, who proved to be such an attraction to all his guests, gave him as much liberty as was possible. Charles, meanwhile, saw things going but slowly towards his intentions ; but he was not impatient ; he did not frighten Josquin in any way ; he gave

the Count to understand that his friendship was founded on pure admiration; he made acquaintance with his cousin's musical friends, and played the patron to his heart's content. Josquin instructed him in the proper language for an amateur to adopt on things of Art; he lent him ideas, taught him divine lessons (if he had had soul to receive them), in hours when he would play to him alone. In return, Charles was ready to lend him money, to take him to his own tailor and perruquier; he introduced him everywhere, and drew him on himself, as far as was permitted him, into good society, which began to make much of him.

And more and more intoxicating the musician found it to be liked and sought by all that most attracted him; and he swam with the stream, and desired no change; for he had now his share and his part in life, and nothing that the Baron could do for him would give him a pleasanter position. Sometimes, indeed, he felt that he was drifting from the life of good fellowship with his artist-brethren, which once he had prized so much. But if Josquin had found more earnestness among them, he would never have been disloyal. Were they one whit less pleasure-seeking than the other brilliant society to which he half belonged? Meanwhile, with that society lay his work, and for the present he must live for it.

But as the days of happiness and success quickly succeeded each other, sometimes there would come one bringing a breath from old inspiring influences: a *call*, as it were, in the midst of his gay life, showing him that it was barren. Yet he was not idle; he went constantly to Vulpius, who gave him wisest of counsels.

"Take my advice, Dorioz, and stick to your work," he would say to him. "You have a great talent and good opportunities; you are in favorable circumstances for a player, but you are in dangerous places for a composer. Vanity, frivolity—all that need not injure the performer: he is a lower creature than the creator. This one wants calm, purity of soul, humility. Stick

to your writing, and don't let your head be turned, my boy, nor let your genius fritter itself away into mere drawing-room charm. Above all, beware of the ladies, Josquin Dorioz, if that is possible, bless their hearts! You are a good thing, and shouldn't be spoiled."

And Josquin felt that there was indeed little life in any of his written music; in playing he was himself—but he was far from those days of enthusiasm when every rapture was a movement of dedication to his art.

One day a *call* came to him when hearing a little boy play the harpsichord at Charles's house. His cousin had been greatly excited beforehand, for the tiny virtuoso had had a success at Court; but Josquin had not shared his expectation. But as the child played some compositions of his own, he was reminded of his own childhood of promise in Paris, and found himself listening with filling eyes. The little player, he felt prophetically assured, had a great future before him, and he longed to embrace him, and rejoiced to think that he, too, had known as a child something of that intuition which now radiated from the blue eyes of the little Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Another *call* was Elisabetha's *début* at Dresden: her letter telling him about it, her delight at being at last in the full service of her choice. Josquin's heart burned within him as he read her words. Her image rose up before him: Elisabetha there in Dresden, solitary, but identifying herself with a whole city in its troubles; raising its drooping spirit by music; absorbed in her art, but careless of praise; discontented with only the noblest discontent; striving only after the best: and he contrasted her with himself as he was when the letter found him—in buckles, ruffles, ready to go to a tea-party to play music, sometimes good, sometimes indifferent, grave or gay, according to the dictates of those whose applause had become that for which he lived. Elisabetha seemed to call him to return to simple life, to

steady work. Could he not rise up and obey her? Always impetuous, Josquin began in earnest to go over in his mind all the difficulties that would lie in the way of leaving Vienna, and the means for overcoming them. Of this only he felt certain, that it was a good impulse; he did not test his resolution—just as he was he would go to Vulpius and get advice. On his way he reflected that what he would need more than advice was, alas! money to carry out any impulse towards freedom. If he received his salary from the Count, it would go but half way in paying all the small debts he had incurred, and from Charles he could hope nothing if he told him his object.

He found Vulpius at home; the old man looked at him from head to foot, and turned him round with admiration: "What a Frenchman!" he exclaimed; "Ah, how I know the Frenchman! look at his gloves, his perruque! When *we* were youngsters and beginning to climb the tree, Dorioz, we did not indulge in such elegant costumes. Now, tell me where you are going."

"To the Princess Kinski's where there is some music."

"Ah, well, you were right to look in on your old friend on your way, though he has nothing but good advice to give you."

"Master, I have come to ask you to give me a little more. Do you think that I should have a chance of getting a place at the opera in Dresden for the rest of this season?"

"What, leave your engagement with the Count! Do you really mean it? Come, come, confide in me; you are in a scrape, then, I suppose, and want to get away?"

"No. I only find it difficult to work here; I don't find myself on my usual footing with the friends of my profession; I see too much of those with whom my work has little to do, and I think I am wasting my time."

"Dorioz, I think well of you," said the old gentleman; "you are quite right: you will do better by leaving his Excellency's service before long. Get back to Dresden, and throw up your appointment."

Josquin then told him all his difficulties; suddenly the old man rose, went to his bureau, and bringing out a parcel of notes, handed them to the young man. "Take those," he said, "you will repay me with interest some day, when you produce a good work. Go back to Dresden, and you will succeed, I am convinced."

Quite overcome, Josquin left the house. And now briefly shall be told the sad episode that followed, for the reader has known enough of our hero's weaknesses. That evening, with the money in his pocket, he thought he would go to the Princess's, and there silently say his farewell to Fräulein von Lichtenberg. The party was quite small; Cécile was seated near him at the little supper which ended the evening. As Josquin drank golden wine to his love, as she sat, radiantly beautiful, beside him, he suddenly felt ashamed of secretly thinking of leaving her. Cécile was never scornful now, her eyes were animated, her mood full of gentleness; but there was in her manner towards the young musician a something imperceptible to all but himself, which seemed to imply a reproach; she appeared to be waiting, to be unsatisfied. "Had she not caused him to be seated near her at the moment?" her mood seemed to imply; "had she not given him smiles, kindness, admiration? and what had he done to pay his debt for all this? His devotion was slack, for a beautiful woman is not tender and tremulous without cost. She was waiting." Her mood was thus interpreted by Josquin himself, and he felt ready to do anything at that moment to show her that her condescension was all precious to him. Was he to leave her to-morrow after presuming to drink her health to-day?

On the table were displayed wonderful specimens of the plant which was the talk of half Europe about that

time—the marvellous tulip, which money could scarcely obtain. As all admired a beautiful flower in the centre of the supper-table, Cécile said, “If I had such a one, I should think it an unworthy position for my beautiful tulip; I would keep it in my window where only a few could see it.” She declared that she had searched all Dresden to find one like it lately, and was envious of the Princess. And Josquin, hearing her wish, vowed that if such another could be got, it should be hers before he left. The evening ended with music; Josquin thought of farewell when he played to her, and when they praised him they said it was more divine than before.

Josquin did not go to bed at all that night: he spent it in getting ready for departure and in writing a song which had been running in his head all the while: “Proud eyes, sweet eyes!” his verse ran, “when you shine in full beauty and your poet hears the world’s praise, his heart trembles and searches its bold longings; but, sweet eyes, gentle eyes! what when you are soft and drooping? Ah! then in humility his self-love is confounded; for tenderness he can scarce confess his love!”

At dawn Josquin went out to search the town and all its gardens for the tulip he had promised himself to get for Cécile. For some time he wandered unsuccessful, but at last, after a walk which brought him out into the suburbs, he saw what he sought. In the early morning sunshine, among the young, green trees, Josquin found himself at the nursery gardener’s, and there, raising its proud head, was the tulip—a more beautiful specimen still than the one Cécile longed to possess. Josquin asked the price.

“Fifty gulden,” was the reply.

“O cruel nurseryman! you know not what you ask!” the poor young man exclaimed; but then he went on: “For one thing, it is the first time I have ever been extravagant with money! I will sell my buckles, my coat;

I will go bare-backed to Dresden ; I will then repay Vulpius. For once I must know this pleasure ! ”

And he pulled out the notes Vulpius had given him. Never had such a precious sum been expended on the foolish flower. Clasp ing his golden tulip, Josquin walked away reckless ; he would carry it himself to his lady’s door : anything was worth this delicious moment ! when he reached the streets, many a passer-by turned round to look at the keen-faced young man with his beautiful plant. At last the house was reached where Cécile, he thought, was probably still asleep, and he parted with his flower and his song, the tender canzonet which he had written in the night.

Then he went home to sit down to a more difficult composition—his letter to his patron. He had scarcely finished it when Charles came in breathless : “ Fancy, Josquin, I come at this early hour from Cécile von Lichtenberg. I am certain she did not sleep last night. We took chocolate together and talked about—you, dreamer ! but, *tausend Teufel* ! what is this ! ” he stooped over his cousin and seized his letter : “ grant you your dismissal !—think a place in the Dresden Opera might be vacant for you !—what the devil do you mean ? Are you getting frightened and going back to Dresden ? ”

Josquin could only say that he feared his uncle’s return : that he longed for the security of Dresden. How could he explain to Charles the different shades of feeling which had formed his sudden impulse of returning to the hard-working life with Elisabetha ?

“ My dear fellow,” Charles said, “ you must not be ungrateful, foolish, and simple. Listen while I go on with what I was going to tell : Cécile the sybarite, Cécile the nonchalante, Cécile the worldly-wise, has known your secret all along, and has kept it for you, and she has done you this service, *schwärmer*, because—well, you don’t deserve to be told.”

"Tell me, Charles!" Josquin said, burying his head suddenly.

"Because she loves you, and was afraid to lose you."

Josquin answered nothing; Charles went on:

"Not in so many words, perhaps, but I have known her for so many years I cannot mistake her. And this precious sentiment of hers, Josquin, you will throw away! for what, I should like to know? What can inspire you better to work—if that is what you are bent on—than such a rare woman's love! When Cécile loves, it is not a little thing. I once thought her cold, but you seem to have drawn new life out of her." Charles was talking at random, thinking only of his own ends; but his words could not but penetrate poor Josquin's heart, and turn the foolish head buried in his arms. "But what did she tell you?" he said; "will she betray me now?"

"She told me that she hoped nothing would occur yet to oblige her to explain to you her knowledge of your position. She guessed it when she first saw you in Dresden, and did not care enough to say a word! Afterwards she cared too much!" and Charles sentimentally heaved a sigh.

Josquin might have questioned, but at this moment came a servant with a note from Fräulein von Lichtenberg. M. Dorioz was to come and be thanked immediately; and she wanted him to teach her the song he had sent that morning; and what was the meaning of his allusion to farewell in his words of the evening before, after playing so grandly?

Josquin's letter to Count Lichtenberg was not sent: he went to obey Cécile's behests, and resolved that he would afterwards himself explain his projects to his patron. And the warm May morning passed with Cécile, delicious in her white, loose wrapper, sitting amongst her flowers; her eyelids were heavy with some agitation of the night before; her manner was simple and gentle; Josquin was too earnest and tender to allow

her to be reproachful. She had his golden tulip near her as she sat with her soft, white arms in her lap; he played to her, and the music seemed to excite her; everything spoke of some repressed emotion; and yet she was simple. She *wanted to be good*. Cécile *good* was distracting. Josquin breathed a soft atmosphere, like that of unborn spring, in her presence; wonder and tenderness excited each other in his heart, and wrought a subtle charm over all his senses.

And that day passed, and the next, and the month passed, and he had not had the courage to say good-by; and what was the result of all Josquin's sudden impulse? He remained in Vienna dancing, musicking, flirting, swimming with the stream. He told the disappointed Vulpius that his return to Dresden could not be managed, just scraped together enough money to pay his debt back, and then remained in Vienna, all the less in earnest for having made the effort towards liberty.

CHAPTER X.

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

ONE day, two months after, Charles and Josquin were walking arm and arm in the alleys of the Prater, gay with afternoon fashion and afternoon sunshine. They were both pre-occupied, though Charles, according to his habit, was making reflections on the attire of every woman who passed, from her shoe-buckle to her hat-ribbon ; Josquin was absently answering, whilst his eyes saw nothing and his ears took in not a word, and passers-by might in their turn stare at the dreamy companion of the fashionable dandy.

Charles's thoughts were, indeed, entirely occupied by his cousin's affairs. Charles, who had never made a decision in his life, found it most delightful to settle other people's matters ; he was as much in earnest as ever about using Josquin's talent as an ornament to the Gasperein name, and the time was come to speak frankly. He was considering how to bring Josquin to the subject, when suddenly the Lichtenberg carriage went by, and from it the young men received a bow and a smile which might have intoxicated a philosopher. "It is truly romantic," thought Charles, as he saw the suffused look in Josquin's eyes, "this homage of music to beauty : surely it ought not to be difficult to keep our cousin amongst us."

"Josquin, do you know that our revered uncle comes back to Vienna next week ?" he said aloud.

"Heavens ! does he come alone ?"

"No, accompanied by my mother and our aunts.

The Kärthner Strasse will once more be the abode of dulness and repose."

Josquin stopped in his walk involuntarily, and involuntary too was his subdued voice, as he said sadly:

"Charles, I must leave Vienna immediately."

"Well, and pray where will you go?"

"I must go back to Dresden; it will be impossible for me to stay here with my uncle, in the place you know his absence has alone allowed me to linger so long. My only difficulty is money."

"Ah, if your music-notes did but turn into bank-notes, my boy, as they deserve! But I fear they never will."

"Oh, never mind; they bring me freedom, liberty!" Josquin said, suddenly re-animating and throwing back his head. "Cannot you understand, Charles, the feeling of oppression that comes over me when I think of the hampering effect the return of my family would have on my profession?"

"Yes, there are your old chimeras again; you talk as if you had gained no experience since that day of masks on which I met you, looking so frightened. But that was six months ago: things cannot seem to you what they did then. Now the world does not appear to you like a chess-board, black or white, everything distinguished merely as *art* or *outside art*. You see two worlds now which can be combined. I allow that my uncle's return raises a practical question to be decided at once; it is the first occurrence that has come to disturb your enviable position here; but why should you have but one thought, that of running away? I don't think you yourself know what an interest you have raised here, how prepared everybody is to acknowledge you and to welcome you. Listen to my ideas for your future. Your uncle comes back; he hears all about him praise of a young genius whose power and brilliancy are the talk of the town. We must seize the moment, introduce you afresh to him, tell him that ex-

perience has made you wiser and more ready to enter into his views. He must see you, you will remind him of your father, then he will relent; you must assure him of everything he pleases. I can do a great deal with my uncle—he will make you an allowance—”

“Stop, Charles; I am not at all prepared to give up my violin. What is to become of me when middle-age comes? Conventionality without music and without youth! horrible image!”

“Wait for my picture, Josquin. What is to prevent your serving music for ever? For a while you live on your allowance, but as the Baron gets old, you regain all that you have lost. Meanwhile, in the world for which you are made you will gain experience! How can you make an opera out of your Dresden old ladies? You must feel, you must be excited to write!”

“Leave me to judge for myself, Charles, what are my inspiring influences,” said Josquin, amused; but he smiled sadly; indeed, he hoped that his cousin did not know what a vexed heart he had. Six months before it had been hard; now, how had it grown, the difficulty of choosing between Cécile and his profession! He wished that he had not waited till now, and yet longed to put off the painful, practical decision.

But Charles was volubly continuing:

“Don’t interrupt me, I am making a picture of what might be. You say that you will be left without consolations in your middle-age. On the contrary, middle-age will bring you the crown of life! Our uncle’s first thought will be that you should make a marriage worthy of your name—you will be mated with a queenly wife of your choice—you know you have now only your profession between you and all the women—one who will sympathize with you, who will love music like yourself. When your uncle dies, you will both give yourselves up to the encouragement of art, you will be free, and mature, and ripe to produce. Then your name helps you to bring out worthily your own great work—

and when the crowd applauds, the author will sit happy and successful, rewarded by the smile of his sweet, inspiring genius, who will presently come and declare him before the world ! There, Josquin, that is the career I want for you ; you will not be without consolations in your middle-age ! ”

Josquin only laughed ; but he was in love, and he felt that he was not far from taking Charles's words seriously. At the end of a few minutes his cousin was encouraged by hearing him say with some interest : “ But, Charles, can you assure me that my uncle would have anything to say to me under the best of circumstances ? ”

Charles could assure him of everything, and went on assuring him with vehemence, until he saw that all his friends whom he passed were laughing. “ Von Gasparein's musical craze doesn't let him be happy out of doors, unless he is lounging on the arm of a celebrated virtuoso.”

Some young men, walking in a row, wheel round and join Josquin and Charles in their walk.

“ Where do you go to-night ? ” said one of these. “ First, where do you dine ? By the bye, M. Dorioz, of course you are going to hear the new opera to-night ; what do you know of it ? All the musical world, I hear, expect great things from this new flight of the amiable Gluck.”

Josquin started, for his thoughts were called from far away. “ Yes, indeed he looked forward to it ; he believed that in the ‘ Orfeo ’ Gluck had fulfilled all the promise of his youth.”

“ Where do you go, Von Gasparein ? ”

“ To the opera, of course ; it is the great night of the season.”

“ To be sure, my dear fellow ; I forget that no piece can now go through its first night without your criticism. Well, come and dine with us ; there will be room for you and M. Dorioz in my box afterwards.”

"Thank you," said Charles; "we will dine, but we have long had our places for this wonderful novelty of Gluck's. What were you telling me, Josquin, about the revolution it is to make among the Italians and devotees of the Padre Metastasio?"

"Well, for my part," said their friend, "I wish for nothing better than that delicious music of his 'Helen and Paris;' and as for novelty and innovation, I suppose you dilettantes and artists can't get on without some commotion to keep you alive; but it is the old masters who have possessed the secret of charming, and you will never improve upon their secret but by following their rules."

They left the gardens, beginning to be emptied of their fashionable crowd; Vanity Fair jogging home, leaving the afternoon glory for its card-parties, dance-parties, the play, the concert, the opera—carriages, chairs, and pedestrians following, flocking in sheep fashion. But over the foolish glitter came the south wind and scent of flowers from distant gardens, and the golden light turned all to poetry, and Josquin thought it all very fair, and indulged the dream of happiness that Charles's words had brought up. Dream?—a dream? Oh! poor Josquin, he had had more than his share of such unsubstantial joys! he had been dream-sick these three years, that seemed to have passed into shadowy unreality; now, just as he appeared to touch life's good things, and love and sympathy were within his reach, they came in the form of a temptation; he might gain them only at the price of all his former life! It was just this that ailed Josquin; that he had been brought in contact with the world, with an unfair share of its praise, too little of its substantial sympathy; he had constantly poured himself out all these years; he had carried others with him into a land of dreams; he had stood up often in the room, with the eyes of all men and women then upon him, and he had given himself to them, but he had had no real friendship. Reaction from all the spoiling had

brought about disgust of his profession, and by the side of the reaction, lo ! there was a passionate sentiment in his breast, and when both these were combined in Charles's favor, it was hard for Art to contend.

Josquin loved the beautiful Cécile with an unreasoning passion when she was present; and when she was no longer there, he colored all his vague longings with the thought of her. Now he walked along silent; his companions talked, but their talk jarred on him; and if, as he turned his eyes to the serene blue overhead, he fancied himself a traitor to his old ideal, he did not know how near to it he still was, and in what manner those vague longings were about to be satisfied.

The meal in the café, however, banished poetry, and in no very congenial mood Josquin took his place in the theatre, already crowded to overflowing.

The composer whose work drew this large audience was coming back to Vienna in the full manhood of his genius, after two years of absence. He brought with him new inspirations, which were the fruit of a beautiful life of industry, a wholesome and original taste, and a bold, independent spirit, which raised him above his conventional contemporaries. Perhaps Gluck had not more genius than the other composers of operas of his time, but why has he survived them? why does he still delight us when even the giant Handel has ceased to live in his operas? Where are Hasse's astounding forty and nine, said to have been loved as our Rossini's are by us? and those of Scarlatti, and the Padre Martini, from whom such gems of melody have come down to us? Precious pedants, flesh and blood will not stand you! Gluck's secret was to be natural; by the law, even in music, no man can be saved.

It was many years later in Paris that the antagonism between the Piccinistes and Gluckists was carried on, but in 1762, in Vienna, when "*Orfeo ed Eurydice*" was given for the first time, the enthusiasm of all Germany drowned the voices of the Italian masters and

singers, who exclaimed against the barbarism of the new writing for the voice. Already Gluck was a favorite with the Court, so that the theatre was filling with a gay crowd as our friends took their seats, and Josquin's eyes were roaming among the fashionable boxes to see the arrival of the Lichtenbergs, when a slight applause filled the house, greeting the arrival of the composer, who took his place at the harpsichord. He had missed seeing the great Gluck's face, but the overture began; he settled himself to listen with an effort—but in another minute Josquin was absorbed, carried away, in a world where there were no uncles or fair, bewitching Céciles, nor dead, nor living, nor bounds, nor limits; he was drinking in great music with all his might.

All who love music know it—the power of the first wave of violins in the overture or symphony to wash us of all our dulness and dryness, to carry us straight out from ourselves. In that first delight our personal conflictings seem to be merged into a universal satisfaction, our pitiful dogmas and theories into living, fresh assents. We believe in law and harmony—yea, though it be the unconquerable woe of the world that weighs on our hearts, they rush out to meet joyfully all the sorrow of the world—inhuman, unearthly power of sound! To our musician, the first rush of instruments in the majestic allegro was a spell to break him away from himself, and the strong, fresh overture prepared the hearers for the sublime story of the old Greek.

The curtain rose; there was the tomb of Eurydice, dead, spite of her husband's mighty power; shepherds strewed it with leaves and flowers, and Orpheus himself was stretched in despair over the funeral stone, his great lyre fallen from his hands. Now loud swelled the dirge of the shepherds' chorus, and now, through it, came piercing the cry of anguish from his lips, "Eurydice!" Then he remained alone; and entranced, Josquin heard the tender air that follows, and the impassioned recitatives, wherein the music-god is wrought up

to defy the power of death and seek his wife at the gate of hell. Love appeared then ; and in tender strains told of the sanction of the gods, and with a great major burst of song, accompanied by rushing violins, Orpheus departs for the land of spirits.

We read how these wonderful recitatives struck Gluck's Italian contemporaries with scorn. Josquin thought of Hasse, and nearly laughed aloud. His heart was leaping up in joyful recognition of the master whom he felt from henceforth he must serve. When the curtain fell, Charles, beside him, was languidly applauding and looking round to see what impression the act had made, and Josquin had just done storming all he could with both hands, when their friend of the Prater came up.

"Allow me to say, M. Dorioz, that this is what is called applauding before the candles are lit. I for one, intend, if the next act is not much more exciting, to turn my back upon your master-piece, for I certainly have been bored. Candidly tell me, what do you see so remarkable in this music ?"

What did Josquin say ? what was his heart saying ? Yes, he too was a musician ! Whereas he was blind, now he saw ! It was a revelation, but he had little thought he was in the frame of mind for one to come to him. Josquin sat silent and humble, he could not reply to Charles's friend ; but he prevailed upon Charles to say nothing till he had heard further.

When the curtain drew up again, there was disclosed the heart of the infernal regions, and Pluto like Satan in a miracle play leapt with a thump on the boards. There was something quaint and almost mediæval in the jumble of the scene, but, like children, the public on this first representation rewarded the manager with a burst of applause. "Come," thought Josquin, "those that are not against us are for us," and soon he was satisfied that in the main the composer carried his audience along with him. Indeed that severely simple music will

speak to the intelligence of a child; the thrilling fure-chorus and dance; the divine prayer, and harp-accompaniment of Orpheus, interrupted by the sonorous "No" of the hell-chorus—then the dreamy music of the blest, the meeting of Orpheus with his beloved.

As for our hero, when the curtain once more fell he could not trust himself to turn to Charles, he had not thought it possible that he could be so overpowered by an impression of power and beauty; for days he had been cold to all such impressions. These were living waters into which he had plunged dry and thirsty, and new possibilities seemed opening to him. An overmastering emotion and great joy seized him, and he kept his face averted from Charles, for he felt that his eyes were welling over with strange tears.

The audience were now worked up to enthusiasm, and there yet remained the great song, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Gluck, "*Che farà senza Euridice.*" When the last act was over the whole house rang with the applause. Josquin was so much excited that he could not speak as he left the theatre. As for Charles, he also now became wonderfully interested—he declared he could not finish the evening in an ordinary manner, but must rush off to convert somebody, or to fetch some Eurydice from the grave. Should they go and hear what the Count thought about it, and perhaps see *Fräulein Cécile*? Or no, Josquin must take him to hear more about this wonderful work. Could not they go and sup with his clever theorist friend?

So Josquin led the way to the house of the virtuoso, and soon the elegant Charles was sitting listening with bewildered but anxious deference to the theories of this far-seeing and omniscient person.

In our day, too, we hear a language which expresses ideas not unlike those of these worshippers of Gluck and Calzabigi, who had rebelled against the conventionality of Metastasio's composers. The language of followers often gives one a sense of staleness, but let us

dip again into the fountain-head from which trickle their shallow rivulets, and we shall find the theories they worship fresh and living.

Such a sense of staleness, however, now came over Josquin as he heard Charles and his newly-found brethren inveighing against the old-fashioned librettos which Gluck had laid on one side. He sat apart silent and absent, but a word was put in by a man who had just come back from Dresden, which made him attentive.

"The old Saxon's operas are already out of fashion, no doubt," he said; "but still, if you think that they are fatal to all great acting, you should go to the Court Theatre at Dresden to hear their new singer, Hasse's pupil—*then* you will see one who can throw some nature into the stilted parts." A thrill passed through Josquin, when these words reached him; this was the first time he heard Elisabetha mentioned by the outer world!

"I have heard wonderful things of her," said the virtuoso, who knew everything. "Lisa Vaara you mean? When is she to come to Vienna?"

"She is more likely to go to Vienna with Hasse if the master leaves Dresden, for she remains with him like a daughter. But I hope the opera will survive the troubled times there. The Vaara is doing wonders for it. The King positively allows persons outside the Court to take the places reserved for the official circle, for he can no longer afford his free theatre, and the house is crowded, and the Vaara is the favorite of court and *bourgeoisie* alike. But the season is coming to a close sooner than usual."

"Josquin, did you not know something of this Lisa Vaara when you were in Dresden?" said Charles.

Josquin stood up quite pale. "Indeed I did know something of her."

"Why, you funny fellow, you have never mentioned her appearance on the stage to me! Are you not longing to see this wonderful pupil of Hasse?"

"M. Dorioz must make haste about it," said the man

from Dresden; "the opera closes for repairs in a week. These are the last nights of the magnificent Lisa."

Josquin could not keep still, but began walking up and down the room in great excitement. "Are you sure of this, you say? In what did you see Lisa? What is she like? Tell me something more about her!" To the amazement of Charles, who imagined that Josquin's thoughts were entirely occupied by Cécile that evening, and who was greatly disconcerted on hearing this sudden outburst about *another* lady: "She is the companion of my boyhood; think! that her first season should be over, and that I should not have seen her whom everybody else is talking about!"

Josquin went on, and Charles began to think his cousin was a little mad with over-excitement; and, abruptly saying good-night, led him away as quickly as he could.

But Josquin only seized his arm and said: "Charles, listen here. You were right just now to think me extraordinary for not having talked about Elisabetha—she belongs to a part of me that you do not know, and that is just half of me. And if I let her first season go by without seeing one of her appearances, I shall be a poor creature. But I swear I must get there in time; so farewell, my good Charles; I go straight to my patron."

"Good Heavens! Josquin, and you lose your good opportunity—your uncle's return?"

Josquin burst out laughing: "It is *too* absurd that I should for a single moment have thought of your proposals! But look here, Charles, I think something has happened to me this evening, or is it that the music we have heard to-night is indeed a revelation? While I heard it, I hungered to see Elisabetha. This afternoon, your bright picture of a life tempted me; I will confess; but what do you think of the life that Gluck's music suggests? *I, too, am a musician*, Charles! When I settled to leave Vienna two months ago, to go back to

Elisabetha, I was going to make a sacrifice; it cost me much. But now I feel drawn, pulled all one way—there is no sacrifice.”

Hunger and thirst after righteousness! What else is sacrifice? All arguments might not have prevailed against Charles, but when Josquin showed so unfeignedly his longing to go, he could no longer hope to see his plans fulfilled. He saw all clear before him—his uncle's return—the end of Elisabetha's season. He would go straight to Count Lichtenberg, tell him everything. And as for Cécile—above all, no good-by.

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Two or three days afterwards, a certain court doctor, who has already been introduced to the reader in Faustina's salon, and whose comfortable travelling carriage was well known on the road between the King Augustus' Saxon and Polish capitals, was nearing Dresden by a day's journey. He was Doctor Ivanhoff, the Russian of universal sympathies and bland humor, and he was hurrying on his road with professional haste, when his carriage was stopped on its way by a block.

There had been a flooding of the river over the road, a coach upset in the flood; in a moment the handsome doctor had jumped out to see what had happened, and often after called up the picture that amused him then. The water rushed across the road in a yellow torrent: out of the overturned vehicle lying in its midst were scrambling the hurt and frightened passengers; some wood-cutters had rushed down from the hillside to help, and were struggling to pull the mass of luggage out of the stream, and save the floating packages. The everlasting pines of the country, the sandy, unkind hillsides, formed a desolate background; and the principal figure of the melancholy scene was not unknown to the doctor. A young man in a black travelling suit stood perched on a high boulder, triumphantly grasping a dry violin-

case, though desperately wet himself; he was helping, ordering, storming, assuring the dismayed coachman that it was quite possible to get on; while his voice was almost drowned by the roar of the stream, which rushed like a torrent down the valley, parallel to the road.

The doctor could not watch long, for he was called away to give his services to more than one hurt person. When it was time to go on, he looked round for the hero of the violin-case, but he was nowhere to be seen; and being in a hurry to attend the accouchement of a princess, the doctor proceeded on his way. He was trying to recall where he had seen the young man's face before, when his carriage passed him walking, still with his violin for all luggage. In a moment he had it stopped, and invited him to take the seat beside him.

"Ah, sir, you render me a great kindness; I could never have reached Dresden to-night on foot."

"May I ask, young man, for what you are in such a hurry?" said the doctor, still trying to recollect his name.

"Monsieur will perhaps think it absurd of me to dream of going to the theatre, to-night, such a figure as I am. But still I hope now to be in time to see the last night of the performance. I am a musician, you see, sir; I have been away two years, and a fellow-student of mine has since come out at the opera: I cannot let her first season go by without hearing her."

"What is her name, may I ask?"

"Elisabetha Vaara."

"To be sure, the new prima donna, whom they are talking about. Why, Monsieur le violiniste, your name is not known to me, but I remember you by sight; did you not once play at Faustina's, on a remarkable occasion? I am glad you have kept to your violin."

He continued to talk so agreeably that the hours passed, and Josquin was surprised to recognize the outskirts of the town. It was nearly six o'clock; he

was in time for the opera. His heart leapt up as he recognized the dear places, for somehow, Dresden was home to him. The verse from a cantata he was fond of returned to him again and again: "My soul is escaped as a bird from the snare of the fowler!" "Is escaped, is escaped," he kept repeating.

"Make haste, my young friend, for you are only just in time," said the doctor, "and none left for attiring yourself."

CHAPTER XL.

LISA.

THE shadow of the theatre and its neighboring houses stretched out lengthening across the square in the yellow sunset light, and the people were converging towards it, when Josquin arrived, unrefreshed after the toil and soil of his journey, only just in time to enter with the rest. For one minute he had paused to look out from the bridge across the river, rushing out as it were into the glorious cloud-world of the sunset, on the lovely marriage of town and nature, so dear and familiar to his eyes. Then he had turned with love to the pretty Opera-House, and recalled the day, years back, when as now that house had been the goal of his wanderings. Ah! how strange she had appeared to him—she who now drew his footsteps back to the spot of their first meeting! He burnt with curiosity to see his old companion on the stage: her voice he knew was matchless, but he could not guess what her acting would be, and he passed into the theatre, and threw himself impatiently into his seat.

Thus in the wrought up condition to which his march from Vienna, his rapture about Gluck, and his long journey had brought him, the familiar sound of the instruments tuning up fell strangely on his ears. They seemed to him the imprisoned cries of formless music, not yet brought into organized being; they only awaited the touch of the master, his submission to rule, his inspired mathematics, to bring all into harmony. That great music of Gluck seemed to have given the soil of

his own mind new fertility, for all along his way his mind had been full of music, and he felt new possibilities for writing. The opera was one of Metastasio's, whose place in his century a witty writer has made us realize—"the poet of the court, the writer of fashion, the favorite of muses and ladies, the charming, the precious, the harmonious, the flowing, the divine Metastasio—he who of all others most excelled in the culinary-dramatic art of his day." And the opening choruses of the act never appeared more stilted and dull than they did now to the musician coming to them penetrated with the poetry of "Orfeo;" but soon what life was to come into the composition! Josquin knew by heart the moment when the prima donna should enter; but when it came, his heart beat violently, and he scarcely dared to look—when suddenly her great voice thrilled through and through. It was Lisa!—it was her large fair head, her massive figure, her pathetic face—it was Lisa in all the power of her art, stirred and inspired, lost in her part; Lisa, exercising her power over hundreds.

All over the house the attention became profound, and the enthusiasm of the audience seemed to add to Josquin's excitement. There seemed to be sympathy between the singer and the town. The saddened mood of the people had perhaps something to do with its passion for Elisabetha Vaara: a serious spirit pervaded all ranks which filled the theatre; and in the royal boxes and those of the court, in the official seats and in the orchestra, there were people grateful to the prima donna whose appearance had caused their favorite amusement to revive.

Josquin thought of Nodin, and listened with emotion. The old man had guessed it all, but Josquin was taken by surprise. How she must have worked! he felt, as he listened to each pause. She seemed to give the music significance and power, that power which is facility, and that facility which is work. She was simple and

calm in her acting, but there were bursts wonderful for their élan and large impulse. The part which Lisa filled, like many of those belonging to the librettos which appear to us affected and absurd, was full of a certain nobility—she was not cramped by her part. As an actress she was the same grave, *responsible* Lisa of old; but there was a new repose about her: as she exercised her art, she produced an impression of health and strength, which helped the power of her beautiful voice. *Heilig*, we are told, means both healthy and holy—*heilige* Lisa! The poor prodigal listened to her this night, and felt in her large beauty a healing charm. She sang as if she was good, and he saw the loveliness of goodness; he came back to feel that in Lisa's warm, true nature he might find that which could satisfy his wandering desires.

But as the opera went on, and Josquin witnessed the great success of his friend, he could not make up his mind to go round to find her between the acts; and when it was all over, and he came slowly out of the theatre on the stream of a delighted crowd, suddenly a feeling of sorrow came across all his joyful pride. Instead of hurrying straight to the Kloster-haus as he had intended, he stood hesitating at the door of the theatre, and was still there when all had dispersed, and the footsteps of those who walked away were beginning to sound faint. He hesitated because he had been taken by surprise; he had been thrown out of his calculations by the revelation of Elisabetha's greatness. He *could not* now go naturally to her, as if there had been no interruption to the old days. She had surpassed all his expectations—she had grown a giantess! It was just this being taken by surprise which made Josquin shrink from meeting Elisabetha after her triumph. He had not foretold it—once he had patronized her much. Of late he had treated her forgetfully. Alas for the woman nature Josquin had become familiar with during his wanderings! It made him now doubt even of Lisa's friendship.

However, it was not very long he doubted. In the first place, for his night's lodging where could he turn his steps but to the Kloster-haus, where he was known, and would be given credit? After he had resolved at all events to sleep there, he picked up his bag and violin-case at the Doctor's hotel, and made for the door in the street, opened to him by the old porter with his usual gruffness to strangers. "No room or lodging at all to be had in the house on so short notice," was the reply to Josquin's inquiry; but then suddenly recognizing him he changed. "Ah, Mister Dorioz! I did not know you at first; oh! to you our old lodger. . . ."

"That is right, August; you were always faithful to old friends. Can you give me a lodging? And you have still the Fräulien Vaara?"

"Yes; God bless her, sir; she has been faithful enough to the old place," said the porter, who let the house for the landlord, and got a percentage on the rents. "That is what I like to see, and I would rather lose all the rest of my lodgers than her. Would you believe it, they begin to grumble since the siege about the unhealthiness of the place! I tell them the Fräulein Vaara, your honorable friend, is contented enough; and who knows what fine apartments she might now be occupying in the smartest quarter of the town?" the porter went on mysteriously.

Josquin was deeply interested. Did she see people after the opera? Did many come to see her? The old fellow put on an innocent expression. "Oh! Mister Dorioz, that's what others than you come and ask me. You are an old friend—you have the right—to you I will tell what you like. But when a great gold-laced lacquëy, taller than the Fräulein Vaara even, comes and tries to get out of me the times of her going in and coming out, I just send him about his business. You cannot imagine what a *ganz stilles Fräulein* it is! I know her ways by this time, and she trusts me. The lacquëys—always the same livery you see—bring nose-

gays, fruits, presents, and leave them here; they know it is no good to take them to the Fräulein's door—all that ends not—then one day there comes to the gate a coach with two horses and lacqueys—same livery—thundering through the doors into the courtyard, stops before the Fräulein's door. In a minute everybody in the house knows that the coach has come to fetch her, with her bag and baggage, to carry her off to some magnificent apartments, taken for her by some Excellency or other. Every head is put out of window waiting to see her come out—not a bit of it; they are all taken in, the discontented grumblers! all his Excellency's efforts are in vain to bring away the Fräulein Vaara. She passes the Kloster-haus, the carriage rolls away, and she remains with us still. Ah! but I am glad you have come, Mister Dorioz, for she is quite too still. She came in just now with her *gouvernante* after the opera, looking as if she had been praying at vespers! You will bring her a little gayety, for you are the only friend she has ever favored."

Come! the old fellow's recital was not discouraging, and Josquin would have liked to make him prolong it, but he thought it better to be discreet, and asked him to lead the way to his room he was to occupy for the night. August, however, who declared himself such a Cerberus with regard to his Excellency's lacqueys, seemed not disinclined to indulge the young man's interest in his friend. They crossed the court, and as they mounted the old stairs he pointed out a window high above the little landing, and invited Josquin to get up on a bench with him to look through. "There! though it is too late I suppose to-night for the Fräulein to receive you, you can see her if the shutters are open as usual—there across the court, on the ground-floor."

There indeed, in the candle-light of her room, through the windows left open to let in the warm air, Josquin, unable to resist the porter's invitation, beheld Elisabetha. Ah! how did the peaceful picture reassure

him, and dispel his doubts towards his friend! She was still in her opera-cloak, sitting where she had thrown herself down exhausted, after coming in from her performance—in the old posture—her cheek resting upon her closed hand—the small feminine hand contrasting with the largely-built frame, which gave such a strange character to her whole appearance. She seemed as usual far away in a world of her own; and quietly sitting there, she appeared all the stiller for the bustling about of an elderly woman in a night-cap, coming and going across the windows, as if preparing the table for supper. This was what the porter had called the *Fräulein's* "*gouvernantin*," Josquin supposed. He felt horribly ashamed of himself as he turned to follow the man up to his rooms, and would not let him talk any more.

But his words, and still more the glimpse of Lisa herself, had banished all his shrinking, and he felt he must see her at once, tell her of his return, of his having seen and heard her that night. After hastily tidying himself, he rushed down his stairs across the court, and in through the entrance to his friend's apartment on the ground-floor (she had come down to the more comfortable rooms since Nodin's death and her own success).

"The *Fräulein Vaara*, was she at home?" he timidly asked of the middle-aged night-cap who opened the door with a lamp in her hand.

"The *Fräulein* sees nobody after nine o'clock," was the reply.

"Not even an old friend? I am Josquin Dorioz; would she not . . ." but here the inner door was opened, and Lisa stood there, holding out her hands, and before a word had been exchanged, the astonished *gouvernantin* beheld the two—they hardly knew how it came about themselves—kiss each other on the cheek, as though they had been brother and sister. She was the first to speak.

"Josquin, I saw you there two hours ago. What has kept you from coming sooner to-day?"

"What! you saw me? At six I arrived in Dresden; at half-past six I was listening to you, and now—you see I am here."

"And you have only just arrived? Have you supped? Regenfurth, quick! let us give M. Dorioz supper. I will finish that salad; you go and look in the larder."

They heard each other like those who, after long parting, listen to the voice of a friend—dear music, familiar as his face. Do not imagine that Lisa busied herself deftly or gracefully over the becoming duties of hospitality—she was the same as the little Melancolia of old, waiting with absent, unconscious movements and dreamy eyes.

"So you saw me, made me out in all that crowd who applauded you, Lisa?"

"Yes; you told me that you would not let my first season pass without seeing me. I have looked for you the last few nights." She said it without any meaning of reproach, but Josquin took it at once as such.

"Ah! you wonder what has kept me so long, and why I have not written," he said; "but you know I was not my own master. . ." He was wondering how much he should tell her, when Regenfurth interrupted him with supper, placing a cold chicken and a bottle of wine on the table, and Lisa insisted on his sitting down to sup, saying they should talk afterwards.

"Yes, we will talk," Josquin said, "but only of you to-night, dearest sister. Oh, Lisa! *you* have genius, *you* have inspiration! I will tell you thus much about myself, that this evening, after seeing you so great, I was ashamed of my own powers. I thought I could not come back to you as in the old days."

The color that lighted up her cheeks with pleasure was the best answer she could give to his words: one who is too much used to praise does not blush at her friend's.

"I am glad you were not here when I began, and

yet to have had your praise then would have been good."

The old *gouvernante* had pinned her napkin across her chest, and was placidly eating a plate of cabbage and wurst between the two excited friends. She here broke in:

"My dear, let Mr. Dorioz eat. I dare say he is not like you, who never touch a morsel after excitement. Ah! sir, if you had been here, you would have applauded with the rest, and thanked Heaven for giving her such genius as you call it; but, for my part, I never suffered such a time of anxiety as five minutes ago, when I thought the child would kill herself with excitement."

"Hold your tongue, *Regenfurth*. Mr. Dorioz will think you a queer old thing. *He* lives with people who go to bed at morning, and who don't think about their digestions and their migraines like you and me." She had been quick to see the little change in *Josquin's* appearance, the refinement of his dress and person, the touch of languor, the something of dissipation in his manner—she seemed to know at once that he had been leading a different life from the old *Dresden* life.

"You will find out, *Josquin*, how well my *Regenfurth* and I get on; she has taught me how to knit my stockings, and she mends them all for me."

The elder woman looked with such tenderness on the girl that *Josquin* rejoiced that *Lisa* should know her care, and this motherly creature seemed to add to the peacefulness of her existence, and somehow *Josquin* had lost all his impression of awe of an hour before. Soon restored by the wine and chicken, he was talking of old days with *Elisabetha*, making plans for the future. But to her questions he would only answer vaguely, "I am the man with his talent hid in a napkin, *Elisabetha*, and lo! you have gained five unto your five. Let us only talk of you, and not of my wanderings, to-night."

CHAPTER XII.

LISA'S CARES.

THE next morning the little Kloster-haus garden and court resounded once more with the familiar sound of our hero's violin, coming from his open window, and although mingled with the shrill notes of the porter's canary-bird on the first floor, and the ceaseless harpsichord of the house, Josquin's exercises filled one good soul with delight, as she sat in a sort of rapture that morning in the sunshine. Lisa used to say in the old days that she learnt more from Josquin's violin than from any other teaching, and now, after three years' absence, she heard the dear sound again! And he was there, settled once more near her, and it seemed possible that those days were about to return in all their fullness.

During these years that she had continued to write steadily, as if she suspected no change, she had not been without vague fears about Josquin. Ignorant as she was of the new folks to whom he belonged, she yet exaggerated to herself, in the seclusion she had chosen, the chasm that separated them—the dangers of the gay society in Vienna. She heard of his great success there, but he himself had not written in the buoyancy of any great hope or satisfaction in his art, and his compositions seemed constantly to fall short. When she had met him, she had been quick to discern the slight nonchalance in his manner; but Josquin's words had not been those of a young man of the world. He had raved freshly as ever over his new discovery. He was the

same, and her fears were dispelled. "With you I hope to work out fruitfully all that I have learnt:" these words and many others had given her unutterable happiness.

It was a golden picture for the future that Lisa was making to the sound of Josquin's exercises. Who could doubt, she thought, in looking at her friend's intelligent face, and listening to his fiery playing, that he would go on to be a creator himself? Together they would tread new paths of productiveness. In her happiness the thought of herself did not much occupy Lisa, but she could not but feel that she too had gained something in the last years, that the days of her sad girlhood were over—a girlhood full of anxieties, self-reproaches, and small miseries, and that she was a woman now with a power felt by many.

And now Regenfurth came in to busy over domestic matters, and, to the surprise of the *gouvernante*, Lisa helped to bring order into the room, and began arranging the flowers left on one side the previous night. Then Josquin himself entered and praised the comfort of it. He brought under his arm a pile of his own manuscripts and the score of the "*Orfeo*," and eager to introduce Lisa to his new-discovered god, he sat down at once to the harpsichord, and the morning quickly passed while he played to her delighted ears the great music of Gluck.

They were interrupted by visitors. Before Josquin, enjoying her enthusiasm, had time to rise from the instrument, the door was flung open and two men stood in it, bowing to give each other precedence. One was the *Capellmeister*, the other a tall stranger, whose face was not quite unknown to Josquin. The latter entered at last, followed by Hasse, who carried a roll of music under his arm, and wore those severe and perturbed looks which he seemed to put on and off like his spectacles. It seemed evident, in spite of their extreme politeness, that he and his companion had been differing all the

way. Lisa received them, the one with the manner of a daughter, the other with a shy and defiant air, such as Josquin imagined she might show to her patron. He would have liked to listen to what the stranger said as he addressed her in Italian; but the Capellmeister had seen him, and came forward with unwonted warmth to greet him.

"What, Dorioz! already here?"

"Master, I was just coming to you; will you receive me? I have come back to work."

"Aye, aye! I have heard all about it from Vulpius. And so you have thought yourself too good to be his Excellency's Kammer-musikus any longer? Well, come and see us; Faustina still talks about you. What have you got to tell me?"

Many were the messages Josquin came laden with for the Carò Sassone from all the towns and courts at which he had stayed; and he began telling him all he could think of, when they were interrupted by the stranger:

"Dear Maestro, the roll of music, if you please. I will leave it for the Fräulein Vaara to look at, at her leisure; but I just want her to sing the air of my opera that I think will suit her so admirably."

Here Lisa astonished Josquin by breaking in vehemently: "If it *were* your Excellency's opera, I should willingly give it careful study, and sing your music to the best of my ability; but this mixture you speak of is too little to my taste for me to undertake in any way;" and she read out from the roll of music, "The Medonte, a new serious opera; the music is selected from the works of Sarti, Anfossi, Branchi, Cremonese, adapted and arranged by his Excellency the Count von Plauen, and dedicated to the Fräulein Lisa Vaara by the Transcriber."

Here a sudden explosion of laughter from Josquin was met by a severe look from the Capellmeister, who evidently was much in awe of his Excellency. Lisa had

read this scheme for an opera with such deep tragedy in her tones and looks that it had sounded irresistibly absurd in Josquin's ears. The Count only scowled upon the young man, whom he had not observed before; but even Lisa looked anxiously for a moment to see if the visitor's feelings were much outraged. She seemed to have less power left to resist his importunity after Josquin's rudeness. "I thank your Excellency for your kind dedication," she said; "you must indeed pardon me, but my prejudices are strong, and I could never give you satisfaction if I sang what so little pleases me, as a *passiccio* of this kind. Each thing, good in itself, is destroyed by being cut up."

"Oh! the public taste requires it; it is for your own advantage that I want you to sing this music. Your excellent friend the Capellmeister sees with me the necessity for giving a change to the Court. We want to keep a good balance of feeling in our public. Now try this charming *Scena* with me; indeed, I am surprised at your resistance." He looked towards Josquin, and the Capellmeister came up persuasively.

"Come, Lisa my child, sing it. His Excellency says truly that we must make concessions nowadays. We cannot afford to play with our public in these hard times;" and Josquin was surprised to see Lisa give in and begin a recitative, followed by the duet, which seemed indeed, little worthy of the pure and lofty manner in which she rendered it. The Count sang with great finish of style but imperceptible voice. Could he be, thought Josquin, the owner of the carriage that had come to fetch Lisa—the giver of all the gifts that were returned? And how was it that the Capellmeister treated him with such respect, and she with so little disdain? He had flung his head back while she sang, in an ecstasy of admiration, and executing his own part, exclaimed: "Dear Maestro, it will be a complete success, believe me; Cafarelli will be here to take the tenor;" and without waiting to hear anything further from the demurring

Lisa, he began to make some alterations with a pencil at the harpsichord. While he stooped over it Lisa came up to Josquin.

"Well, what do you think?"

"I don't think that you will sing in it."

"Who is that fellow in the corner?" whispered his Excellency to the Capellmeister, by no means amiably.

"Oh! an old pupil of mine: was dismissed from my choir three years ago, has since been travelling with Von Lichtenberg as Kammer-musikus."

"To be sure; I remember seeing him once at your house," the other said. Then turning to Lisa:

"Fräulein Vaara, I will not remain to press on you any longer a work for which you seem not to be in the mood. Once more I tell you it is in your own interest I wish you to sing it; and perhaps when you are left alone you may judge differently. I think I remember to have seen in a different position the friend who now appears to influence you," he added, with an uncomfortable look at Josquin.

"No your Excellency," Lisa here broke in, "I am not influenced by any friend. I would not willingly refuse your request, for I owe so much to your kindness."

"Lisa, how do I know the man's face? Who is this enraged coxcomb?" Josquin said immediately he was gone.

Elisabetha was pale and agitated. "The new Director of the opera," she replied impatiently.

"What! Count von Plauen, *Surintendant de NOS plaisirs*?" exclaimed Josquin. "Oh! what an ill-timed laugh! my unlucky star has risen."

It must be remembered what an important office the Intendant filled in Josquin's days, when the Opera was the private property of an arbitrary Court, and he was the representative of its taste. He was more powerful than the Capellmeister himself. Once, indeed, the Sassone had had things all his own way, but imperceptibly

he had fallen into the second place; and now, after all the spoiling, bitterness and mistrust were his portion in old age, and he submitted, often unconsciously. So the reader will understand the depression which overcame Lisa as she spoke of her master's oppressor.

"My unlucky star has risen!" Josquin had exclaimed. But in her old severe way Lisa said: "Yes, we thrill at every word of this man with fear or pleasure—we depend on him for daily bread. Is this the freedom of art which we used to talk about, Josquin?"

"Never mind, Lisa, so long as he appreciates you; you move the hand, dear sister, which moves the opera which moves the whole world! But the astonishing thing is that you, my dear, who are looked upon as a puritan among artists, should have fascinated such a fashionable gentleman."

"Why do you say that?" she said; "how do you know?"

"Forgive me, Lisa, but he is in love; and you cannot deny that there was fire enough in your four high C's to kindle a cold heart." He spoke naturally and gayly, but his words had troubled her, and she said with a sort of weary sadness:

"What can I do but sing my best when I refuse to oblige him? But oh! it is wretched. It seems to me, when I sing before him, as though I were powerless for good, and were giving voice to some evil spirit in the air. Why don't we singers cultivate our art in our garrets amongst ourselves, contented with that rather than with success at such a price?"

"Because it is such a pleasure to the unprosperous to see their talented friends before the world. My words have depressed you, Lisa, but I assure you I am only afraid of myself, not of the influence of any Intendants on my career. If only we stick to music and love it, we can snap our fingers at *Nos plaisirs* and their refined inspector."

She did not quite understand his meaning, but he

rose up to go to the Capellmeister's, saying he should be in another scrape, and she only stretched out her hand in good-by. They had talked as if they had been boy and girl; they had spoken with all their old instincts, and yet after he was gone and Lisa sat on, wondering and anxious, she was more oppressed than before; strange cares of life had overtaken her. Neither was Josquin's heart as free as of old.

But when he went to Faustina the evil forebodings were put out of his head, though indeed the Intendant was not spared during the visit. When Josquin entered the little boudoir in which he had once found Lichtenberg beside Faustina, she was sitting mournfully alone without book or occupation. In a moment he perceived that she was changed, older, sadder. But as soon as she saw him, she held up her arms and hailed him with a warmth and affection which took him by surprise. Josquin was her Blondel, her troubadour; she had heard of his successes; he had come back to gladden her in her troubles; he had left the odious Viennese for his old friends—Hasse had need of all his pupils. Then Faustina said she had received a letter from Count Lichtenberg—she knew all, it was noble! His Excellency had told her the whole history of his coming away. The Baron von Gasperein had returned, and the flight of the violinist was the talk of the town. The fantastic Count was the only person who was not very much surprised by Josquin's behavior. He, indeed, did not blame him for avoiding anything that might interfere with his profession, but he regretted his loss, and sent the young composer a message, through Faustina, to beg him not to lose his time.

But here Hasse came in, and Faustina put a finger on her lips. "We must keep it all a secret in Dresden," she whispered; and then she began to tell the young man of her husband's grievances. "After the first siege," she said, "two kings sat in the opera on the night of Frederick's entry to hear the Capellmeister's

music performed. After this siege,—his salary was cut down!" She talked of returning to Vienna, of leaving an ungrateful town, but Josquin made her listen to the messages he brought her from great men; and, after he had played to her, she said she was thankful to love music still, and he left her comforted.

CHAPTER XIII.

POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE "Medonte" was rehearsed, but happily for Elisabetha, the Count von Plauen was immediately afterwards summoned away to Warsaw, and then came the close of the season; and when the Court left Dresden the theatre was closed, the vexed Capellmeister sought the consolations of a milk-cure, and there came to Lisa a reprieve from the fears and anxieties which were the drawback to her happy new life. All the world was rushing off to the baths, or to the villas in the neighboring hills, but she was thankful to remain at peace to enjoy the quiet of the town.

When the Court had departed, the simple Dresdeners, we must believe, breathed the freer, for all that they worshipped it like the sun in heaven when present. It was the Court that shut them out from art and music, and left dull and barren the places of popular entertainment not under its exclusive patronage. Later, the great-hearted Weber gained the noble victory for the cause of their national opera; but then, the people remained content with what they could get, not dreaming that the music of the aristocracy could be any more within their reach than the Italian language which went with it. But for all that, it was much the same happy public whom we like to see at this day fiddling and dancing, rising at four on Sunday mornings to hear music while drinking their early coffee, who sit in smiling pleasantries and garden squares where—oh unknown luxury to British holiday-makers—the violins,

flutes, and sweet bassoons mingle airs of Haydn and symphonies of Mozart with songs of birds, and rustling of summer leaves, while the sunshine plays in statued avenues such as we see painted on Meissen china cups and teapots. Let English reformers consider this sight, and English opera-goers feel ashamed in their two-guinea stalls. When the German public began to hear music in its tea-gardens it was not long to be kept out of the opera.

One of these favorite summer rendezvous was a terrace on the Elbe, a mile or two from the bridge, where there was a small open theatre, probably the original hall which has been rebuilt under the name of the Linkesches Bad. Here every evening there was an attempt at a concert chiefly consisting of unaccompanied chorus-singing to attract the people to come and drink coffee on the terrace.

One hot evening in August Josquin and Lisa accompanied by the decorous Regenfurth had found their way to this charming terrace and sat, like the rest of the world about them, drinking coffee before small tables. It was an hour after sunset, but the sky and river were still aglow; small lamps were lit under the trees, and myriads of fire-flies sported about. Here and there against the trees a light in a glass box suggested a Madonna or St. Joseph above it; but these little votive tapers represented no other devotion than that of the German public to their smoking, and were the generous sparks that afforded light for all their pipes. Josquin, too, was smoking; Regenfurth was knitting a stocking; Lisa, sitting on her straw chair as if it were a tragedy throne, with her cloak thrown off because of the heat, looked very happy. Charles would have laughed and pretended to be astonished had he seen his cousin at the end of two months sitting thus contented with the old simple existence. But yes, Josquin was quite contented; the good impetus he had received in his music still carried him on, and he was

working hard with the promise of the Capellmeister that he should be first violin in the orchestra at the beginning of the next season. Sometimes the image of Cécile came with disturbing power, but in his present life there was little to recall her. Cécile was not an abiding influence, she was only irresistible when present—while Lisa was wholly in sympathy with his present life of work.

So, ever since the close of the Italian Opera which had been followed by the departure even of the Capellmeister and his wife, they had been left to themselves and led a truly idyllic existence. All the morning Josquin worked, and every day he had something new to bring Lisa to discuss with her. At five o'clock, when the city burnt with the hot sunshine, they would walk out towards the beautiful harvest circling the town, or sit in a shade erected by Josquin on the house-top, and let the broad summer steep their spirits in calm happiness; or sometimes, like this evening, they would take boat for some gardens or suburb on the Elbe.

There was one drawback to boating, however; Lisa would not allow Josquin to row: this evening she had insisted upon rowing herself with the boatman to save his hands for the bow and violin. While she vigorously pulled against the stream with the reflection of the sky on her face, he contemplated her with some of the amazement of his boyhood, when he used to look upon her as a creature out of German fairy-land. When Regenfurth remonstrated, she only laughed, and answered as they landed: "I do assure you that it is the best thing in the world for the voice; I am ready at this moment to sing—if it were not for the crowd!"

"To be sure," said Josquin, "just like the Hexe Lorelei! Now I know of what you remind me: Hasse always said you were a witch, Lisa!"

A chorus was being sung in the small wooden theatre as they landed. Elisabetha looked round delighted, and

swayed her head to the rythm of the melodious part singing; for the music of the little Elba theatre was full of character and faultlessly in tune. There was a little quiet applause, and a hum of talking, and then they began again.

"I wonder if any of these good people have ever heard of you, Lisa!" Josquin said. "I believe they are worthy of hearing you—see how quietly they listen. It would be truly delightful to see what effect some grand air of Marcello or John Sebastian would have upon them sung by you—"

"Sung by me! What opportunity could they have?"

"Why, not out of doors here? Lisa, you have always said you would like to be a bird and sing without more ado; here is an opportunity!"

"But I can't get up into a tree and sing down from there—"

"No, but you can come into the theatre. It is a good inspiration! Just now you said you felt fresh enough. Come, my Hexe, and bewitch them all . . .; but," he said, tenderly, "after your exercise, it might hurt you."

"Oh, I do not fear that. But Josquin, it is mad; how am I to stand up and sing?"

"If that is all, I can manage it. You will consent, will you not?" he persisted. "In a minute I shall be back;" this he said as he jumped up and disappeared behind the wooden erection of the theatre. In a few minutes the conductor of the chorus came forward, smiling and bowing profoundly. He and all his company felt themselves greatly honored by the presence of the Fräulein Vaara. Her great talent was known to them, but their public had not had the happiness of hearing her. The gentleman had made a suggestion which gave him great delight. "Ah, Fräulein!" the old man suddenly exclaimed, winding up his little speech, "for years I have worked on here trying to

make my music appreciated. You are the first listener of distinction who has recognized my efforts. If this day you will sing in my theatre, I shall feel that all my efforts are rewarded. I have conducted here for ten years. I can answer for the good behavior of the audience."

The old conductor's simplicity won Elisabetha's heart. There was the warm air, the deep twilight under the trees, the great glow beyond of sky and river, the confused murmur of voices—the whole scene was unprosiac, and made the effort less difficult to Lisa. Suddenly, all the talk of the people was hushed, for she had entered the little theatre with her conductor. She had pulled a loose hood over her head, and wrapped her long black silk cloak about her, and her white face and neck could just be discerned against all the shadow, as she stood up to sing without accompaniment or help of any sort. The conductor made a little speech to the crowd, and there was a low murmur of surprise, then Lisa's voice took flight. She had chosen a wild German ballad. The first notes were like the ecstatic spring of a lark, and the singer seemed to luxuriate in the prolonged security of the high, clear notes. Breathless and enchanted did all listen. Then she burst into a romantic melody full of the poetry of the North. Showers of wild notes filled the air, more and more exulting and joyous, till the singer returned to the triumphant summits of her mighty soprano.

The people scarcely knew how to show their delight. After a moment's pause there was a sudden outburst of applause, and all rose and called for the singer again and again; but she had disappeared; Josquin had made her put her hand in his arm, and they escaped at the back and round the garden, to the place where their boat was moored. They were unobserved, but where was Regenfurth? Josquin had seen her give one gasp of horror as Lisa disappeared into the theatre, and he did not know whether she had remained in her seat.

Leaving Lisa for one moment, he ran back for the old lady. He found her still seated before the little table, but not alone. A gaunt figure in a clerical dress stood beside her. They were talking, and as Josquin came up behind her, he recognized the nasal voice of Paradies. The priest turned round and showed him an attenuated face, grayer and thinner than of old.

There was no time, however, for explanations. Josquin could only take hold of Paradies' arm, and drag him with Regenfurth into the boat. A crowd had gathered at the terrace when they found which way the singer had gone, but the little party pushed off and disappeared, leaving them under the impression, Josquin said, that a witch or a bird had sung to them that night.

As soon as they were safe off, floating down the stream under the stars, the friends began to question Paradies, and they discovered with difficulty that the poor secretary had found no occupation since leaving Count Lichtenberg's service. He had turned poet, and this lean profession accounted for his starved appearance and threadbare garments. He had been in Dresden all this while, watching Lisa from afar; but the last time she had seen him she had lent him money and he had not been able to return it; only shame had kept him away. They reproached him with his mistrust, and suggested means for securing him a livelihood, but Paradies scorned any such help. All great poets had starved, he said. After his death, his manuscripts might pay his debts. He confessed, however, that at that moment he had a libretto in his pocket, which he would like to show Josquin. M. Dorioz might accept it, and then, if he composed music for it, and it were accepted by the opera, their fortunes would be made. It would not be the first time that they had shared success.

The friends took Paradies home, and directly after their meal he pulled out his papers. Josquin fumed

with impatience, but Lisa was deeply interested. "It will take me a couple of hours to read," Paradies said. "It is the tragedy of Alcestis. Do you remember, Dorioz, our reading of Greek plays, and our discoveries about Fräulein Vaara? She has been my Alcestis ever since. You must compose music for me."

"Anything," said Josquin, "if you will spare me a reading aloud. What do you think, Lisa, the Count Von Plauen would say to Paradies' libretto? I think it must be much too romantic a transcription for the Intendant's classical taste."

"Those good folks of the terrace concerts would soon make us independent of our Intendant, if they came to the opera," said Lisa. "I have been thinking about it all the way home."

Paradies was preparing to go home when he found that they would not let him read his tragedy; but he turned back to say: "Dear friend, let me tell you that I was grieved to hear you sing in that independent way. You risked much by thus condescending."

"Condescending!" said Lisa. "Why should we artists never sing to the class to which we belong, but abandon it to serve princes and duchesses?"

"Go to, Paradies, my first audience was in a washerwoman's parlor. But your music will help mine to reach a more distinguished public!"

And thus snubbed, the author left them; and Josquin and Elisabetha discussed for a long time the new public that they had discovered that evening on the Elbe terrace.

Now, this little incident of Lisa's song in the open-air theatre, had great results; for an idea was started in Josquin's mind of giving concerts for the town, and he worked hard, and that very autumn had advertised performances for every Sunday afternoon. He had a list of bourgeois patrons; a hall. Smoking was allowed. Entrance, two groschen.

Hasse only interfered to prevent Lisa herself from

performing. The young Court singer could not be allowed to sing for the benefit of the towns-folk. Yet it was Lisa who had inspired the idea, and without her interest Josquin might not have overcome all the difficulties which came in his way. But the first concert proved attractive. The second was still better attended, and at last the success of the venture was ensured.

Thus, Josquin's summer leisure was well employed. Sunday after Sunday he stood up to play in the badly lighted hall, ringed by a crowd which, descried through an atmosphere of tobacco smoke, looked (we must admit) as undistinguished an assemblage as any country of Europe could present. But this dingy crowd had music in it; at once there seemed to spring up an understanding between the young violinist and his audience. Whatever the unsuccessful artist will urge to the contrary, the presence of genius will always make itself felt, though much that is good, only falling short of the best, may be thrown away upon the ignorant. But there *was* genius here, in this young performer, whose very presence seemed to challenge dulness and apathy; and there was good-humor among the listeners, and contentment with their money's worth to begin with. Then the satisfaction increased to enthusiasm, and soon it became a sort of devotion that Josquin inspired amongst his homely hearers. Each new attempt to raise their taste was crowned with success; and they listened with love to Bach, Handel, Haydn, and all the brilliant violin composers of that classical century, as the young player brought forth out of his treasures things new and old.

When the Capellmeister returned to Dresden to find Dorioz thus making his way to popular fame, he did not quite know what attitude it would behoove him to take up towards his concerts, but the large mind of the Capellmeisterin, grasping immediately the poetry and interest of the situation, was brought to bear upon her husband, and he came and was delighted to find his

own music flatteringly received by this new audience, and from thenceforth gave Josquin's popular concerts his blessing. Faustina, too, came, and was enchanted, and came again; and this was the signal for many others to follow, excited by her *furor* for the young violinist's playing, so that as the autumn advanced, Josquin counted a polite element in his audience, which increased each time.

As for Lisa, the true originator of these concerts, she came without fail with Regenfurth. It was to her like going to church with the poor to come and listen to Josquin's violin with this new public, which she envied him: it was her delight while she drank in the singing tones of his playing to watch the musical eyes of some gentle face in the crowd light up, some otherwise commonplace countenance soften, to see the wonder and pleasure as all bent on the player looks of admiration. Then she too would look up at him, give herself up to the pleasure of watching his face, his hands—

Dear hands she knew so well,
That sight of them was like to touch of them. . . .

and a yearning would come over her, and she would look no longer, finding that a strange trouble arose to disturb her happiness, and she would feel, in spite of herself, that the pain of longing was the worse for struggling against it; and on such evenings she would become suddenly shy, and beg Josquin not to accompany her home as usual, but find his supper with other friends.

The summer had thus passed tranquilly, bringing a new sensation to each of our friends: to Lisa—that of a little happiness; to Josquin—peaceful contentment and concentration on his work. Even Lisa, who was usually prone to sad forebodings, looked forward to a winter as happy and as profitable, and Josquin never

felt more secure against the longings and distraction that had so often been his bane ; he had been composing much, and was writing his first opera, inspired by Paradies' libretto. He thought that he had at last attained some of the steadfast purpose for which he had always envied Lisa, and that it would surely make him achieve some good work. But Josquin's work like his life could be ruled by no other force but impulse—a poor instinct will you call impulse ? a strain of ancestors' blood in our veins, carrying us whither we would not?—nay, something dearer to the higher powers is impulse. Impulse is new birth : and what greater revelation have we received than that we must be born again ? Life to each man as he travels through it, brings new ears, new eyes, a new heart : to be born again is to fulfil his nature. So in Josquin, there were depths which had not yet been stirred ; he thought himself working securely, but that very work under his hands was to get new power from his new feeling. Life and its simple experience brought the soul into Josquin, and everything that now happened led to this teaching of pain.

One Sunday evening at the end of November, when Dresden was beginning to be full after the return of the fashionable world, and the following concert was announced to be the last, the young educator of the popular taste had attempted a higher flight than usual, and had included in his programme a concerto of John Sebastian Bach's. Probably, these violin concertos had hardly ever been performed before in Dresden, so tremendous did the technical difficulties appear to almost every player of those juvenile days of art. There was, therefore, a large mixture among the listeners ; not a few of the class for whom reserved seats were invented, and a sprinkling of artists in one corner of the hall. Josquin was standing up encircled by the accompanying instruments, half a dozen violoncellos and double basses. Lisa was listening in her place near the green-room

door and admiring the player's frank rendering of the concerto, its giant power and swaying motion, when she was surprised to see his cheek flush, his hand lose power—the player altogether disturbed. What had Josquin suddenly seen to upset him thus?

Lisa could not from her place see the corner of the hall where sat the Capellmeisterin and the more distinguished part of the audience. But there, between Faustina and an elderly gentleman, who attentively listened to the music, she might have observed a young lady of irresistible beauty and grace, wrapped in a large cloak of black marabout feathers, caressing the sticks of her fan, while her cheeks and eyes betrayed an emotion that her attitude seemed to wish to conceal. Lisa was hidden from the sight of her; nor would she have observed her much, perhaps, nor traced any analogy between the emotion of the player and that of this lovely lady; for Lisa knew nothing about Cécile, and Josquin's passion for her. But it was nothing else than her presence, suddenly flashing upon him, that paralyzed him for a moment. Unexpectedly beholding her, when all his energies were centred in his concerto, he had no time to call to his aid the many fortifying reflections he had been preparing for many months—that she was engaged to be married, that she never could be anything to him, that their paths lay in opposite directions; all such cautious reminders forsook him, and he was all unnerved. But the double basses accompaniment of the concerto swung on uninterruptedly, and he soon recovered himself. As soon as he could, he went into the hall to speak to his late patron, but they had vanished. Only Faustina, calling him to her, said triumphantly: "Well, Josquin, you see you are not in his Excellency's bad books after all! He has only been two days in Dresden, and he comes to hear you and see this sight," pointing to the populace in the hall. "He was delighted! The little one dotes on your playing! They

say they will come back next time ! " all this in a crescendo of enthusiasm.

What ! they had come back to stay at Dresden, and Count Lichtenberg came to hear him as if nothing had happened to offend him ! and Cécile seemed free : was it all a mistake that she was engaged to be married ? Rumors had alarmed him, but Faustina would have been told had there been questions of a marriage. And there would Cécile be, not three miles off, through the winter ; and Josquin might sometimes see her. With what delight did all this pass through his mind at Faustina's words. But when he was back, and alone, at the Kloster-haus, in vain he tried to persuade himself that his delight was the most natural thing in the world ; he could not but feel the folly of indulging it. He resolved that at all events he would not seek the family at the villa in any way ; and if fate were not against it, there was no reason why his industrious life should be disturbed. Still, the thought of seeing Cécile again the next Sunday, if the Count kept his promise of returning, filled his thoughts during the following days.

The days seemed long to Josquin, but Lisa did not notice his preoccupation, and she forgot all about his sudden emotion in the midst of his concerto the previous Sunday evening. She attributed Josquin's care in selecting his programme for the last concert to his wish to end the series well ; but he himself was almost ashamed of his anxious choice. He selected for his solo a beautiful romance of Galuppi, which had been a great favorite in Vienna. When the evening came, he was dressed with the greatest care. The last autumn rose from the Kloster-haus garden, stuck into his frill, was the only bit of color in his costume ; for his coat and waistcoat were dark, and with eyes brilliant with his inward excitement (after so many months of quiet, was it not natural that small things should cause great excitement ?) the player truly was charming. The quartet beginning the concert was over, and had received

its applause; but still none of the Lichtenberg party had arrived. It was time for the romance, but Josquin delayed. The clavier was opened, and the accompanist waiting; the people began clapping, Josquin begged him to go upon the platform before him—a few minutes more (he thought) and Cécile might arrive, and for her the romance had been selected, and he could not begin without her. The people began clapping again in impatience. “Just take the music and open it on the desk,” and a minute or two more passed. Lisa sitting in her usual corner, between the platform and the musician’s small private room, could not understand it. How unlike this was to the unpretending Josquin! “Will you not go?” she said to him; “it is so embarrassing—the people are waiting.” “In a moment,” he said. “I don’t like the position of the music-stand.”

“But you play by heart, Josquin,” said Lisa. Still he waited, but no Cécile appeared. Suddenly Josquin dashed up to the platform, and was greeted with the usual applause. His friend looked after him with a pain at her heart. She could not explain to herself this fussiness, so little belonging to his nature; she felt that there was a danger: a little of the glory had departed that haloed her Josquin. Meanwhile she could not see all the audience, only the figure of the player. He looked round with a look of weariness on his audience, then began the lovely romance in a business-like manner, which did not please Lisa. She heard a sound of rustling in the hall, and suddenly Josquin grew quite pale; then he played on, seeming to recover his composure, and the performance was as good as ever. But when he came back to Lisa, he was trembling with excitement. His eyes shone, and he was absent. He had not thought it possible that Cécile’s presence should have such an effect upon him.

Enthusiastic applause now recalled him to the platform, and at the close of the concert again burst forth and his name was repeatedly called. In the excitement Lisa

forgot her annoyance of a few minutes before. She did not think it unnatural that Josquin should hasten forward to greet the Count, his late master, and his lovely niece, before they left the hall, nor did she observe that any further change had passed over him. Josquin had recovered his composure. He returned to the Klosterhaus engaged to go to the villa on the following day, to play quartets with the Count, and he went on his way as usual.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT THE VILLA AGAIN.

BUT two months passed away, and Elisabetha knew that a change had come over her summer life. She could not have given an account of the change, but she had gradually felt a distance growing between herself and her only friend; when had she felt the change that had troubled her happy life with Josquin? how did she know of it, while outwardly their life went on as before? So she went over the sad heart-searchings. Their work and interests she told herself were the same, and she of the two was the most drawn away by her profession; it was not strange that Josquin should have far more friends than herself, more engagements as the season commenced; that he should be made much of in places of which she knew nothing. She had been prepared for this, but it was not in absences, but in his presence, that she most felt that their intercourse was not what it had been.

Who shall say what becomes of friendship when one of two is in love with a third? who has seen it survive in that rare and subtle thing, friendship between man and woman? It had been an ardent sympathy that Lisa inspired in Josquin since he came back to find her grown to great power, and yet simple—a woman unlike all others; a little more, and his feelings had been enough for all the demands of daily life; but while admiration almost kindled the spark of love, there on a sudden was the real fire burning in his breast. Cécile had come back, Cécile with all her old power; Cécile

alone made his pulses beat when she came into the room; Cécile seemed to him harmony, inspiration; with her alone could he feel the passionate tenderness which would excite him till he reached that determination which is power. And so it was little wonder that Lisa felt lonely, for it had been the history of his stay in Vienna over again with Josquin.

His enthusiastic patron, after discovering the history of his birth as we have seen, had magnanimously forgiven him for leaving his service; but though the peaceful Count kept his sympathies as much as possible a secret, the Gasperein family did not fail to be offended at his receiving so lightly the idea of having encouraged their scrapegrace nephew in his wilful courses. "That Ludovic, he is infatuated," said his son's kinswoman, Charles's mother. "It is a blessing that my poor niece has enough of her mother's sound good sense and distinguished taste to be able to withstand her uncle's theatrical follies!" and when the Count continued to praise Josquin for his talents and good conduct, and Charles persisted in talking about reclaiming him, the family found some comfort in Cécile's scornful indifference and silence about the young musician who seemed to have turned the heads of all his patrons.

And not even Charles, who knew her the best, could have thought that Cécile was not wholly indifferent to his cousin: when her uncle related to her the history of his childhood she said nothing, betrayed no interest; when later he spoke of wintering at the villa nothing in her manner could have made him suspect that she was deeply, intensely attracted by the plan. And yet, if it was carried out, if they were now once more in Dresden, if Josquin found himself once more fascinated by the society at the villa, it was no other influence than that of Cécile von Lichtenberg. She it was who drew him on now imperceptibly to more and more devotion.

The last described concert ended the course brilliant-

ly, and immediately the Count claimed to have a share in the young man's time, inviting him by day to come and look over with him those dully elegant compositions about which he was more sanguine than ever; in the evenings to all reunions and suppers, to play and make music for his guests as of old. He did not betray any knowledge of his history—acting partly from selfishness, for he was afraid to lose the musician whom he could not replace. Josquin was glad that they treated him as before, but yet he felt that it was not all the same—what a blessed difference it made with Cécile, that she should know his history! More delightful than ever was his intercourse with her and her world. Nothing was said; but often Josquin longed to ask her how much she knew, since she was so kind? to beg her to dictate to him what he should do—to tell her of his old struggles—of the struggles that still would come up . . . Was it any wonder that he still compared his life with Cécile and his life of work? Of all this, how could he speak to Lisa?

Lisa never asked him any questions, but he did not let her be ignorant—that it was the villa that most attracted him away from the Kloster-haus. If he had told her further, unburdened himself and let her know that he passionately loved the young lady of the house, that he could not bear any life that separated him from her—what would she have thought or wished for him? It had always been a comfort to Josquin that Lisa accepted him entirely as a fellow-artist; that, knowing of his birth and history, she yet had always taken as a matter of course that he would keep to the path he had chosen for himself, and this had been a source of strength to Josquin in good purposes during the past year. Now he shrank from letting her know anything of the struggle, as it arose again in him. Vaguely he feared to lose that familiar intercourse which he felt fostered his best life—the long musical mornings, the meetings after the opera. He would come away from the villa to hear

her sing from his place in the orchestra, and long for the old comfort and repose of their evening talk; but slowly he too began to feel the penalty that he must pay for his secret intoxication. If she found him preoccupied and languid, where before he had been eager and absorbed; if there was a certain impatience in his manner, where before he had been simple and calm, in her too he felt a change. She was excited and eager to fatigue, or sombre and silent, concentrated on her work. Each trusted that the other did not perceive its own trouble, each strove to let the change be unfelt by the other: but soon the natural result followed, and while working side by side, they drew farther apart.

One day an invitation came for Lisa with a courteous note from the Count, inviting her to sing at a private concert at the villa. Her first instinct was to refuse. Though Lisa had never questioned him, she had not been without intense curiosity about the grudging villa and its people; but she shrank from indulging it now, for it made her feel that she did not trust Josquin, that she had need to spy out what he did not confide in her. But while she held the letter yet before her, Josquin himself had come in dressed—she saw in a moment, to go to the villa. He entreated her not to refuse. He had so long wished her to know his kind patron and to see the beautiful house. It would be at its gayest, for the Prince Valentin, a great amateur of music, was staying there, and this was one of the entertainments given in his honor. The Hasses were going: they would all go in a party. He entreated her not to refuse.

And then Lisa had relented. "But, Josquin, what do you think the Count will want me to sing? I should like one of my pieces to be something of yours; that last one you wrote for me, you know—you promised to alter the end," and she brought him an unfinished MS. piece. "Can you try it now?"

"I am afraid I am due already at the villa, but I will find time to do it for you. I am overwhelmed with

work. The Count wishes me to put to music the *Comus* of Milton, which he wants to have acted during the Prince's stay. I have got it all in my head, but it is hard work even to score it in ten days. It is to be performed the night before your concert. Alas! I fear strictly an amateur performance, but it will be good for all to hear you the following night."

This had been a fortnight before; since that Lisa had only received a hurried note from him to say that he had been kept at the villa; that they wanted him to stay until the performance was over. He would only have time to get to the opera at night to play (the Count's carriage was to take him in), and not return to the *Kloster-haus* at all. The week that she had just been going through had then been a week of gloom to Lisa—all the while she thought in her grieved heart that it was for his art's sake that she vexed herself at his disappearance.

The people used to come and ask for Josquin at his door, *Regenfurth* would report of their dismay at finding the musician away; messages were coming and going; pupils furious. Lisa, regularly occupied as she was, yet felt in despair; she went about her work with an aching heaviness at her heart. What did it mean, this absence of Josquin? What was he to the villa now, that they should have such claims upon him? and that he should weakly let them interfere with all his work?

As the evening approached, Lisa's courage for going on her lonely expedition to the gay villa failed her. Her great longing to discover more of Josquin's hidden life had overcome everything; she had said to herself, when her pride rose up against her eagerness, that if she could expect nothing more of him was not Josquin after all her brother in art; and if it was going all wrong with him while he left his work to compose operettes for amateurs, ought she to shrink from going where he was, where she might perhaps say a word in

season—recall him to his true life? But as she sat at her weary toilet preparing to go and meet him at the Villa, the wounded sense of not being trusted made her (Lisa usually simple and fearless as a little boy) shrink from going where her womanly instinct told her she was not looked for with pleasure by her friend.

And Lisa was not one of those for whom dressing is a joy. As she stood up now in her solitude, and raised her arm to fasten up the hair which she wore unpowdered and unconfined in the morning, she looked as if she had stepped out of a noble Michael Angelo world, too unconventional for the society for which she must prepare. When dressed, she looked less well, for the fashion of the time, with its hundred graceful conceits, did not suit her massive figure. Not like another lady who was seated meanwhile at her toilet preparing for the same society, heaping on the subtleties of a tumbled rose and careless ribbon, "bugle, bracelet, necklace, amber;" from which little scented paradise of elegance she will presently shine forth to make the hearts of men rejoice and women tremble. This was at the villa, where Josquin had been staying the past week, and where all was festivity in honor of the arrival of the Prince, whose stay was interrupted once before by the siege. There was an unusual solemnity about the reception of the guest; there were faint rumors of a match contemplated between him and Fräulein von Litchtenberg. Josquin had often heard such, but it was now Cécile's own manner which made him anxious and miserable. When the Count had asked him to stay, he had told Cécile that it would be better for him to remain at work in the town; but she surprised him by her emotion. Her face was quite pale as she looked up at him imploringly:

"Will you stay away? you do not know all that I have to go through this week—all the stiffness will be unendurable without you—and your music."

"What is there I would not do for you," he said;

"what greater happiness can I have than to be asked to remain by you?"

"Yes, for this week," she answered hurriedly, as if afraid of having said too much. "I have so many things to think of—such a part to play;" and then in a low voice she added, "it is such a luxury to have somebody near with whom one may be one's self."

Cécile would say these things with a far-off look, half sad, half hard, which made her face irresistible. She would madden Josquin with impatience, for at one moment she would seem to give herself to him, the next she would make him feel that he had ventured too far.

"One week, and then starvation! Tell me to stay for ever, or else to remain away," he burst forth.

"Josquin, you do not know what you are talking about. I am not your life; your whole calling is between us—you must be a great man."

But she had never called him by his Christian name before. "Cécile! Cécile!" he exclaimed, "I am ready to give up everything for you, but why should such good things as work and music part us? I believe that you give me sometimes your best self, why do you give me so little of it?"

"Be grateful and content!" she laughed scornfully. "You do not know how small a proportion is that good in me to the bad. I do not want you to think me good. All will be over on the day that you ask me to give you more than I do now."

She was once more the imperious Cécile, before whom Josquin was less weak—before the gentle one he had no courage. "I will stay, madam," he answered, "to make music for you, and for your guests."

But during Josquin's visit, when Cécile let him look into her sweet eyes, he could feel only a defiant happiness. If the prince indeed aspired to her hand, his nature must needs have been phlegmatic; for she had not a blush or a smile for him. Josquin over and over

again thought of writing to Charles to come and help him. Lisa might well be heavy-hearted. It was the last night of his stay ; the opera had been performed in the private theatre on the preceding evening, but he had not found a moment wherein to come for her to bring her to the villa. The Capellmeister, however, called, and they gloomily drove out together. " Why was Josquin dangling on at the Count's ? " Hasse said ; " what was the use of his being fine gentleman one day, composer and artist the next ? " " Could Lisa tell him how the opera was getting on ? " Lisa used to answer for Josquin, but now she was all in the dark about him ; her heart was full ; this night she trusted to bring him back, make him tell her all.

At last they reached the villa, and were graciously received by the Count at the door of the beautiful music-room ; the listeners seated there had access to the galleries of the house ; so that there was a coming and going between the pieces that took away all stiffness from the concert. The Vaara's song, however, was anxiously waited for ; and a silence greeted her entrance, as the Count conducted her to the harpsichord. It was Hasse who sat down to accompany her, and wearily Lisa's eyes sought Josquin. Was it not he who had made her come there ? Was it not he himself who had wished to bring her ? and now he was not even there to receive her. Soon she knew that he was not in the room. Happily for Lisa, her art was a pure region with which she little allowed her own troubles to interfere. Now her habitual conscientiousness came to her aid, and with a burning heart she sang so that those who knew her style could only have found a little coldness to reproach her with, while all praised her large and poetical expression. She was encored, and giving in to the Count's instructions, accompanied herself in one of her northern ballads ; and then the Capellmeister had moved away, and she sat alone, while a celebrated tenor took his turn in performing.

"Ah! I have reached you at last, Fräulein!" said a well-known lisping voice beside her. "I was in the Japanese boudoir, driven away by sheer fatigue from the music, when your divine tones reached me. I assure you, you are the one being who shows me that I still care for music; all the rest make me feel that either I or the world is gone mad, out of tune. You inspire, harmonize me."

It was Count von Plauen. *He* had been called to the music-room by her voice. Was it, then, that Josquin had not been at the villa at all that he was so far out of its reach? How wearily did poor Lisa now force herself to listen to the Hof Intendant's endless *propos* about his adventures, his new musical ideas, his relaxed throat! This man had no more nature or spontaneity under his palpitating flowered waistcoat, than his music had reality under its artificial pretension. If he had but a very little sympathy or understanding, poor Lisa, in her loneliness, would almost have been grateful for his praise. It was only because she could endure no longer to sit still whilst longing to satisfy herself that Josquin was really not at the villa, that she accepted the Intendant's offer of his arm to conduct her through the rooms. He led her out of the pretty, vaulted music-hall into the gallery; but amongst the gay crowds of people there, admiring the Count's Italian collections, she could not see Josquin. Her eyes sought him everywhere among the statues, which he himself had so often described to her.

At that moment the Count came up with a magnificent young man, smiling and curled, with arching eyebrows and white teeth, to whom he presented Von Plauen. Then turning to Lisa graciously, he said: "Fräulein, I am glad to see you well taken care of. I was just going to show his Highness some Japanese curiosities with which I have had my niece's boudoir fitted. Count von Plauen, will you lead the Fräulein, and follow us?" and his Excellency led the way to Cécile's

apartments, where he had already sent some people in to look at the Japanese treasures. And then Lisa entering, beheld Josquin! He was dressed in a pink silk coat; by his side was Fräulein von Lichtenberg. Ah! what was the strange brilliancy in his eyes, the flush on his cheek? She, too, looked excited. They seemed little pleased at having their retreat invaded.

A few hours ago Lisa had assured herself that it was because she feared for her friend's work—for his career—that she wanted to meet him, and bring him back from the villa. Face to face with him at that moment was it for his music she cared, was it her interest in his art that made her suffer such pangs and burnings of heart? Von Plauen led her straight into the room, where the scent and color of Oriental stuffs, of barbaric jars, and the soft light of lanterns, made a luxurious surrounding to the couple. He was standing up by the side of the lady on the sofa, as if he had been disturbed there. Josquin looked older. There was an intense look about his face. This was no ordinary flirtation Lisa, unlearned as she was in such things, told herself.

Lichtenberg also seemed surprised to see Josquin, but the latter was silent, attempting no excuse for being there with his niece. His manner was absent as he greeted Lisa, but he pressed her hand kindly. As for the bland young Prince, he was not at all disconcerted. He went up to the couple, saying that he had been looking for an opportunity all the evening of asking for the romance that had enchanted them all the night before. Would Cécile sing it, and M. Dorioz play the accompaniment?

"It was impossible for that night," Cécile said; "there were too many strangers for her to sing. It was out of the question."

"Sing the romance, my child, since the Prince wishes it," said Count Lichtenberg gravely. "You have no reason to be timid."

At this moment, who should emerge from a small

Chinese pagoda, where she had been discoursing, hidden from Lisa's view, but Faustina in her best brocade. The Doctor was faithfully in attendance, and one or two others of the party who had intruded on Fräulein von Lichtenberg's retreat.

"Ah! my dear, do sing that lovely romance!" Faustina said. "Hasse ought to hear it, for he wasn't at the play last night. It will delight everybody."

"Oh! before you, dear Frau Capellmeisterin, it is impossible!" said Cécile, looking infinitely bored.

"What nonsense, my duchess! Before Faustina you can only not say No. You sang it to perfection, and it does my old ears good!"

Here Count von Plauen joined in the entreaty and several others; but it was no use for Lichtenberg to look vexed, nor for the greatest singer of Europe to implore. The lady sat on, letting herself be pressed, when with great affability, the young Prince offered her a sky-blue arm, with a smile which he seemed to think must be irresistible. Cécile did not conceal her annoyance at the whole intrusion, but she rose to take the proffered arm, only saying languidly:

"The Prince will lead me to the music-room, but I cannot sing to-night. I am tired, and the crowd is too great. Fräulein Vaara will, no doubt, sing for you as much as you like!"

And the look in her eyes was as hard as the diamond that flashed in her bosom, while she turned quickly to the woman whom she pierced with her words. Faustina flounced back into the pagoda furious: Count Lichtenberg turned impatiently to lead Lisa to the music-room to end a scene which had vexed him. For Lisa this request to sing was a command; was she there for anything else? They all passed into the concert-room again. His Highness sat down next to Cécile near the harpsichord, von Plauen alone was waiting upon the young singer, who wanted an accompanist, when suddenly Josquin came forward to her as if aroused from

his dreaming, and asked if she had brought the piece he had forgotten to arrange for her. When she reminded him that it was unfinished yet, he whispered: "Lisa, kind sister, forgive me; I don't know what I have been about." Lisa could see that he was very much excited, and it almost touched her notwithstanding all the want of confidence he had shown her. She got through her song, and then the Capellmeister came up to Josquin: "Oh, volatile son of a Frenchwoman, what have you been doing here? composing an operetta, I hear: have you had enough cakes and ale yet? don't waste your time any more, but come home to work, sir; come home with me."

"Yes, Master, I return home to-morrow, but I have not been quite idle, I assure you; the production of an operetta and rehearsing in one week, is hard work."

A good supper had been putting Hasse into a more favorable humor than that he had indulged during his drive with poor Lisa. "Aye, aye, let me hear some of your work; they tell me of a good romance. Can't I hear it before going to bed? Lisa, I am tired; will you soon be ready?"

Lisa was watching Josquin and listening eagerly: was it that he wanted to please his master, or that he was glad of an excuse for approaching Cécile where she sat beside the Prince? He went across and whispered to her to sing. He only seemed to say very few words, but to the surprise of all who had heard her persistently refuse her uncle, the Prince, and Faustina, Fräulein von Lichtenberg rose and allowed the young violinist to lead her to the harpsichord. To Lisa it was no wonder if she sang for him if for no other. He blew out the lights, for they wanted no music, and seated himself to play for her the accompaniment of the pretty romance that had given so much pleasure the night before.

It was but a small performance, but Lisa listened with throbbing heart to the high, delicate voice of this *belle dame sans merci* spiriting away the heart of her

musician while she sang. Everybody praised composer and singer together. "Has she not twenty admirers that she should claim the heart of my only friend?" Lisa bitterly thought; and her heart felt sick, and she could bear the stifling atmosphere no longer; and while all crowded around Cécile, she trusted to get out unobserved. But it was vain to try: Von Plauen was at her side; she was helpless, and she let him lead her out to the gallery and open its farthest window for her. "What can I fetch you?" the assiduous Count was asking, and Lisa, longing for one moment of solitude before going back to the hall, asked him to fetch her a glass of wine and water. Then she gratefully remained alone, looking out on the terraces and calm gardens beyond all bathed in bright moonlight. In that moment she heard quick steps in the gallery behind her, but the door was shut and all was silent.

Lisa was standing at the very door where one April morning, years ago, Josquin had waited for his new master and had stepped out on the terrace and down the stone steps into the little apple-tree garden outside Cécile von Lichtenberg's windows, and there for the first time had seen his love: but Lisa did not know how near she was to Cécile's sanctum. She too thought the little garden lovely, even with its winter trees, and the peaceful, frosty sky calmed her, and welcoming the cold air she leaned out into the night.

It was only a minute she stood, but some strange fate had brought her there to suffer. Suddenly a door opened; below, in the little walled garden, footsteps on the path; Josquin and Cécile were there, both pale in the moonlight, she wrapped in a large fur cloak. Theirs had been the steps in the gallery: they seemed to have come to say farewell here. What do people do when they say good-by? they were silent in a long embrace; and Lisa could hear their voices clearly through the frosty air.

"Cécile, is this a last kiss! Dearest, sweetest, you

are trembling, what will you have of me? Hasse presses me to go to-night, your uncle seems to wish it—shall I go? Speak! I love you madly, Cécile! help me! help me!”

Cécile's voice answering, trembled strangely.

“Yes, Josquin; be calm, I implore you, for it is best you should go to-night. See, I have shown them all that I love you! let that be enough!—go at once. My uncle will be coming to say good-night. I said I was retiring to rest. You will be missed. For Heaven's sake, Josquin, do not let me be found here with you!”

Lisa heard no more, for Von Plauen had returned with a glass of water. For all the passion and anger at her heart she would not betray Josquin to *this* enemy! She came forward to meet him. A few minutes afterwards she was sitting upright, stiff and dark, in the Hasse carriage, driving away in silence, opposite the Capellmeister and his wife, through the clear moonlight.

And Josquin was still in Cécile's garden. He could no longer obey her strange, capricious dictates, when, after showing before all the world that she loved him, she told him to go. If she returned his love there was no call for parting: he was ready to sacrifice all for such a dream. “My Cécile, may I leave all for you?” he said; “I will give up my profession, I will go to my uncle; with your sweet love to plead he will help.” But she was vehement in her prayers that he would do nothing rash. “Josquin, only let us know that we love each other. Don't let us risk anything; such moments as these are so precious and so rare. We can look forward to them, and so be consoled in absence.”

“But Cécile, I cannot live like this—it has been possible one week. How can I go back to the old life? While I remain a poor artist, I am not acting rightly in coming to your uncle's house on false pretences. He receives me only as his Kammer-musikus. I come because I love *you*! Cécile, if you let me, I will put an end to all this by trying to win your hand.”

She trembled violently on his arm, and her face suddenly changed in the moonlight.

"No, Josquin, I entreat you, spare me this—I have tried to spare you, but you will not understand me. Why do you speak of marriage? You put an end to all our dream. Marriage is for the world, Josquin—do you not know?—have you not seen that in the world I belong to—"

"To me, Cécile! it is you have made me bold; you have not concealed your love. . . ."

"But *that* is not marriage amongst us! I must tell you the truth, but must it bring parting? Will you cease to love me? . . ." but there was a sound in the house behind them and she looked up frightened, and hurriedly faltered out:

"O Josquin—this evening in that room—the formal betrothal—they will be coming to look for us—my uncle and this prince. . . ."

Josquin let the arm hang that had clasped and supported her. She clung to a railing for support, as she turned to go into the house.

"Josquin, I was right. I am still right. You are a musician. You have been my love. You could not be my husband. I *dare* not stay now; my uncle is coming to call me to him. . . . Good-by."

"For God's sake, Cécile, come back! tell me it is not true!" Josquin cried out, as she turned away.

"Josquin, forgive! be merciful! hide yourself!" she said, turning back her white face imploringly, "I hear my uncle! Good-by."

There were lights inside her apartment, shining through the curtains. Josquin's first impulse was to rush into the house, and tell how he had been betrayed—tell the Prince that he too was betrayed! *She would belong to him before the world!*

Josquin stood there for long, stunned at first by the truth—the cruel disillusion. Then a great hatred of the place suddenly seized him, and he rushed away, cold

and shivering after the fever and excitement of the evening, unable to control himself, weeping passionately for very pity and anger, when he thought of his miserable love. The blow which had dashed his whole illusion to the ground had come so suddenly that the reaction against his happiness of an hour ago was horrible. He threw himself on the roadside and wept till his very senses were dulled, and he still lay in the wide noontide of the bright night, when every sound had died away round the house, till it seemed to him he could hear, in the awful stillness and brightness, the pulses of great Nature beat as his own beat with wild, fruitless throbs. Then, lying in a strange, wrought-up state, it seemed to him that from it all a soothing harmony arose, voices in the night, and in his own soul a voice; one thing alone in the wide world beckoned to him—his music, his neglected work. He thought of Alcestis; and he rose up again impelled by the force of an inspiration to rush home and write. The silent streets spoke the same ideas. Josquin barely knew that he was running through them, instinctively seeking the Kloster-haus, where he was most used to work. The old house lay white and silent. Lisa's window was white. Josquin thought, will she, my Alcestis, ever know pain like mine?

Lisa was staring at the white square of moonlight that lay upon the floor: her heart was going over and over again its sad questionings. Was it then for this Josquin left his profession, his purpose, his friendship with her? just for a little elegance, a little loveliness, a little grace and refinement? perhaps, after all, these were the most desirable things in all the world, and in Cécile Josquin found them, and with her he found all misunderstood. Josquin was that night still at the villa and to-morrow would he have returned, and for how long, and where was the use of wishing to keep where his heart was not? As Lisa mused thus, suddenly, there came cutting sharp through the frosty

air the cry of a violin. Startled, she raised herself and listened : the player seemed to be fighting with a very demon within him, for he drew chords upon chords in wildest harmonies from its strings ; then suddenly overcoming, he burst into a loud, impassioned melody that went to Lisa's very heart. "Josquin, poor Josquin! what are you doing?" She went to her window, there was the light in his room, he had come back ! was this his serenade good-night to Cécile? The great burst of melody had opened Lisa's full heart before too burning to let her weep. The light was gone from Josquin's window, the music had ceased, but she wept for long in sympathy. And then Josquin's soul had received comfort, and he was sleeping, and before morning Lisa too slept with a relieved heart.

PART II.



We learn in sorrow what we teach in song.—SHELLEY.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BREAD OF TEARS.

THERE is a picture by Caracci in the Dresden Gallery which poetically illustrates the words of the serene Goethe—

Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,
Der kennt euch nicht, Ihr himmlische Mächte.

It represents St. Francis, exhausted and languishing after long humiliation, being supported by the heavenly music of a consoling angel. And it has seemed to me that the robust young immortal, with his earthly brown violin, is not an unfit image of Josquin's muse at this time, who came to cheer him with new inspirations and mysterious beatings of heart.

"Yes, Lisa," he exclaimed, the day after his return from the Villa, when he told her for the first time of his old struggle because of Cécile, of his sudden call to leave her and return to music, of her coming again in softness and kindness to renew all his passion, of his rude disillusion—"It seems as if I had ever been in love with two mistresses, and my life has failed miserably, because it has been impossible to serve both—my music and her whom I have loved as a first love."

He had opened all his heart to Lisa, but it was she herself who had come to find him with outstretched hands, following an irresistible impulse the morning after hearing his violin in the night. She had then drunk the dregs of her cup in her self-humiliation at

her own hopeless fancy and bitter jealousy ; but at her waking the next morning all these feelings had vanished ; she had guessed his pain, and in that moment she had felt that all estrangement was at an end between them. "O Josquin, it was good, it was beautiful, what I heard last night ; it has told me so much, will you not tell me all ?" she came to him saying ; and when he had ended all his confession of his life, with its *two* loves, to which she was only third, she received it calmly, and only said : "We will talk no more about Cécile, but I am glad you have told me all ; we will talk only of music. You will live for it now, Josquin." To *this* rival Lisa did not grudge him.

A note had come that morning to make him realize what had happened the night before, what had seemed a dream at his waking. It was from Lichtenberg.

The Count addressed his favorite with the first cold words he had ever given him ; his feelings seemed to be completely changed by what had happened. Once he had warned Josquin against the indulgence of any sentiment while under his roof ; he had not concealed from the musician that his highflown enthusiasm stopped short at any of life's real romance, and now to his strange dislike of the absorbing passion of love was joined a little jealousy ; he believed that all these years Josquin had remained with him for his niece's sake and not his own, and suspicion and mistrust made all his affection disappear.

Her marriage with Valentin was after his own heart ; calm, lofty, and refined was the feeling Cécile inspired in the Prince's heart—thus he wrote to Josquin. The wedding was not to take place for three months, on account of the approaching death of the Prince's father, whose wishes had brought about his son's engagement. His Excellency regretted the delay, and added that though they would remain at the villa till the time of the marriage, he wished to be as quiet there as possible in the interval ; they would have no music, and he

begged Josquin to consider the present note a farewell for some months.

Thus did Josquin find himself shut out in the cold from a world of delight and agreeable intercourse, and thus did the heavenly messenger come to cheer him in his poverty when deprived of all most precious to him. Very poor without this visitor would the musician have been; besides, the cruel wound to be healed only by time, besides sentimental griefs, there were other small miseries coming hardly to the most mercurial spirit; with the muse, there were other cruel visitors equally prone to take up their abode with the young and beautiful—Poverty, selling his chairs and tables (for he had been spending largely of late, and his first quarter's salary for playing in the orchestra was not due yet, and when it came it would go in paying his summer debts, and only through the porter's good-will did Josquin keep terms at all with his landlord); and one still more dread—Illness, making all existence, however hard, appear beautiful. But happily of this unthought-of danger he was little conscious, though it had been discovered by a kind friend who at this time began to take an active interest in him.

This was the courtly doctor, whom we have seen picking the young violinist up on the road to Dresden. He had heard his praises from Faustina, had come to see him, and, delighted with his playing, had made him perform at his house. The Doctor told him to take care of himself, not to work too much, or play too much; but he saw that the young man took it all lightly; besides that, he wanted something more than good advice.

The Capellmeisterin told him all she knew of his life and youth. He was quite penetrated with this history of devotion to art, told him, we may believe, by Faustina, in her most picturesque fashion, and finding that his endeavors to help him himself were useless, he bethought him of the rich merchant princes in Vienna, for

whose life of ease and luxury the musician had exchanged his present life, and wondered whether now in his distress they would be persuaded to come to his help. When he spoke, however, of it to Josquin, the suggestion seemed to torment him. "The time is past now," he had said. "If I was to turn back from the plough, it would have been long ago; now, at least, I am free from the thought of all those probabilities. What you suggest would be clipping my wings, Doctor, when I have once escaped from the broken net."

The bland Doctor, however, was accustomed to act for his patients; he knew all their secrets; he seemed to have the ends of all the tangled threads of the little life around in his hands, to know where they combined, and twist and work them according to his discretion—all the while with the kindly smile in his beard, that seemed so magically to inspire confidence. He now thought of Cécile, and determined to make her the instrument of help to Josquin. He went out to the villa, and found the lady choosing some wonderful Indian shawls to be thrown into her husband's wedding present. At Josquin's name she grew a little pale, and her lips quivered when the Doctor gave his description. "Why doesn't he come to us?" she said; "my uncle would help him. Ah! Doctor, there are no secrets from you; but I was not to blame. What could I do but be kind? I did not think he would take me to be so in earnest."

"My lovely child, you have learnt your lesson. You had once a fine instrument, which you did not know at first how to play on. You neglected it till you learnt the secret of its sweetness, then you used it just to please yourself, as you would have done any other, and it broke. It remains silent, and you will not again meet with such a one."

The tears filled her eyes, but she said impatiently: "Oh! it is all a mistake, your romance and sentiment! One day I found I liked my uncle's favorite player.

Suppose I had made him give up his profession, or run away with him, and as suddenly found out that I got tired of him? No, Doctor, *c'est bon pour le peuple!* we in our life, are not meant to have hearts," and she looked at her shawls with dried eyes.

When the Doctor, however, asked her to do something for Josquin, by appealing to her uncle, or to his people in Vienna, on his behalf, she laughed at the suggestion. "You do not know my uncle; I dare not speak to him; but I can go to the good *Fräulein von Gasperein*—*M. Dorioz* shall have an allowance—he must not want. Then he shall come and play at my house. . . . After all, he always preferred music to me."

She composed an exquisite French note to *Brigitta von Gasperein*, appealing to the romantic heart of the most hopeful of Josquin's aunts. She knew that the good lady loved to display sensibility. She drew a touching picture of Josquin's misery; and, warming in her description, she dwelt so much on the likelihood of his returning to his family, in the hour of his weakness, that the note might have been read as a message from the nephew, confessing that he was ready to throw himself at his uncle's feet.

O Josquin! pouring out in your quiet chamber the expression of all your want and pain! What would you have said to this pink and white composition? What, still more, to the reply it elicited? *Fräulein von Gasperein* thanked her niece a few days after, for her beautiful letter, and assured her that when she arrived in Dresden for her marriage, she would make a point of visiting the prodigal in the hour of his repentance, and of herself administering to his needs.

Unconscious, however, of the visit preparing for him, and with doctor advising above, and landlord threatening below, Josquin worked on consoled by his muse; and the fancies visited him as they used in the old days of boyhood, and they found him matured by the expe-

rience of his years of training, so that new harmonies every day seemed to become possible to him, and the work which was the child of many fitful impulses and changing moods of passion, was completed with life, and vigor, and inspiration.

Lisa used to wonder at the strange excitement that seemed to succeed his moments of apathy. She was only thankful to have him working by her side, perhaps if she had seen Josquin's mother in her last days, and recognized poor Nanine's color and last expression she would have been more anxious. His eyes were bright and earnest, and the eager looks he turned on her were not called out by her, she knew; some inner power seemed to feed them. Was it still Cécile? or was it only the work, the progress of which she saw with such interest? She felt sure that it was good and beautiful; it might mean Cécile—it would overcome Cécile! and very near was its success to her heart. To Josquin her praise of his opera was very valuable, and her judgment was all the more precious to him because it had often before differed from his.

But Josquin was to receive another powerful source of encouragement at this time to cheer him on, and to buoy up his hopes. His opera was finished six weeks after his last visit to the villa, and he then took it to the master, of whose help he could now make tolerably sure. It was ever since his tour with Count Lichtenberg that Hasse had openly recognized his pupil's power; his vanity had then been constantly flattered by receiving the compliments of the various masters of Germany and Italy, who praised Josquin's talent, and these praises softened his prejudice, till he saw that the composer would contribute to his glory as much as Elisabetha did by her singing. The young man had been loyal to him, and the master so needed support that he forgot any jealousy that might have mingled with his feelings of the old days. Still his pupil had not altogether satisfied him since his return, and he still

lamented over his tendency to depart from the most orthodox models.

Josquin therefore knew beforehand pretty well what his master would say, and stood behind his chair, with difficulty restraining his impatience, while he looked over the last act of the opera, accompanying his reading with such remarks: "Well, well, what have we here? An Aria do you call it? nothing but accompaniment. You young men spoil all by your pig-headed scorn of your unfortunate prima donnas; but I can tell you you will not get many to sing this accompaniment of the voice to the flute—and here, what a scramble have you got your violins into, *accelerando al forte*; yes, plenty of fire and faggot we know you can give us, but what does this scoring mean?" and dashing the book down on the harpsichord, he began playing it frantically.

"Lord have mercy on us, hark to those fifths. Very well, and here it ends. What! No *Da Capo*?" Josquin, vexed and nervous, begged the Capellmeister at last to let him play over the last part himself. Hasse flung himself back after his last outburst and let him do as he liked, and the young man sat down and went through it, rather singing explanations than speaking them. All the while he played a voice occasionally came through the doors of Hasse's stuffy sanctum, a voice calling a shrill "*Bravo, benissimo!*" The master, who began to calm down and praise, sternly ignored it, but the player could only be inspired by it, and he got excited over his work; and when he had ended Hasse exclaimed generously and warmly: "My boy, this is a fine work. I have never doubted your genius; keep it for some years, and bring back to it all the experience that you will gain in that time, and meanwhile compose another. . . ." But at that moment he was interrupted, for the door was shut to, and Faustina, in her morning *deshabille*, with flying hair, beamed forward. "My good soul, what are you talking about? A few years! In a few years where may we all be? and you

put off the reaping of such a harvest to your successors! We have here a second Gluck—a bright star in our old age! I know not if it lacks experience; I know that it speaks to my soul. Come, play that over again.” And as Josquin played, she herself joined in with her shrill but noble old tones. “Spoiling the man, as usual, Faustina; you are mad,” Hasse grumbled; but when she had left them he spoke gently to Josquin.

“It is for your own interest I want you to lay it by; times are hard, opinions changing so fast that one doesn’t know what may be called for next; but you know my position, Josquin—who would think now that I once commanded the whole taste of the court?—and you know the Intendant. Unless public opinion were strong enough to influence him in your case, I think you would have more chance with a more conventional work: but if you wish this now to be offered to him, I will promise you all my interest.”

How could Josquin consent to put this on one side for a more conventional work? This had been the greatest inspiration of his life, and he had a right to believe in it. While he paused to answer, Faustina mysteriously called her husband out of the room, and a few minutes after returned alone with a sparkle in her eyes. “My boy, you stay to breakfast with us, just as you are. I have sent Hasse in to talk to a friend I have been receiving. It has been a reconciliation, after a sad misunderstanding of some years. It is all going on beautifully. You see, at my age, I cannot afford to lose a friend for the sake of old jealousies. And such a friend! Come and see him presently. I take no refusal. Rest here half an hour, and then make yourself look your very best in Hasse’s looking-glass, and come and join us;” and she vanished. And Josquin, fatigued and excited, did not consider much for whom he had been told to make himself look nice, and wondered what answer he had best give Hasse.

When he came into Faustina's salon, the stranger was engaged in earnest conversation with the husband and wife. "Here is our young genius," she said; but she introduced him thus without naming the guest, and taking his arm, went in first to the repast, and left her husband and Josquin to follow.

The stranger was middle-aged, calm, and lofty, but simple in his appearance. His dress was plain, but every detail showed a courtly elegance. The lace of his ruffles fell over large, perfectly shaped hands. A smile lit up his countenance when his mouth remained uncurved. He seemed, indeed, to look down, with a serenity that bespoke the divinest mood, on a fussy world, without vanity, untouched by its littleness, filled only with the beauty of life. "What was his rank? what was the height from which he looked down on them all?" Josquin asked himself, as he gazed on the stranger, fascinated as he had never been before. Was he some prince who transformed the world into an earthly paradise, or only some ambassador, who had acquired this dignified repose in courts? Faustina sat next him, with her brown eyes sparkling. She was dressed in her best, and was bringing out all the treasures of her memory and bright wit, and affectionately poured out her heart in every glance to the distinguished guest. She made Josquin talk too, and even Hasse caught the infection of her vivacity, and conversed and clinked glasses festively.

When breakfast was over, Faustina said: "And now, chevalier, you shall hear our young genius. He left Vienna just as you came last year;" and she began to undo the fastenings of the violin-case.

"I have heard of M. Dorioz there," the stranger answered; and he took up his violin and examined it. "That instrument alone is enough to make you a great musician. It is not every one who deserves such a treasure. I expect something of you."

But Josquin was not at ease. Suddenly he became

shy in the presence of this man, whose loftiness of tone made him wonder.

"What is the matter, Josquin?" said Faustina. "Sharpen our appetite, my boy, with some delicious roulades, and then play all you know."

Even the bland stranger seemed to observe that his hands trembled, and he said kindly :

"Perhaps the player wants to be tuned as well as the fiddle; let me play you something first. And he sat down to the clavichord and spread his large, beautiful white hands on the keys. He played a short prelude, looking at Faustina with a sweet, placid smile; then he took up the violin, and handed it to Josquin. The young man seemed compelled to obey, and he began immediately to take the theme of what the stranger had played, and executed the most charming variations on it. He seemed to lose his shyness, and become excited over the difficult performance, till at length he ended with a *prestissimo*, making his hearers smile by his excitement.

"Bravo! I should like to have done that myself," exclaimed the stranger. "You have a superb talent. Now I will show you something of *my* best. Tell me how you like this Romance."

And he began playing and singing, with delicious dreaminess, a divine, smooth air, which transported his hearers. "Capellmeisterin!" suddenly exclaimed Josquin, "tell me that I am not mistaken! It is the Ritter Gluck!" He was greatly excited, and stood up with his eyes shining and his lips trembling uncontrollably.

"Ah, Ritter!" cried out Faustina, "this is better than the praise of an old woman—better than that of courts, is it not? You have here a disciple!"

The master smiled calmly and kindly on the two. "M. Dorioz is one of us," he said; "his playing shows me a fresh intelligence of unusual power, and I must see his music."

"Yes, you shall see a fine work he has just finished," began Faustina; but her husband interrupted severely from the other end of the room:

"Dorioz had far better not show his *Alceste* for some days, till it is perfected."

"*Alceste*?" said Gluck; "that is a subject of which I have often thought. Porpora has written a ponderous *Alceste*, Martini a flippant *Alceste*. Let me see what this bright young soul has made of his opera. No, Capellmeister, no delay. Let him bring it to us at once."

"It is already here," said Faustina. "You shall take it home with you."

Josquin returned home that morning with beating heart. He threw himself in his chair, and looking round on his little room, felt, for the first time for many days, a delightful sensation of relief and quietness of heart. In his lonely chamber his beloved score had been his companion for weeks. He had lived in it, not thinking of success or failure, only giving himself up to the joy of seeing it grow under a blessed impulse. Now it had gone forth into the world, his work was done. His opera was in the hands of the divine chevalier. He felt that he should sleep well after the many nights that he had been kept awake by the excitement of production; and all night the gracious presence of the great master hovered about his bed, and his dreams were pervaded by the smile of Gluck.

CHAPTER XVI.

AUNT BRIGITTA TO THE RESCUE.

WHILE Josquin was thus being consoled, Lisa's peace was once more disturbed by a trouble that daily threatened it more. Since Josquin's confession to her, their life had gone as before; and as she saw him returning to their mutual interests, and their art which linked them together, she satisfied herself that she asked for nothing more than to know him working by her side; and she would have been calm and almost happy but for the shadow which crossed her way wherever she turned. It was that of Count von Plauen, whose increasing devotion to her was already being discussed in the Dresden world, who attributed various meanings to this new fancy of the extravagant Hof-Intendant's. It created wonder, because although Lisa had many admirers, and was quite the rage of the musical world, she had gained the reputation of severity from the few who knew her, of prudery from her theatrical rivals, and of insensibility from the lovely gentlemen in silk and powder who sent her notes that she did not answer, and bouquets that she left in the green-room. Some said that he only paid her attentions in order to gain the help of her talents for his own compositions; others wondered at his having such an admiration for her singing, seeing that her taste was so widely different from his own. Those who admired her most thought it only natural that the Vaara's strange power and northern beauty should have charms for him that opposition only heightened.

And Lisa wondered, too, at the infatuation which made Von Plauen overlook all her impatience and scorn. She reproached herself for that one evening at the villa, when she had almost gratefully accepted the support of his arm. Bitterly she thought of the all-powerfulness of the man at the opera, which made it impossible for her to dismiss him scornfully and finally from her life and her thoughts. But every moment she was reminded that not only for herself would a break from him be fatal, but for Josquin; that the time had come when it was woe to him if he found no favor in the Hof-Intendant's eyes.

All alone Lisa tried to resolve the problem. There was no one with whom she could take natural counsel. The tender but blank Regenfurth had a life's devotion ready to give her dearest charge, and a tear always ready to fall from her left eye; but her imagination did not stretch far enough to suggest that anything might alter things from the way they had already happened, or were going to happen, and her conversation chiefly consisted in repeating Lisa's last words in an interrogative tone. Yet if she had been a more open-minded old lady, she would not so well have suited her sensitive charge; and as it was, her affection, her goodness of heart, and charity thinking no evil, shed a sort of soft moonlight over the young singer's existence. Regenfurth hoped all things Lisa hoped, believed all things Lisa told her, and was ignorant of all things; and yet no change in the girl's aspect escaped her. She saw with sorrow that her sombre, abstracted moods seemed to increase upon her; that she would sit for hours giving herself up to some gloomy reflection, till her work called her to rouse herself. Then she would rise with effort indeed, but the exercise of her art seemed always to give her strength and delight, and she brought to it more power than ever in the hours of reaction. At these performances Von Plauen was always present.

Lisa persistently refused any of his offers of introduc-

tion, and avoided as much as possible being seen in the same places as himself. But just about the time of the finishing of Josquin's opera, when he was about to take it to Hasse, she received an invitation from the Intendant to sing at a fête, which he wrote to tell her he had organized expressly for her. Hasse, whom she requested to refuse for her, had entreated her to accept. Lisa in despair had told herself that it was no use to struggle against the Intendant when she came professionally in contact with him. At the end of the season she would try to leave Dresden for some years. She would all the while do all she could to turn his favor to good use for Josquin. So she consented to take part in a performance which was quite in the taste of the time.

The Count received his guests in a large *jardin d'hiver*, or immense conservatory, for the opening of which he had composed a Cantata. In it the author himself appeared as Archimagus, invoking all the spirits of the air, earth, and sea; in turn they all appeared to him, a wondrous procession of beasts, a chorus of trilling nightingales, a fountain suddenly springing from a cool grotto appearing where had only been trellised walls, discovering nymphs, tritons blowing through their horns, and sea-monsters braying in tune. All these delights appeared before the enchanted audience; and then, to the sound of soft music, Von Plauen's Muse was disclosed amid dark laurels, and came forward to crown the poet. The whole performance was a surprise to Lisa. She had been requested only to appear draped amid the trees, and sing what Von Plauen had sent her. She had thought it only the Intendant's unnecessary pedantry that had made him elaborate every detail of her dress and gesture in the rehearsal, which she went through as quickly and indifferently as possible. When the evening came, she was in her place before the other performers, and then below, in the garden, saw the wonderful spectacle Von Plauen had prepared; and when she herself came forward with the laurel crown in her hand,

found that she was crowning him amid the applause of all. Faustina was there, and Hasse, and with them the great chevalier. Von Plauen looked round to introduce Lisa to him, but she was gone.

In great anger she returned home, praying that she might not have many such sacrifices to make for the sake of Josquin's success.

It was the morning after that he came happily to tell her of his meeting with the Chevalier Gluck. He knew nothing of the performance at Count von Plauen's, only that Lisa was going there the day before. He found her somewhat dishevelled, but her golden hair made sunshine in the room; and if she seemed to him nervous and excited, was it not with the effort she had been making for his sake the night before? The two friends were no longer boy and girl together, affording to quarrel, taking lightly the little rubs of life. Those who live by art—the quick, impressionable ones—live quickly; and both, still so young, seemed to have reached the time when emotions are a strong tide below the surface. Josquin had not lost the old radiance, but he was less impetuous, more reticent. He was often grave now. And she had changed in a different way; her childhood had been spent in dreams; life's realities seemed to bring her an irritability which was the cost of her earnest way of looking at things. She was restless; and though Josquin felt more and more the nobility and dignity of her character, her stormy moods were oppressive to him sometimes, and with the greatest difficulty he controlled himself. Coming now to her, full of the bright impression left by his meeting with the chevalier, he would have liked to reproduce the impression for her when he told her of Hasse's kind promise, Faustina's praise, Gluck's judgment coming in a day or two, and of the chevalier's charm and greatness. But she was strangely excited, asked questions before he had time to tell his story; and at last, when he told her about Gluck, seemed only to seize the idea

that Josquin had better try and bring out his work in Vienna, under the great composer's patronage.

"Lisa, have we worked so long together without your knowing what a different thing that would be for me? Without you to sing in my opera, how much it would lose! Besides, now that the Capellmeister promises to help me. . . ."

She did not seem to hear what he was saying, only sat gazing sadly before her, as if she followed a weary train of ideas. He spoke again, only with an impatient wish to change the subject.

"You were last night at Count von Plauen's. What took place there?"

She started, for he seemed to be reading what she was thinking, and she dreaded his guessing any of her forebodings.

"Yes, Josquin, I sang there. Was it not natural that he should engage me for his Cantata? Why do you ask? What have you been hearing about it?"

"Nothing at all; I only knew you were going. Faustina said something about it yesterday, and I did not like to hear her say that *you* could do anything you pleased for my success. Forgive me, dearest sister, but I would rather not have heard of your being there from Faustina."

Lisa rose; tears, the first he had ever seen her shed, were in her eyes. She strove to hide them, but suddenly burst out: "Ah! Josquin, you do not know the sting of an older woman's words: you should not have spoken thus."

"What have I said? forgive me!" he exclaimed. "Lisa, dearest sister, you are over-tired; you are doing too much."

He had himself become pale. An extreme sensibility cannot support any manifestation of agitation in another, and Josquin soon left her to Regenfurth's care; and for some days he almost shrank from seeing her again.

During those days he waited patiently for further news from Hasse, but he feared to hope too much. At last he received a summons from the Capellmeister, to hear good news. The Chevalier Gluck had returned the score of the opera, speaking in words, golden to Josquin, of his pleasure in the good work ; adding to the kindest criticism a few marks of his own pen, carefully crossing the MS., and expressing his conviction that the pupil would add to the master's glory, for he had an uncommon genius. Here, then, was a giant's praise to buoy up Josquin's hopes, and new encouragement : for he sent a kind message, hoping that he should see the young composer in Vienna, where he would be glad at any time to help him on. Hasse was greatly delighted. He made Josquin leave his score with him, that he might present it at his discretion to the Hof-Intendant.

All joyfully Josquin was returning to the Klosterhaus, and making straight for Lisa's door. In seeking her at once, he did not even remember the slight shadow that had come between him and her when they had spoken of Von Plauen, and his mind rested in happy satisfaction never further from the disagreeable thoughts that generally greeted him at the porter's door—landlords, relatives, doctors, Hof-Intendants—when, coming past the lodge, he was accosted by the inevitable porter, pouring out in one breath : “ M. Dorioz ! M. Dorioz ! it is no use your looking up to heaven as you pass my door. Speak I must, by order of the Herr Propriétaire, who this very day was here to order the change in your domicile, that I have been obliged to warn you of. M. Dorioz, listen ; it is no use for you to pretend you are in a hurry. I have something very important to tell you. Who do you think was here at the very time to save your apartment ? None other than the lady who came in the smart coach you see at the door ; she asked me questions about you, called you her nephew, and actually paid your rent for the last quarter. Ah !

M. Dorioz, I thought you would listen. See, her coach is still at the door ! ”

“ Called me her nephew ? My aunt ? Why, block-head, didn’t you say I was out ? ”

“ I did, M. Dorioz, but she said she would wait. Besides, when she has paid your rent ! But it isn’t the end of my story. Who do you think was here, calling on the Fräulein Vaara, at the time of the arrival of your respected aunt. . . . ”

Josquin raged ; he would listen no more. “ Hold your stupid gossip ! If the lady has chosen to wait, you are a fool for letting any one in in my absence. Now,” he said, “ she can wait longer.”

“ M. Dorioz, hear me ! ” said the porter ; but he was gone. He was determined, whatever the mystery was, first to have his happy minute in pouring into Lisa’s ear the words of Gluck’s letter ; and he sprang across the court, and rang the tinkling bell at her door. The next moment it was opened brusquely, and Josquin was nearly overturned by a man hastily passing out, pulling his hat over his eyes. Josquin recognized the Count von Plauen. What did it mean, his pale face, the angry look he threw on the young man ? “ Canaille ! ” he said to his face, and he was gone.

“ Oh, cruel fate ! ” Josquin exclaimed to himself ; for in a moment it seemed to flash on him that this hatred of the man he depended on, was—jealousy. But he had passed into the ante-chamber—a sort of courier-servant waited there. He opened the door of Lisa’s apartment—there was a strong smell of patchouli pervading it. O prodigy ! Opposite Lisa, reclining in her usual corner, her face speaking awful tragedies, sat upright in her chair an old lady in elegant morning costume ; her hair straining up to meet the high head-dress that had been fashionable twenty years before, her eyebrows arching, her slim foot pointing—it was his Aunt Brigitta, looking like a point of exclamation before her tragic hostess. Heavens ! what could the two women

have been saying to each other, Josquin thought, hardly able to keep himself from exploding, for all his bewilderment of the last few minutes ; but he bowed low, not forgetting manners, and said, " My aunt ! this is a surprise."

" Do I speak to my nephew ?" the old lady said, rising with an alacrity which spoke her intense relief at the interruption of her *tête-à-tête*. " This my naughty, naughty nephew ?" and she astonished Josquin by embracing him playfully on the cheek.

But this playfulness was in truth a sort of armor, that the poor lady buckled on in the embarrassing situation in which she was placed. She had come, as the reader knows, expecting from Cécile's letter to find the prodigal nephew repentant in a garret, ready in the hour of poverty to return to the right paths. The porter, acting upon this sentiment, had already managed to secure his rent immediately ; but already the good lady had begun to be undeceived. Lisa had so completely taken away her breath, that she was greatly relieved by Josquin's appearance and manner ; and having come against the prejudice of her sister, she wished not to be triumphed over by them, but to return with the scapegrace, whatever his frame of mind. She therefore began in a conciliating way :

" I do not wonder, my nephew, that you are surprised to see me. Eleven years you have let pass without giving your family any encouragement to pity you ; but I have waited patiently, you see, and am here at the hour of your sore need."

" My good aunt, I have just heard of your generosity ; but I assure you that I stand in no need. . . . I must repay you when . . ."

" No, no ; a little bird told me of your wants, and on my way from the baths of Teplitz I determined to come and see for myself—indeed, Josquin, all the ladies seem to *raffoler* of you. Cécile von Lichtenberg is full of your misfortunes ; and this lady here, from whom I came to hear about you . . ."

Josquin's aunt drew herself up concentrated and frigid as she turned to Lisa. With one glance at the latter, he determined to carry off his aunt. Lisa was pale and terrible, and he could bear this conversation no longer in her presence.

"Will you not let me conduct you to my room, my aunt? We shall talk better there than here; pray take my arm."

The old lady seemed nothing loath to depart, and Josquin handed her down with a politeness worthy of some courtly ancestor. Between the dismay at his heart, and this pyramid of millinery on his arm, and the slippery stairs, the manœuvre did him credit, especially as the curiosity of the inhabitants added to his perplexities. Old Ida the singer, brushing her only evening silk on the landing behind her door, peeped out with a leer; while Anchio, the young painter, who was coming upstairs with a frothing pot of beer for his model's lunch, called her on to the landing to see one of Dorioz's aristocratic relations. Josquin could feel the poor lady's thin arm tremble as she swept up her skirts, while passing the grinning lady in the turban of a Sybil.

"My good aunt, how unfortunate that I should have nothing prepared for you. . . . Mind the step before the door. . . . Ah! I warned you too late. I hope your train has not suffered. Get out, you impudent fool!" This Josquin exclaimed to the wag Anchio, who slyly pinched his leg as he turned the corner of the staircase.

"Do you not think it were better, my aunt, for us to have our conversation at your house at once? I fear my apartment is not ready for a visitor. Let me put you into your coach."

Poor Fräulein von Gasparein was only too thankful to enter her respectable coach; and having descended the stairs again, jumped in as if she had been a girl of seventeen.

"Will you wait one moment till I follow you?"

Josquin said; and he dashed up to his own room, and looked at himself in the glass. His *jabot* was soiled; he hastily put on another. He changed his coat, and adjusted his pigtail. "I will refuse all charity, and must not look the pauper I am," he said to himself.

"Oh, Cécile! Cécile! this too, then, you have not spared me!"

Then he sprang down again without heeding old Ida, who stood mysteriously beckoning him in to ask questions; and jumped into the coach, which rolled out of the Kloster-haus yard.

Lisa heard it go with relief as she sat on, with her head sunk on her bosom, the look of anger and fear only intensified on her face, the sight of which had made Josquin carry off his aunt in order to spare her any further strain. This was what had taken place: That morning Regenfurth had been laid up with a cold, and Lisa was preparing warm drinks, and taking care of her with the overpowering zeal which she showed when doing anything for those she loved, when Count von Plauen had come. It was the hour when she usually saw people on business from the theatre, almost the only time that he could get admitted; to find her alone, therefore, was an agreeable surprise. This man of the world felt strangely at his ease by Lisa's peaceful little fireside. At the theatre, when she sang, she seemed to have a magnetic power for him; but when he came to find the simple and grave, almost childlike woman, in her own home, her beauty fascinated him even more; and he was all the more jealous of the feeling, because he knew it was the best he had ever known. He shut his eyes to her coldness, as he now sat on, waiting only a word from her to declare all his passion to her.

An hour had passed thus, and Lisa had already become weary with the effort of keeping the Hof-Intendant at his usual distance—it was always her hope that she should be able to prevent him from coming to any formal declaration—when the entrance of Fräulein von

Gasperein interrupted their *tête-à-tête*. Von Plauen, mortified at Lisa's manner to him, had seemed determined to await her departure. The old lady entered unconsciously upon the pair, shedding a delicate perfume all round her as she sat down, posing herself to impress the distinguished stranger with the idea of the benevolence and condescension which had brought her to visit the young singer, and of her own distinction and respectability.

"Could the Fräulein Vaara give her particulars about her nephew Josquin Dorioz, whom she believed to be in distressing circumstances, owing to his own wilful folly? She understood that the Fräulein had seen him continually since he first came to Dresden, and was indeed his greatest friend."

Lisa did not see Von Plauen's face darken at these words. She did not immediately calculate the danger there was in them for Josquin; she only sat gazing at his aunt, wondering what his horror would be at her coming, and how she could best spare him her importunity. Meanwhile the poor lady's curiosity began to be somewhat tempered by alarm as she found herself seated opposite the girl whose great eyes looked out upon her from under their stormy brows, while she received her *propos* with an awful silence. Her questions became more and more incoherent. What was the time of day that she was most likely to find her nephew? Might he not at that moment be seeking his aunts in the town? Was it not true, then, that he longed to have an opportunity of returning to his family? He had found out his folly in following the musical profession? He was ruined and despairing?

When in reply to all these questions Lisa more and more warmly assured the aunt that her nephew was never more absorbed in his profession, never less anxious to be disturbed in it; that he was always at home now, working, when he was not busy at his profession, as at that moment with the Capellmeister;

that his uneasy circumstances were not likely to last—with every fresh disappointing answer Fräulein von Gasparein got more and more excited.

"What, was this the truth? Then she had misplaced her charity. She repented her generosity in having paid Josquin's rent; the porter should keep the money for himself. She should have nothing more to do with her abandoned nephew."

"Oh yes," said Lisa, forgetting all caution; "help him with your world's goods; he has little of that; but do not expect him to give up his profession for it. If you knew how hard he works, what a life of self-sacrifice he has led, you would wish to help him; you would have your reward in the performance of a duty. He has been a sort of brother to me; his success is very dear to me!"

"Brother, indeed!" the old lady exclaimed, losing all her composure. "Ah, I cannot be the dupe of your assurances. I see it all now; the falsehood of them, the truth of Cécile's appeal. It is *you*, young lady, who have kept our nephew from us all these years; it is now because he is entangled in *your* meshes that he does not come to seek us; and though starving and ready to leave you, he yet is kept back by your machinations! Ah, indeed, this devotion to his profession; now it is clear what it means! O sir," she said, turning with the air of making a pathetic appeal to Von Plauen, "imagine my distress and that of my distinguished family. We have a dear nephew, who for years has given us no sign, has left an honorable career for the life of a mere Bohemian. We had found it useless, as long as he was successful, to try and bring him back to us. Now that he has brought himself to destitution by his dissipation, I believe him to be willing to throw himself upon us. I fly to his aid; this lady tells me that he is prosperous, that he is still wedded to his profession, what am I to infer? . . . can you advise me?"

"My good lady," Von Plauen said, rising, quite pale, but with a cruel smile on his lips, "my advice to you is to give help of a substantial kind to your nephew, while you can, if you do not want him to perish with hunger or to live on the kindness of those whom he is fortunate enough to number among his friends. . . . I have good reason for telling you that I do not think it probable that he will be ever in a better position than he is now, though I believe, while throwing himself on your bounty, he yet hopes to achieve success in his profession."

Then he departed, meeting the unlucky Josquin, as we have seen, upon the staircase; and before Lisa and Fräulein von Gasperein had time to exchange another word, the young man had come in.

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CHAPTER XVII.

A GOOD-BY.

So Josquin had guessed rightly the meaning of Von Plauen's sudden movement of passion towards him that morning, and as he drove away by the side of his aunt, he had gloomy reflections enough to make him absent, while the lady talked unconscious of his abstraction. Fräulein von Gasperein was romantic and vague. She was also very much afraid of her elder sister; and though she felt that she ought to be sounding the depths of her nephew's mind with the phrases she had made beforehand, calculated to impress his softened heart, she could only find expressions of astonishment at the unconventional manner and appearance of his chosen friend. "My poor boy! Your father, I know, always had a predilection for singers—even dancers—but *this* woman, with her *farouche* air, her strange figure, *absolument sans cerceau*," she said, sorrowfully shaking her head, "makes me think that even in your tastes for the fair sex you young men of the present are sadly degenerate."

Josquin thought it wise to turn the conversation to the baths of Saxony, which his aunts had been visiting, and soon they drove up to the door of the Gasthaus. As he followed her up the steps, he cursed his folly for having run into this purgatory. But he was under a debt of gratitude for his paid rent. It was better to be polite for half an hour, and have done. His aunt said they returned to Vienna in a fortnight.

But within that time they would assist at Cécile's

wedding. Josquin hardly realized to himself how he longed to have news of her.

Just before entering the house Aunt Brigitta paused. She looked terribly perplexed. "My dear young man, you *are* sorry not to have been with us all this while? You *will* try to please my sisters? They are less indulgent than I But come, come, you are charming." She then pulled Josquin winningly by the sleeve, and they entered the apartment the ladies occupied.

It was a white panelled room, the ceiling heavily decorated with arabesques. Between the long dreary windows hung a high green-colored glass. The tall candlesticks, ready on the table, looked conscious of being the best in the house; even the snuffers had that air of respectability that the properties of the best rooms in a family inn always possess. In the centre of the polished oaken floor sat Josquin's married aunt and Crescentia, in their usual afternoon composure. The latter looked just a little more faded. That was the only change he could see, and the pervading smell of *maréchale* and the long piece of work, of which each lady held an end in her tambour frame, brought a tired remembrance to his brain of fusty sprigs, that had begun to shoot in green and yellow floss silk in the Vienna drawing-room ten years before. Outside, the sun was shining in the gardens. There were divine pictures for who would look at them; music for who would listen; life was progressing; people thinking new things. Here the afternoon seemed to be shut out—life to have stopped. Dingy fustiness, complacency, and dulness—these things made Josquin shiver.

The ladies scanned their nephew with great surprise. What could be the idea formed in their mind of his career during the past ten years? I think, if you had taken away the mysterious horror of the unknown that veiled his profession, you would have found that it ranked with ideas of pick-pockets, hair-dressers, and

atheists. They had disapproved of Brigitta's rash project of seeking out herself the prodigal ; but now that they saw her successfully bring him back as they thought, to throw himself at their feet, they were quite thrown out of their count by the penitent's graceful mien and unsubdued manner. Agathe found his easy politeness quite out of place, but Crescentia glowed with a furtive pleasure at having her fingers kissed by this very remarkable-looking young man ; and Brigitta, restored after the vexations of the Kloster-haus episode, and more emboldened, said to herself, while she watched him making his bows, " But he is quite distinguished, he has quite the *bel air* ;" and altogether was radiant at the success of her own persuasive powers. The young musician stood up in the midst of this group, turning from one to the other with his quick, restless movements, to answer their questions.

" Yes, he had spent some months in Vienna, at the time they were away. He came back to Dresden because he found he worked best there. He had always lived in the same house ; it suited his means. He was not very well off, but looked for better days coming. His time was very much occupied ; four times a week he played in the orchestra." Here the ladies lifted their eyes to the ceiling, but proceeded severely with their interrogatory. And Josquin took delight in describing his artist's life to them ; how he hoped to have new popular concerts in the summer ; how he hoped to make a regular income by giving lessons and composing. His greatest friend, he said, was the young singer Lisa Vaara : his greatest delight his violin, which brought him a little money and many friends. Josquin answered all with perfect politeness ; but his Aunt Agathe at last left the questioning to be carried on by Crescentia, and, after sitting silent some minutes, spoke sternly :

" Brigitta, this is not the time for such trifling ; you have brought our nephew back to us on false pretences. The question is now whether Alexander, in seeking our

help, wishes to conform his life to right ideas, or whether he comes to throw himself upon us, taking advantage of your weak kindness? We have not been able to see him all these years because of the profession he has chosen; the question now is whether he is prepared to change it? If unsatisfactorily answered, he forfeits all claim on our notice."

"But, my dear, we must try indulgence. We must see what a little kindness . . ." Brigitta began feebly; but Josquin broke in with:

"Madam, I ask for no indulgence; I want no help. There has been some mistake, and you are romancing, my good aunt. Charles will have told you, long ago, how little idea I have of conforming my life to your notions. When I was in Vienna, on your own ground, I could not have come in this way to you; but here I am at home, and you are strangers, and I offer you my services. I could not let my aunt return alone, after kindly taking the trouble of coming to see me. In the world of my own choosing, madam, I have not unlearned good manners, and I trust that you will never find me wanting. I am here to wait upon you, but not to ask any favor."

Agathe only gazed sternly at the poor, offending Brigitta during this speech. Crescentia began to weep; but the conciliating aunt still tried to make the best of the situation, ready to argue that a little of her society might wean Josquin from the evil influences of Lisa.

"It was Cécile von Lichtenberg who deceived us about him, you know, Agathe. We thought his health was broken, his fortunes shattered; but we will allow him to be useful to us. To-morrow we wish to visit the Porcelain Gallery; he might accompany us."

"Yes, he will make our stay agreeable," said Crescentia brightening. "The day after we might visit the Tame Tortoises; after that . . ."

The light of the afternoon was getting grayer. The lines of the three faces bent upon him seemed to deepen.

"Heavens! when will this sickening comedy be over?" Josquin exclaimed inwardly in despair, when, through the door, suddenly he caught the sound of a voice speaking in the vestibule—high treble music that filled his soul with trouble—and in another minute Cécile entered, radiant in a hat and cloak carelessly thrown on; her voice and laugh coming showering into the room before her—it was a way she had when she was happy.

"My aunts, I have come for you all—all three, and will hear of no excuses. How are you all?" then suddenly perceiving Josquin, she drew in, but seemed to try and speak naturally. "Ah, M. Dorioz, I heard that you were ill; how are you? . . . So, my aunts, you have not lost much time in finding him out." It seemed to Josquin that while she spoke lightly her eyes fell upon him with pity, and the beautiful lips trembled. The aunts sat looking on very severely, for it was Cécile who had brought them into the embarrassing position with their nephew; but she continued: "I come from my uncle with invitations for the ball at the Brühl palace to-night. He says I am to take no excuses. The carriage is at the door, if you have any shopping to do, any toilettes to get, I can take you wherever you like; there is plenty of time."

This proposal put the ladies into such a flutter of excitement, that nothing else could be thought of at the moment. There was so much to be said, however, before the offer was accepted; and while they discussed the question in all its bearings, and Cécile argued and persuaded, and talked about horses waiting, best shops for purchasing, engagements for Monday, engagements for Sunday, with the three hard faces bent round her, Josquin contemplated her, and his heart was filled with bitterness. The women amongst whom she stood, beautiful and noble, seemed to him types of the narrow, poor life, to which hitherto he could never believe she really belonged; there was a terrible *likeness* to be traced between the features of the débonnaire and ego-

tistical Brigitta, and those of her niece—he seemed to see Cécile old, hard, absorbed in this life which she had chosen, which robbed her of life, robbed him of all sweetness in regretting—these were the dregs of his cup.

He was roused by the ladies rising to prepare for their drive. It seemed a happy opportunity for departing hastily, for they were far too much preoccupied to think of making any farther appointment; and Josquin took leave, merely bowing to Cécile, to whom he had not said a word. But he had not left the stairs of the house when he paused: an overwhelming emotion made him stop. An inexpressible longing came over him to say one word to Cécile in farewell, this last time he should ever see her as Cécile von Lichtenberg. She had done him a great wrong, only a minute ago his eyes had been opened to see her without illusion, but he felt that that could not be the end. As he had left the room, the ladies had been filing out of it—she would be alone. In a moment he dashed up the stairs, and telling the servant at the door that he had left his hat, he re-entered the room where Cécile waited alone. He went and stood up before her. He saw that she was frightened and troubled by his manner and his coming. "Only for a moment, Cécile, have I come to trouble you," he said. "Do you know that we have parted forever, and that we have not said good-by?"

"Auf wiedersehn!" she whispered, pale and moved, looking up almost imploringly to him. "Go, go quickly, auf wiedersehn!"

"No, it is good-by, and I *must* speak what is in my heart."

"Oh, why do you choose this moment? Why are you so stern? They told me that you were ill, poor . . . I wanted to help you. . . ."

He seized both her hands, and held them while he spoke. "Oh, Cécile, I have read pity in your eyes; I have seen that you think to give me pity instead of love,

and see! I lonely, poor, and shut out, have found the same in my heart for you. Yes, when you did not know it, I watched you. I have seen you smiling at the opera, I have seen you go by laughing—they all tell me you are happy; and in your eyes I read your scorn of all that I imagined once you needed for happiness; but I know you yet better than all others. I see you as you really are—in all your pride and beauty I see you poor and cold, my love—colder, more unhappy than I . . . even than I,” and the tears would come, and his voice was choked, so sudden and uncontrollable was his emotion. He felt that he was not master of himself. All his old tenderness for the woman whose hands he held came back to him, and she too, for the moment, seemed unable to resist.

“Ah, Josquin, you must forget—you must think it all a part of the dream. I am not really fitted for you. How could I have entered your life? I should only have impeded you!”

“No, Cécile, have I not confessed to you my love in moments when I have looked into your soul? I saw nothing there that would impede me, as you say. But that is all past. Only, now I pray you for one thing: in looking back on what has been, to remember that with me you were your real self—the self that you have been false to; oh, Cécile, be true to yourself, to me, in remembering.”

Then he went impetuously as he had come, and a minute after the three ladies entered, prepared for their drive, and found Cécile sitting as they had left her.

And not till late in the evening did Josquin return to the Kloster-haus, for in his uncontrollable excitement he felt that he could not come again to Lisa; and he sought the quiet avenues of the public gardens, and paced up and down, impelled by his feverish mood. It was not inspired wholly by his meeting with Cécile, or his anger against Von Plauen after his painful meeting; it was an undefined impatience with life, appear-

ing to him then in all its strange unfulfilment ; life with its infinite hopes held out to every new soul, and its dull limits ; its confused opportunities teaching to each its cruel contradiction. Then there came before him too that artificial life of the world, undoing what nature would do, causing half the contradiction.

Beethoven talks about the "world's rabble," in his outpourings to her for whom, in the world's biographies, a tender place is reserved—Bettine, who consoled Beethoven ; and every artist will understand Josquin's intolerance—for him, the world's rabble is the one outside his art.

Not till he returned home did Josquin recall the pleasantness of the first part of the day, and that he had not yet told Lisa of the letter from Gluck ; but now he felt it to be impossible. He could only guess, from Von Plauen's anger and Lisa's look, that some new offence had been given him ; and if the Hof-Intendant were offended, of what use would it be for her to know that Gluck had praised his music ?

He was right in guessing that Lisa also would rather be alone that evening. She too had been spending hours of misery ; but the one conclusion she could bring to her comfort was, that Josquin must never know anything of her dread about Von Plauen, and that from henceforth she must make up her mind to their paths being better separated.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHECK!

AFTER this, there followed a fortnight of suspense; for the opera on which concentrated now Josquin's hopes was in the hands of the Capellmeister to present to the Intendant, and there was nothing to be done but to await their answer. It was a time of supreme bitterness. Heine has said, "He who loves unhappily for the first time is a god;" and Josquin had tasted of this divine unhappiness when strung up to compose his opera he had felt the poetical side of pain. Now, he was left with all that belongs to the gloomy side of the artist's life; all the things that bring life down to its harshest resolution. The angel of consoling inspirations seemed to have fled; he had no courage left to begin new work; and when thus unoccupied the thought of Cécile would ever come back to him, accompanied by that vision of leanness and barrenness which had impressed itself on him during his visit to his aunts, which chilled belief, robbed life of all its sweetness. Every morning brought him nearer to hearing the fate of his opera; every morning to Cécile's marriage bells.

Lisa told him not a word of her interview with Von Plauen, nor did he let her know of their encounter on the staircase after it; but each knew the other's dread; and Lisa dared not buoy up his hopes. The Capellmeister was the most cheerful, and Josquin sought him often; Faustina was full of sympathy; and not only she, but other humble friends, observed him with affection-

ate concern. One day that he entered his restaurant, contrary to his usual habit, at its most crowded dinner-time, the remarks that were made upon his appearance did not escape him; many of his professional acquaintances were seated at the small tables, but he went to one at the end of the room alone. Here, however, he did not escape the open gaze of Colophonius, Bleikopf, and the young Swiss flute player, Tötli, who, between cheerful friendliness and voracity, were making their meal hideous.

"Good Gad! look at Dorioz! what a scarecrow!" said Colophonius, the violoncellist.

"By Jove, it spoils one's appetite to look at him!" said Bleikopf.

"Oh, that is what we come to when we live only with the companionship of tragedy queens. They say," Colophonius went on, "that the Vaara has the very devil of a temper at times, and he calls her his sister."

"I can well believe in that temper," said Tötli, feebly; "at the last rehearsal my flute was a little sharp, and she glowered upon me like a tiger."

At the opposite end of the room, where the company was more distinguished, Anchio Schmidt was dining with Ferrimpetto, first trombone of the opera, and Peissner, who had composed more than one libretto for the Sassone himself. Here the fumes of tobacco were less thick, and each table had its bottle with long neck. Anchio had that very evening been treating his friend to a description of Josquin Dorioz' progress down the staircase of his house, with his fashionable aunt on his arm, when our hero appeared.

"This high life does not seem to agree with him, poor devil," said Peissner, observing Josquin drop wearily into his seat, and order his soup and common bottle of wine. "No, this won't do," said the painter; "I have never known Dorioz proud, for all his aristocratic acquaintance; he must be very much down not to want to be cheered by us. We never see his face now, and he

used to be such a capital dog at a kneip. Let's ask him to join us now—"

But Ferrimpetto, the stout man, prevented him and looked serious. "Poor fellow, he wants rest; don't worry him. I tell you what: it is his play as well as his work that is wearing him out. His work is in one world, his play in quite another; and it is killing work to keep pace with both. I knew the struggle once when Mrs. Ferrimpetto came to the rescue—ah! what do I not owe that angel! This poor boy we shan't have long amongst us," and leaning over the table, he said: "The other day I observed him in the orchestra put his handkerchief to his mouth after coughing, and as he drew it away I watched him. I did not see what he saw—but only a sudden paleness on his face, as if he had received a touch of a certain cold, skin-and-bone gentleman on his shoulder." Ferrimpetto was a stout bass, much given to trope and metaphor, but after speaking he cleared his throat energetically and then ordered the girl who waited on them to refill and exchange the decanter of the gentleman who dined alone with wine of a superior bottle.

The girl obeyed with a pleasant smile, and when Josquin found out the change, she pretended ignorance; but after the three men had gone out, she told him with such kindly sympathy in her blue eyes, that his heart felt soft, and he would have liked to press the child's brown hand to his lips, and tell her some of his heart's heaviness. He had overheard some of Ferrimpetto's words. "All composers nowadays spit blood," Anchio had said, but the other had shaken his head.

Was that to be then the end of all his disappointments, his dreads, his ecstatic hopes? Josquin asked as he left the café, but he felt a strange quiet and unconcern. The soft air of the early spring, the pleasant, lengthening light, the good wine he had drunk, made his blood run more kindly than it had done all day; and, as with pulses tranquillized he walked slowly towards home, he began

recalling books that he had read, that had before made him wonder about death, and curiously enough he recalled the German translation of Phædo, long ago given him by Paradies at the villa, though he had not thought of it since. He remembered his delight at the expression, *the soul is a harmony*; and also his sympathy with the disciples of Socrates when the master smilingly suspects them of fearing death, lest "when the soul leaves the body, the wind may rudely blow her, and scatter her away; and especially if a man should happen to die in windy weather, and not when the sky is calm." Josquin smiled now, and remembered that he too had always felt he should like to die under a calm.

He looked into the book when he came in. He had once asked Paradies to give it to him since the scholar could read it in the original. The gray-faced secretary had grumbled at parting with it, but had at last written Josquin's name in curling, feeble characters in it. The book opened at this passage, faintly marked in pencil: "In the course of my life I have had intimations that I should make music before I die. The dream came to me sometimes in one form, sometimes in another, but always saying the same words. 'Make and cultivate music,' said the dream." Long ago he had put the little pencil-mark before those words when Paradies had been complaining, and life had seemed empty at the villa; he had longed then to rise above Paradies, to find all happiness in working and achieving; now a great indifference took hold of him, and the peaceful thought of the great life of the old Greek, and of Gluck his master, and his own little life, in however infinitely small a degree, adding to and helping the great harmony of the world.

He fell asleep, still reading at his window; then suddenly woke chilled. His thought turned to Cécile once more, and he was troubled; and when he lay on his bed, his peace was gone; he tossed from one wild dream to another—his reading, the words of Ferrimpetto,

Cécile, all mixed in confusion in his brain. At last it seemed to him that he could bear his restlessness no longer. He rose and went out to seek the house where Cécile lay that night—the last before her marriage day. He thought he took his violin and went along the moonlit streets, as on that day when he and Lisa sang the serenade for Faustina. He wanted to sing it to Cécile, but the white and black gables were all so like each other, he could not find the house. He sought Cécile's window in vain, and then he tried to sing, and play his serenade and its accompaniment at once. He could not sing, his voice was harsh and hoarse; his fingers were numb, he could not play. He wept bitterly, and shrieked out at last in horrible discords. Suddenly a figure came behind, and began to put in the bass; and the serenade and its accompaniment came to him again, and Josquin sang, not daring to turn and see whose was the shadow. He waited till it was over, then he saw that it was Death,—the horrible image of the Italian's words. With a shriek he awoke, and spent out the night in misery.

The next morning the sun rose cloudless on Cécile von Gasparein's wedding morning. But what have we to do with it, since she has passed out of our musician's life? And what is the wedding to us, with its sunshine, and its organ peals, and solemn mass, and beautiful bride in the glory of brocade and pearls, stepping down the Hof Kirche steps, at the head of the procession which has long since tripped into Hades? We can think only of him who sits still in his lonely room, too miserable to rise up: a few only wondered not to see him there, and he had indeed intended to be present. He had felt that it would be best for him to go, that he could not be made more unhappy than he was; and then, that very morning, another blow had fallen, and he now lay on his bed bewildered, stunned, vacantly staring above. By his side lay the large MS. score, returned by the Direction of the Opera; and there too

a letter—it was in so delicate a handwriting, and on such dainty paper, that it was difficult for Josquin, before he opened it, to be prepared for its contents. It was from Faustina, who wrote in a passion. Hasse never touched pen and ink. The Capellmeister had had the score returned him with excuses from the Sur-intendant of the Opera. He had sent it, and pressed it again without telling Josquin, finding the excuses unreasonable; it had again come back with a final and arbitrary refusal. It was clear, Faustina wrote, that Von Plauen was at the bottom of it, that he hated her husband, and attacked him through his pupil's works; Josquin must leave Dresden—they must all go. Would he not come at once to her, that she might show him how she loved and appreciated him—all the more for the cruelty of others?

When Josquin tried to get up at once and answer this, he could find nothing, everything in his room seemed to have changed its place. His head was dizzy, and he found it useless to attempt to walk across the room. At last, with failing sight, he traced a few lines:

“Dear Meisterin,—A sight of you would indeed be good for these sore eyes this morning, but I must put off coming . . . a cold . . . a bad night . . . something has made me faint and weak. This is a cruel blow, but we must wait. *In the course of my life I have always had intimations that I should make music before I die* . . .
JOSQUIN.”

When Faustina received this letter, the tears came into her eyes; she questioned the porter's wife who brought it, and when the woman declared that she believed M. Dorioz to be very ill, though he had said that he wanted nothing, the angelic lady said she must go at once; she called for her shawl, her chair, her small medicine chest—and soon after arrived at the Kloster-

haus. It was the hour when even the first floor's scales were hushed by the hour of dinner; its steam arose from the inhabitants' kitchen mingled with the mould of the courtyard garden, and the noseless statue seemed to melt in the warm noon sunshine when the once adored Faustina Hasse came up the worn steps for the first time. Some time ago, another lady had also ascended them, thinking to show compassion to the young man of the second floor; but how different had been the reception given her by the inhabitants. Faustina never did anything alone, it was her peculiar gift to enlist sympathy, not only with herself but with the people in whom she was interested. And now the porter was able to pour out to his will, about his interesting lodger, and Herr Oput of the Institute, who was passing out, was seized and made to tell how he had heard the young man's cry in the night; and Anchio himself coming down to see what was going on, found himself politely offering his arm to escort the old lady up the stairs. They ascended to Josquin's room in a little procession, but at the door she thanked them all and entered alone. The sight of the room touched her: its poor furniture, its small treasure of books and music, its dressing-table and glass that might have belonged to a dandy dresser in its order and refinement, covered with relics of happy days; on the bed, where Josquin lay almost unconscious, was the MS. score, and her own note crumpled beside it. Life seemed to be there in a figure with its little vanities and soothing charms, and art, best of all charmers, and sacrifice resolving the mysterious problem of suffering.

Faustina went up to the bed, and from that hour took Josquin under her care; for finding that he was very ill, she had him removed to her own house, and herself gave him the best nursing through the fever that had attacked him. Dr. Ivanhoff too worked to save him, and for days Faustina watched. As she held the young fingers which had often given her such delight,

and listened to his wanderings, her heart went out to him, for she understood all his life. And when at last her care had brought him through, and the long hours of convalescence began, she found him so sympathetic that she could not bear to part with him, and obtained from the Capellmeister that she should carry off her patient at once to the place where they intended to spend the summer, while he (Hasse) waited till the opera season was over to follow with Lisa.


The whole was the scheme of the magnificent Doctor, who himself had found for his friends an Enchanted Island far away from the scenes of their now discordant life, where his patient would get health and Faustina and her husband rest through the summer months. Travelling along in that magic travelling-carriage of his through the pine-covered mountains of Bohemia, he had first come upon the retreat he obtained for them—an island castle rising out of an emerald lake deeply embosomed in the mournful green of pines; such a feast of reposeful color to the eye, such a dream of romance to the imagination, that when he described it to Faustina, and told her that through the kindness of an august friend the castle was at her disposal, she accepted without asking her husband, and left the work of persuading him to follow her to Lisa.

And so Josquin, coming back to life to realize disappointment and failure, to find one fair page of his life ended, yet was greeted by pity, tenderest friendship, and hope that there might be yet an unwritten page for him to fulfil; and the kind-hearted reader, I fear, will now sympathize with him less as he travels away with his delightful companion and nurse, who makes the long hours short with stories from her wonderful past, and will bestow it on Lisa remaining on lonely in the hot city to fulfil her engagement till the time came for her to follow with her master.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DOCTOR'S MANŒUVRES.

It was not Faustina who had thought to include Lisa in the summer scheme. The good Samaritan who had rescued Josquin on the highway, had acted like the Levite towards this other poor wounded heart, as we all must sometimes in a world where the strongest sympathies are the most limited. Faustina could not even guess the desolation that Josquin's absence made in Lisa's life, all the bitterness and self-reproach that had been adding to her anxiety for him. But from Ivanhoff had come the suggestion that she should accompany the Capellmeister. *He* had recognized Lisa for his neighbor the first time that he had met her at the foot of the staircase, the day that Faustina summoned him to the Kloster-haus to see Josquin. He was struck by, and afterwards could not forget, the tall figure, waiting disconsolate, the longing look he had met in her eyes when she asked for news; and often after, when Josquin had been removed, he would come out of his way to the Kloster-haus to give the best report he could of her friend to the young singer, and would sit with her, cheering her with the sense of his strength and large, quick sympathy. During these visits Lisa would sometimes, in her loneliness, feel inclined to open all her heart to the Doctor, and tell him of the shadow that fell across her path and Josquin's, from the fatal inclination she had inspired in the Hof-Intendant; but then she would shrink from any confession, knowing little of the world, and still trusting that the cause of Von



Plauen's prejudice against Josquin was unknown to all his friends. The Doctor also remained silent, but she gradually understood that he knew all, and would be prompt to help if called upon.

At last the day came when he could tell her that Josquin was safe, and then the Doctor looked into her face and said to himself: "Of what use is it to come to a woman and tell her that the man she loves is quite well, when but one thing would satisfy her, to hear that he loves and is asking for her?" But he only pressed her hand, and told her that they must all go away for the summer months, to recover together from illness and anxiety.

"And can you promise him years of strength and health? What will best save him, Doctor, for the future?" she asked.

"A little happiness, my dear," Ivanhoff answered. "That is the best prescription I can give."

A cloud came over Lisa's face, and for a moment she was silent; then she spoke earnestly: "Doctor, do you think that at Warsaw I should meet with a good reception? Hasse says that I must put off my journey to England and to Italy for a year or two yet, but I am desirous only of leaving Dresden. I *cannot* work with the present Intendant; and can you give me advice about Poland?"

"Yes, I think you would be sure of success at the Polish capital, and I think Hasse must not be afraid of letting you go to London or to Naples; but for the present, if you talk about leaving Dresden, I shall not give you any advice, and cease to come and see you altogether. When I have brought you such good news of Josquin's recovery, when all is so prospering with you, to talk of leaving us is ungrateful. Josquin, poor boy, he has had success enough here in his playing, and all musicians must go through some disappointment; and as for the Intendant, leave him to me. I have a little scheme for him, which will put you both out of

his head." All this he said lightly, and then, taking her hands, he added half to himself: "And you think that *happiness* for Josquin might mean you leaving Dresden? Vous êtes la plus belle âme que je connaisse."

Lisa clung to the idea of the "scheme" that Ivanhoff had in his mind for Von Plauen; but, in truth, the sanguine Doctor had got only a vague notion in his head; *marriage* was the cure that he saw for the Intendant's passion. The Doctor hoped that he might be distracted, and that once calmed down in new bonds, he would let the affairs of the opera go their own way as before. He trusted himself also, as Von Plauen's most ancient adviser and confidant, to be able to bring about some desirable union, which would be the means of restoring peace to his friends at the Kloster-haus.

He said nothing more, therefore, to Lisa, but determined to speak to Von Plauen before he left Dresden. The latter, he knew, had redoubled his attentions in the last month to the Vaara; for some weeks after his first declaration to her, he had seemed to draw back, mortally offended, but at the end of that short time, he had suddenly appeared to forget what had passed, and continued to show his devotion in the most marked manner. But the complete infatuation and blindness of the man was only revealed to the Doctor in the conversation that followed his suggestion of marriage. They were sitting in the verandah outside the Count's house, where he delighted to fancy himself a sort of Eastern prince. They both smoked with large chibouks, brought to them with coffee after dinner; for though the Russian could scarcely restrain a smile as he mingled the fumes of tobacco with the solemn Intendant, he was far too cosmopolitan not to be able to suit himself at once to his whims.

Von Plauen began to draw the conversation to Lisa to discover from the Doctor where she was going to spend the summer. Ivanhoff, however, avoided any

betrayal, and persistently admired the delicate colors and combinations of the Count's furniture.

"It is all perfect," he suddenly said; "but it seems to me that your palace is only too complete: your existence the same, *mon cher*. I want to see a little disorder put into it all. What shall I say? A modern work-basket there among those Chinese cabinets; the painted toy of a child; a second will. The perfect unity that I have seen reign in your house for so many years falls upon me."

"And so you are going to join the chorus of my friends who tell me that I ought to marry. And who would you have me marry? Too much unity? want of another will? Why, my dear fellow, I have not had a moment's peace with the Colonna since I put up those yellow curtains, because she said they were unbecoming to the complexion! Want of nature and children's toys? You reproach me with this, when the other day, because I allowed that minx Lara to come up and to play with my cat, she drew down my finest bit of crackle. I am out of all patience with the women, and you would have me encumber myself with a wife in high heels and a hoop."

"There it is," said the Doctor; "man's ideas of a wife in these days; but you know that is not my meaning. I want to see a bright intelligence here; a calm mind and a good heart."

"Oh yes," he said, "*mon docteur*, and I should be sent to bed at nine o'clock, and you will attend the whole family through measles and whooping-cough, and inoculate all the babies after bringing them into the world."

"Pooh!" said the Doctor, "there are many charming women of a suitable age who would make your house perfect: domestic and agreeable."

"Why, my dear Doctor, do you think that if I thought it possible to marry I should have waited till they have grown old and graceless? at my age shall I

hang a wife's family round my neck? No!" he added, after a pause during which both men watched the curling wreaths of smoke with more interest than ever; "I see something in what you say; a man who has spent his life in the search of the beautiful ought to take a partner to crown his efforts, but then it must be the high ideal. I have for some time made up my mind that there is but one woman in Dresden whom I could marry without loss of self-respect, or loss of liberty—and that is Elisabetha Vaara."

The Doctor could not have been more astonished if Von Plauen had told him that it was his intention to retire into a cloister. He had no idea that he could carry his attentions so far, and that he should contemplate a love-match were so completely outside his calculations that he could find no answer, and the other went on in his languid way: "Upon my honor, Doctor, I am in earnest. With her, at least, marriage would not sink me down into a bourgeois calm, or hamper me with new conventionalities of life. I understand her now, but once I feared that for all her pride, she was not more honest than any other woman in Dresden; a certain young priest who knows her well has told me much of her life and reassured me. There is little separating her from me; that little shall soon be overcome. I can imagine her lying here in her queenly fashion. Of course she must give up the stage, and though she is attached to it, I think there will not be too much difficulty; I offer her liberty, position, my devotion. Can't you imagine her here and at Teplitz? . . . Yes, I think I should live a good deal at Teplitz. I shall surround the goddess with all that can make her happy; my nightingale shall be longed for by the herd here, and there, all to myself, I shall enjoy her wild strains. Nature and Art are combined in her perfectly; with her I shall possess both. Occasionally others of our choice shall be allowed to enter the charmed gardens, such as you, *mon docteur*."

The Doctor thought it wiser not to lose his serenity, but in his inmost heart he hated the idea that this pedantic dilettante wished to ally to himself the pure soul of Elisabetha.

"Well, you have always taken us by surprise, you know; but I should have thought that in some person of your own position you would have made a better choice."

"It shall never be said that I needed rank to adorn my marriage-sacrifice . . . after all it is a sacrifice."

"But do you think you will ever persuade her to give up the stage? Do you think you will gain her love?" the Doctor said, unable to bear any longer this display of Von Plauen's vanity.

"My dear fellow, she must be touched by my disinterestedness. I should have no difficulty at all but for one obstacle coming between us. I trusted to have got him out of the way long ago—that ambitious fiddler, Josquin Dorioz."

"Ah, poor fellow!" the Doctor exclaimed, with presence of mind.

"Yes, he is one of those whimsical music-writers," Von Plauen went on, "whom all the women rave about, because of a certain unhealthiness and sensibility. Thinks his music original, because he eschews a few conventional restraints of composition. Well, he must get it performed somewhere else but in Dresden!"

"Ah, my dear Count, and so you think that *he* cares for the Vaara, and she for him. Such is life! Instead of this, which I grant you would have been the right and proper thing, he has gone hopelessly in love with a young lady far above him in rank, and for Lisa he has the most platonic friendship. Poor fellow! you have not much to fear from him, I assure you, Count. I have been nursing him through an illness which is the beginning, I fear, of a sad ending."

"What did you say about platonic friendship? Ah! he is just the fellow for that sort of thing. I have

seen a good deal of these affairs, Doctor, and I know them to be the most fatal to all other love interests. Has not he been a good deal with the Capellmeisterin?"

"Yes; she nursed him through this illness with a mother's love—only thanks to her care . . ."

"Really that Faustina is too eccentric!" interrupted Von Plauen. "I believe it is to spite me she takes up the boy. I never saw anything in him. Did you say he was not likely to get over this?"

The Doctor shook his head. "His mother died of consumption. His own life is against him; for I do assure you, Count, that all his life is centred in his music, and disappointment will do the work quickly for him; *then*, I think you are less likely to win the good graces of Lisa Vaara, whose interest in his work, I grant you, is very great."

"Pity the sorrows of an unfortunate art-patron and Court Intendant! Every raving boy, whose first work you refuse, comes and dies on your door-step; and the women look askance at you. But my first duty is to the Court. I can't take this work; it would never answer."

"You are prejudiced. Surely the music has great merit. I do not speak from my own opinion only, I have heard it praised by many good judges. The composer is so well known by his playing."

"The worst of it is, that when we have allowed one opera to be brought out, we are certain to have a series."

"He must make haste, poor boy," said the Doctor seriously, "if he wants to finish another work." Then he said nothing more, for Von Plauen seemed to consider.

This conversation took place quite at the end of the season, for the Doctor was just about to leave the town. Von Plauen knew nothing of Lisa's approaching departure, for Ivanhoff had reconciled it with his conscience

to allow him to believe that she was going to remain on in Dresden. He rose to go, on the plea of an engagement; for he did not wish to say anything further, and thought that he had sufficiently hinted to the Intendant, that his best chance with Lisa was in showing kindness to her friend, and that he had little to fear from the young composer as a rival.

"And where is your Excellency off to, and when?" he asked as he said good-by.

The Count looked up with an air of fierce determination. "I remain," he said. "What place should attract me, in my present mood, but this one?"

The Doctor could not help laughing to himself as he left the house at this "mood" of Von Plauen's; but, nevertheless, it did not make him feel inclined to trifle with Lisa's matters, and he went immediately to Hasse, and urged him to take her to stay with him in the Altmarkt, where Faustina's absence left him very drearily, until the time when, to Von Plauen's surprise, she would leave Dresden with him for the Castle.

CHAPTER XX.

THE UNSEEN HAND.

UP to the last moment before her departure, Lisa, who counted the days to joining Josquin in Bohemia, feared that the Capellmeister might refuse to leave Dresden; and when once they were started on the road, very different was this journey from that of the pair who had gone before—Josquin and his fascinating companion of sixty. Lisa blindly travelled through the varied scenery with eyes only impatiently desiring her friend, and Hasse, always miserable on a journey, swathed in flannels, with a night-cap over his ears, went over all his grievances from the worries and disputes of the past season to the folly of the Doctor for sending him along such bad roads, so that Lisa felt that he might turn back at any moment. Faustina had written, enchanted with the romantic castle. She had been met there by friends from Venice and Vienna. Her patient was comfortable and progressing. Everything was suited to the needs of an invalid; and she was all impatience for her husband's arrival.

But a bitter surprise was in store for the Capellmeister and Lisa, worn out at their journey's end with joltings and discussions; the sight of the ferry-boat and the lake was the last drop in his cup. He who always crossed a bridge with his eyes shut saw himself cut off from everything by this piece of water, and he stood in despair on the shore. The party already assembled on the terrace watched Lisa, grave as usual, urging and entreating the Capellmeister to trust himself to the

small ferry-boat to cross the lake, that separated them by some two hundred yards from their friends.

His wife in vain called out a welcome.

"Faustina, what new fantastic idea is this of yours?" he roared back. "It is a wonder I find you safe!"

"My dear angel, it is a paradise. Come only to try it!"

"But I am no angel, Faustina, and I have no wings to reach your paradise!"

"Wait till you see my beloved friend. Your supper is waiting . . . your rooms ready." At last, after much more recrimination, the Capellmeister was safely landed in his wife's embrace, and Lisa met Josquin's bright greeting, and was satisfied. The two Italian friends from Venice were introduced. An excellent supper was prepared in the old hall for the travellers; and the evening was spent by the little party in a deep window overlooking the lake, from whence they watched the light fading on the hill-tops, and the moon rising behind the fringe of pines, and stealing over the ghostly blue landscape. Josquin produced a zither, with which he had been amusing himself since he came, and played them some characteristic melodies on the little instrument, the use of which seems to be a second nature with the inhabitants of dreamy pine-countries. They all listened amused, till the Capellmeister had fallen fast asleep; Faustina became engrossed in conversation with her friends; and then Lisa was alone with Josquin for the first time since much had happened. There was so much to be said, but somehow they were not unrestrained as usual.

"What color did the lake seem to you when you arrived, Lisa."

"I don't remember; blue, I think."

"That is what we thought to begin with. To-morrow it will seem to you greenish-blue, the third day, bright green."

"I am sure it will always seem to me blue."

"What did you think of X——, that you passed on the road five miles from here?"

"I do not remember just now having seen it."

"It was very remarkable. I think you have not the spirit of travel, Lisa, nor the eyes for blues and greens. Let us ask the Capellmeisterin the color of the lake?"

"Josquin!" she said, "we have not seen each other for months, years—how long is it? Have we nothing but the color of the lake to talk about?"

He held out his hand. "Yes, dear sister, I am so glad you have come; let us talk; it is ages since we did."

"I have not the spirit of travel," she said, "for it seems to me we have been conveyed here in a dream to a land of dreams."

"Yes, from the world where we are awake—we are fast asleep here," he answered, a little bitterly.

"But it is divinely peaceful," she said. "What a place to forget vexations in! It is impossible to realize the hot existence beyond these pines from this perfect rest."

"Ah, Lisa, I shall soon have enough of rest; do you know that I long to be back in Dresden?" He looked towards Faustina. She was leaning out of the window talking expressively in their own tongue to the Italians, and he went on, "You know of all her angelic kindness; it was delicious here for a fortnight, and I would not for worlds say anything to her of my discontent; but to you I can grumble."

He looked up at Lisa with the old confidence; it was a true expression for brother's love—to her he could grumble.

"But you will return to Dresden when you have gained strength; only rest will give you that."

"You see, Lisa, we must each judge for ourselves what is the best rest for our minds; I have been convalescent six weeks, and the Meisterin scarcely lets me

play. I have ideas for a new symphony, and I am obliged to work at it in secret."

"No, Josquin, you are wrong to work; why not simply give yourself to the present moment of ease?"

"For the last six months I have had *no* present; my one idea has been to work for the future . . ."

"But," she urged, not knowing his meaning, "there will be time enough for work when . . ."

"The night comes when no man can work," he replied softly. "Look here: I am a selfish fellow always to talk of my affairs, but you have ever spoilt me. Ivanhoff says I must be quiet if I want to live; I don't care to live if I am to be quiet. My idea is now to go to Vienna and see what I can do there—we are half-way. I want you to sound Hasse as to the chance my opera would have there, and what he would think of the plan."

Lisa had understood his meaning now, and she could not reply. When she had first seen Josquin that day, she had thought him looking fresher and stronger than through the winter, and had rejoiced in the quiet and rest that had done so much for him; but now she understood that it was no real peace he had found, that one idea consumed him, that he panted after success for his work; for it, if not for himself, the fulness of life and the sympathy of men. Faustina she thought might be mistaken in keeping him thus from all the excitement of his art—a great interest might do everything for him.

But indeed Josquin seemed to have found all his new plans for work independently of Hasse's wishes and his wife's: he poured them out now to his silent confidante; his thoughts, he told her, turned entirely towards Vienna; he was going to write to Lichtenberg, to his cousin Charles—they might help his opera, and then the Chevalier Gluck might perhaps give strong aid. Of Dresden he must renounce all hope, and Faustina's Italian friends gave him little encouragement for the

Italian theatres, so where should he turn but to Vienna? But Josquin added, "Without you, dear sister, to sing in my opera, without being able to take a lead in it myself, how different it will be from what I dreamt! I wonder," he went on, seeming to follow a weary train of thought, "if Von Plauen ever really looked at poor Alcestis."

Lisa shivered; a shadow always seemed to fall between her and Josquin at the Intendant's name. "I myself," she said abruptly with her flushed cheek turned from him, "hope that I may not have another season in Dresden. Josquin, we will talk to Hasse about Vienna."

"Dear sister, you must not think of breaking up the only thing that seems like home to me by leaving Dresden. . . ." He was going to add more to comfort her, seeing that he had troubled her by mentioning Von Plauen, but Faustina came up, scolding herself for not having shut the windows, through which the moon streamed on the couple talking there, and Hasse, who calmly slept. He was conveyed still half-asleep to the room which had been chosen for him, because it contained the alcove he was accustomed to, and there he enjoyed his usual game of picquet with Lisa before settling for the night.

In spite of the sad impression her conversation of the night before made upon her at the moment, Lisa awoke the next morning with a sense of freedom and quiet; and the days that followed were full of happiness for her. Faustina had established perfect regularity in the life of the castle, and imposed her will on all (with one exception), happy to acquiesce in arrangements for their comfort and amusement. The Capellmeister never stirred beyond the terrace, but friends came to visit him all the way from Vienna and Italy; and he began to forget his vexations in talking of old glorious days. And Lisa, though she may not have had the true enjoyment of scenery, felt at ease in the

wild mountain-country; the perfect freedom; her solitary rambles through the woods, where she would sometimes pour forth her voice when nobody could hear, and then, falling silent, listen to the quickened sound of distant waterfalls, the rustling of pines overhead, and all Nature's music brawling on in grand disdain of human interruption—her renewed intercourse with Josquin, all made these days some of the happiest of her life. It was good for her poor, hungry heart to be taken into confidence at once by her friend; and what wonder if Lisa felt a naïve satisfaction in opposing Faustina's views, and if her hopes turned to Vienna with new buoyancy? There no shadows fell, as in Dresden, of fear, mistrust, and oppression.

Faustina, however, urged wisely that her patient should not yet think of ambition. Josquin's present mood was sad; but she dreaded yet more for him that weary time of suspense. He must wait awhile, and not give up hope of seeing his opera in Dresden. Hasse, of course, was averse to his pupil's bringing it out elsewhere. Ivanhoff wrote mysteriously that he yet hoped great things from a change in the Sur-intendant's mind. Josquin was to bide his time.

But in spite of all, the composer seemed impelled by devouring impatience to send his work to Vienna. He wrote to Charles, to Lichtenberg, to the Ritter Gluck; inaction seemed terrible to him, and to Lisa alone he told why. She clung eagerly to the plan of going to Vienna, seeing in it the saving of Josquin's hopes, the saving of her own peace; she felt despairingly that while she remained in Dresden Josquin had a powerful enemy. And so Josquin sent his opera, and once more counted the days to receiving the answer from the authorities at the theatre.

Meanwhile the *poet* of our story, the metamorphized Paradies, whose sinister figure so often comes like his own shadow over Josquin's path, was following the

fate of their joint work with no less anxiety and ambition than the musician. We have seen how he had worked his way to Von Plauen's ear with reassuring whispers about the relations between Josquin and Lisa; he had since got himself a place as secretary to the Surintendant, who had been charmed by his discreet and impassive mien; and who little suspected in the machine-like abbé the composer of the libretto of Josquin's despised "*Alcestris*."

Elisabetha, however, did not approve of spyings and whisperings, even if they were in Josquin's interest; and about this time, when the opera was sent to Vienna, she was loath even that Josquin should let him know of the move. However, he wrote, and the answer that came at once made Josquin laugh; but Elisabetha burst forth indignantly.

"Dear friends!" Paradies wrote, "with great joy in my cruel prison-house I received the news that our *joint* work is on its way to fame in Vienna. But, dear friends, our position is very dangerous. I tremble to think yet of a fall 'twixt two stools! Were it not better to wait? His Excellency only wants to make us feel his power; his passion grows daily—his jealousy of us. Ah! if he knew my share in the work on which he is resolved to show his power. But he despises me; he treats me like a worm—but I digress. He now only seeks to keep us in suspense; what if he should discover that the *great work* has gone to Vienna, that it may be brought out there in spite of him, that we carry off the Fräulein Vaara!—there will be danger. But he shall not know. He smokes opium, dear friends, by the hour; he dreams away the time till the Fräulein should return. . . He shall know nothing about our scheme, or I am not your devoted

"PARADIES."

"What does the poor devil mean?" said Josquin, after reading this composition. "I should like to know what power this man has in Vienna!" But Lisa

seemed to suffer from gloomy forebodings for days after reading Paradies' words.

Our poor friends lived now their real life in the rare letters that reached them, but the hostess who had chosen this green isle for them loved not to see them absorbed, and Josquin did his best to make up to his sympathizing friends for all they went through on his account: he took to his violin again, and left the zither to a little boatman, to whom he taught his own melodies; sometimes he used to arrange little entertainments in the great hall, in which Lisa sang and the Italian friends acted their own tragedies. But he was concealing the impatience and longing for life which devoured him. Sometimes when Faustina would come and insist upon his taking rest, he would sink into his corner by the great window, and looking out into the eternal stillness of the pine-woods exclaim to himself: "Rest, rest; why do they give me the one thing I most dread?"

Once in the week the little ferry-boat would come across with letters from over the mountains, and Josquin lived for these letters in this retreat which had been chosen for him, and he felt that the little boat linked him to life. One day he watched it approaching with beating heart; it must bring him *some* news from Vienna, he thought. The little fisherman held up two letters, one with Lichtenberg's great seal. "See, Lisa! just what I hoped for," he exclaims; but why does Lisa's heart sink at seeing Paradies' handwriting on the other?

The Count's letter gave her almost certain hope of Josquin's success. The Capellmeister had seen his opera, all was going well for its acceptance, Charles von Gasparein was full of interest, His Excellency himself had spoken for Josquin; they must wait patiently for a week, and then he hoped that Josquin might be summoned to Vienna.

Josquin read this and looked round with a smile: he was thinking that the mountains seemed suddenly to

lose their oppressive coldness, that the clouds sailed faster, the colors of the trees were less mournful, the cataract roared joyfully—life, life! lay yet beyond for him. He looked at Lisa—she saw nothing of the new glory—she was holding out Paradies' letter, which she had opened, with a pale face.

"What can the poor devil say to scare you, Lisa?" and he read hastily:

"Dear friends,—The danger has come, and it is through some carelessness of yours! Who is Brigitta von Gasparein? She writes to His Excellency—she talks of Josquin as her nephew—she knows all about his opera—she looks upon the musical profession as a disgrace—she calls Von Plauen to the help of her family. Dear friends, I hope all will yet be well, but *I* put my trust in no aunts—our common work must not suffer from yours. Von Plauen eats opium still . . . let us trust, let us trust."

"Why do you listen to the railings of this idiot, Elisabetha? for once let us hope."

The days seemed weeks, the weeks years, to Josquin before the next ferry-boat brought a mail to the lonely castle. At last the day came when he opened the Vienna opera's large sealed paper—his opera was rejected without any explanation.

A short, warm note from Charles told all. The Von Gasparein family had got wind of Josquin's efforts to come before the Vienna public. They had been powerless to oppose his opera, but Brigitta's intimation to Von Plauen had brought him to Vienna. From the time of his arrival the authorities had changed their tone. Charles hinted at bribes—it was a pitiful story, and the young fashionable's light soul seemed to have been pierced by the thought of his friend's disappointment. He could not forgive his people for their cruel interference. He wanted to escape, and could not Josquin let him carry him away to Italy?

But after this new, startling check to all his hopes,

Josquin seemed to have no energy left but for his opera. "In Italy, it has no chance," he said. "Where Count Von Plauen is, there is no hope for me. I must go to Berlin."

"But in time you will get known at Venice," Faustina urged. "You will get rest and pleasure there meanwhile. . . ."

"The time is too short—I think I have just enough left to see Alcestitis live in Germany; but I cannot go back to Dresden."

The refusal had depressed Hasse, because he looked upon it as a personal affront; Faustina, of course, was furious, and Lisa, full of dark forebodings, could see nothing but a cruel fate making her the obstacle to her friend's success, in this new refusal of his opera.

There was one person, however, who did not see any cause for despair in the new disappointment at Vienna. This was Dr. Ivanhoff, who had carried away hope from that conversation of three months before; in which the Intendant had revealed to him all his passion, and in which the Doctor had tried to turn his jealousy of the young composer into pity. Ivanhoff did not know what new mood influenced the capricious Intendant, but he thought he saw a meaning in his interference with the opera at Vienna. Von Plauen might wish to keep Josquin's work under his own patronage, in order that he might use it to win Elisabetha's gratitude and favor.

Of his hopes, however, he did not speak to Josquin when he wrote. His kind letter contained only a scolding. Why had he gone against his advice? Had he not told him to remain faithful to his Dresden vocation in spite of disappointment? To Lisa he wrote with tender interest, to the Capellmeister of Von Plauen's increasing unpopularity, to Faustina with a spice of scandal. And their kind correspondent cheered the melancholy little party, and they each wrote him privately a little plan for leaving Dresden. With these letters in his pocket the Doctor went to Von Plauen.

"What news of the adorable Lisa?" the Intendant immediately asked, little suspecting that all his transaction at Vienna was known.

"Ah! what a sad summer she has spent, poor thing," Ivanhoff answered. "Faustina and Hasse are broken down. She is not only nursing them, but a worse invalid—poor Josquin Dorioz."

"And what have you to tell me about this *platonie* invalid? How does he thrive under all his nurses?"

"In Italy he might live some years, not in our climate. Do you know that the whole party talk of emigrating thither?"

"What do you mean by the whole party?" Von Plauen burst out; not the Vaara included?"

The Doctor shrugged his shoulders and said coldly: "*Que voulez-vous?*" Dresden has not smiled on her of late."

Ivanhoff said no more, but he felt that he had guessed rightly the reason of Von Plauen's interference in Vienna. A few days afterwards the Intendant showed him a letter he had written to the Kloster-haus to greet Josquin on his arrival. It was to announce to him that his opera was accepted upon consideration, and that it would be put into rehearsal immediately. Lisa was greeted with a garden of roses in her room.

CHAPTER XXI.

REJECTED.

"A LITTLE happiness" was what Dr. Ivanhoff had prescribed for his patient. It had come at last, and Josquin was restored to the life he had longed for so ardently;—he had little dreamt what a joyful return it would be. No longer did his life seem to fall short in cruel contradiction, for he tasted now verily of life in life, he experienced the fulfilment of human hope in one of its most perfect forms, the interpretation of his own creation. He came back to Dresden to find delightful work cut out for him, cheerful activity opening to him again, new excitement every day, in the bringing out of his work; all the morning there were singers, managers, scene-painters to be seen, in the evening a pleasant society to make much of him, old friends to greet him once more as their favorite musician, and he seemed to get new life from contact with life, and to rise above his weakness.

Charles arrived in Dresden shortly after Josquin, and came full of his wish to make up to his cousin for the cruel wrongs done by his family; but Josquin had no more need of Italy. He kept his cousin, and, as in the old days, exerted himself to make him known in his own world.

Meanwhile the rehearsals of "*Alcestis*," progressed, and every day Josquin experienced new, exquisite sensations; the first sound of the violins in his overture, which he had heard only in dreams, the delight of conducting his orchestra, the perfecting of the choruses;

one by one these pleasures became known to him : there remained but one new experience of this kind, the climax of the composer's satisfaction—he had not yet heard Lisa in the part he had composed for her.

There never was a composer so blest in his prima donna ; Lisa had been singing her very best since her return ; she had gained a wonderful power in this her third season in Dresden ; here was one who was mistress of her public, and understood the composer's meaning so well that, as musicians, there was but one soul between them ; here was a devotion and enthusiasm ready to be poured out in the performance of his work which many an older musician than Josquin would have envied. But though he knew this and was grateful, tender even to her, he did not realize all that Elisabetha was to him till the day of the first full rehearsal of his work.

The rehearsal was fixed to take place three weeks before the performance ; the days had passed quickly, and they had reached the new year. The choruses and minor scenes of Josquin's opera were in an advanced state, he had been patient and firm, as he could afford to be, through all difficulties, and the musicians for the most part loved him ; and though there were some jealousies, he had had misfortunes to soften the harsh criticism that usually pursues the successful. But it was the time when first the interest of the singers and performers begins to be tired by constant rehearsals, the first excitement is succeeded by flatness, and the appearance of the prima donna created a wonderful effect on the spirits of the artists, tired of the business-like repetitions. There in the shabby daylight theatre, Lisa appeared with her long, floating cloak simply clasped at the neck, and with the first outburst of her voice imparted new interest to band, chorus, and young leader. There was a great earnestness they could not but catch from her ; an *élan*, a fire, a life-giving spontaneity. The tenor was almost paralyzed at first by her vehem-

mence ; amid interruptions she showed a strange mixture of patience, and that "fierceness" of which poor Tötli complained. She would stop suddenly to silence two young musicians in the orchestra, and lectured the chief flute a good deal on the pitch of his instrument ; but when the composer spoke, however long his directions to the chorus or other singers, she listened with perfect forbearance, herself encouraging such interruptions, and going through the passages again of her own accord.

As the rehearsal went on, she threw herself more and more into the spirit of her part, and soon the other singers seemed to be carried up into the tragic spirit of the play, and rendered the music with precision and power. Who that had seen Josquin then would have recognized in him the traces of illness and languor ? Who would not have envied him as he led his band ? He was very quiet as a leader, but his face showed the excitement he felt, and his eyes were suffused with a happy radiance ; indeed he felt as though he swam on a buoyant sea after sluggish waters. Lisa's rendering of his *Alcestis* was all that he had imagined ; she seemed to say all that was possible, and sometimes to rise above what he had dreamt.

The whole scene would have interested a stranger ; it was watched with intense anxiety by a man from one of the dark boxes on a level with the pit ; he observed the conductor's face, but Josquin was unconscious of his presence. When the rehearsal was over, and the musicians were departing, he had a few last directions to give the chorus, but immediately hurried round to the foyer, which Lisa was just leaving with her faithful Regenfurth. He seized her hands. "Lisa, dearest sister, it was divinely sung ; how from henceforth can I serve you ?" She could not speak, but a light shone in her face ; Josquin then *felt* her beauty for the first time.

She could only give him a look and turn to go. At that moment she saw Count von Plauen, who had

come in, a minute before; he had watched the rehearsal, he had heard Josquin's words as he clasped Lisa's hands.

"Allow me to lead you to the door, madam, my carriage will take you home. You were superb to-day, Fräulein Vaara, and your friend M. Dorioz seems to thrive upon these rehearsals."

He said this as he passed out of Josquin's hearing, for Lisa, impelled by a sudden paralyzing fear, had taken his hand to accept his offer of his carriage; nor did the young man see the Intendant's face: it was quite pale and his eyes were passionate. Lisa looked up at the Count almost scared, as she said good-by; the light was all gone from her face, and she threw herself back in his carriage as it drove away, as though she did not wish to be seen in it.

But Josquin, still happy, went and flung himself down on a sofa near the fire-place of the foyer behind the theatre: the Intendant did not return that way, he could not face the young man, but surely Von Plauen's heart would have been softened had he seen his rival then. Josquin's face was pale with the excitement of conducting, but his eyes were lighted up with a happy radiance; his mind was still full of the impression of beauty and power that Lisa's acting had left, and with the perfect satisfaction of seeing his work accomplished came the thought of the loveliness of life with overpowering force; it was not her performance, not his own, which gave him such satisfaction, but the thought of her love and worth. Not any experience of life seemed to him to compare with what he had felt when he clasped Lisa's hands just then, and his heart felt thankful for the great sister-soul that had grown beside his own, that had guided him through the past, and now made, more than aught else, the future beautiful to him; in it he trusted to serve her more perfectly. Exhausted by such overpowering happiness, Josquin lay in the opera gallery.

Meanwhile Count von Plauen had gone straight to Ivanhoff.

"Doctor, how long do you give Josquin Dorioz to live?"

"What!" said the Doctor, affecting great anxiety, "do you come from the opera? is he worse? what has happened?"

"Worse indeed! I have just left him looking as strong and well as you or I. Doctor, you are mistaken quite about his strength, and about the state of things between him and—look here! he was squeezing the hands of the divine Lisa just now with a truly platonic fervor!"

The Doctor saw the Count's unusual excitement and need to be soothed.

"My dear friend, I can only rejoice at this account you give of my patient; as for his feeling for your beloved, you must not fear that it rivals yours. You must allow for the composer's *furor*, for the artist sympathy between them. Haven't you seen enough of these excitable and truly admirable beings not to be surprised at such outbursts?"

"But it was not common gratitude to her for singing so divinely in his music—and *how* she did sing! It was love, I tell you! O Heavens, that I had foreseen it all sooner! he will live to rob me of the reward of all the unselfishness I have shown him. I will tell you, Ivanhoff, for the past three months I cannot see her act without spending a sleepless night after it; my life has become regular through her influence, my passion for her has swallowed up all else. I am prepared for any sacrifice for her; and do you not think it is hard at my time of life, Doctor, to find myself impeded at every turn by a lad who owes everything to me? You have not judged well of his strength; he will live yet to prevent my carrying out any of my plans for life."

"If I have been mistaken in his powers, does that mean that you have no chance with Lisa? You must

have patience, dear Count; you are winning her respect and love by your kindness."

"No! for once, Ivanhoff, I think your counsel mistaken; if I wait, I may find myself bitterly taken in. I will ask for her love; if I cannot persuade her by my own love, at least she shall feel my power! Anyhow I will be out of suspense."

"But you risk to lose all by declaring yourself," the Doctor could only urge, but he could not say anything farther, for he saw that Von Plauen's irritation at the moment was too great to allow him to listen to anything.

"It will be the same three weeks hence—but after all I have good hope; remember that she does not yet suspect all that I wish to offer her—the knowledge may make her see me in my true light."

And he went, and the good Doctor could only trust that things would not change much though the Intendant might declare himself. That evening Von Plauen composed a letter—the formal proposal of marriage to Lisa. He had often imagined himself making the full declaration of his intentions to her, and now as he formed the flattering sentences that conveyed the expression of his honorable feelings, his ruffled temper was smoothed down, his morbid fears disappeared, and when he concluded, he felt so convinced of the honor he was conferring upon her, that he felt quite dazzled by the brilliancy of his offer, and he could scarcely realize how an hour before he had doubted its success.

It was Paradies to whom this note was confided. "You will deliver this yourself to the Fräulein Vaara; you will ask her permission to call in an hour for her reply; you will then go and find M. Dorioz, question him closely about the rehearsal that took place to-day, and you will give me an account of the impression it seems to have made upon him. Return to me then with the answer to my note," and as the confidential

secretary received the magnificent billet, he did not betray under his pale eyelashes the faintest trace of interest, though he thrilled to think what were the contents of the letter, and longed to know what had happened at the rehearsal.

When he arrived at the Kloster-haus, Josquin was in Lisa's room: she was singing, he resting in an arm-chair. Poor Paradies! it was a hard fate that made him the instrument of his friends' tormentor: he felt a pang at the sight of his friends' peaceful fireside—it was a feeling of mixed jealousy and pity, and he knew instinctively that they looked upon his entrance as an ill omen. And yet was he not important to them, had he not done well for them so far, however much they might hate the by-paths and steady ways he took to secure their common interests? He delivered his master's note formally to Lisa, and then fell on Josquin neck. "Dear friend, we will leave the Fräulein Vaara to answer her billet. I would have a few words with you in your room. . . ."

"Why, Paradies!" Josquin was saying, "don't wear such a pale face. My dear boy, why weren't you there to-day, to see your Alcestis in her first rehearsal? it was glorious—confound all your cautiousness and these notes you bring. We are all safe, Paradies!"

"Hush! hush!" Paradies said, quite terrified; "my beloveds, I am your tender friend; take my advice and be cautious. Dorioz, I must speak with you and Fräulein Vaara. I implore you show the greatest caution—the supreme moment is at hand; come, lead me to your apartment," he said, dragging Josquin by the arm. He felt that he must be able to tell his master that they had conversed in any other place but Lisa's sitting-room—that Josquin must know nothing of the contents of Von Plauen's letter to her. They left the room together.

Lisa was flushing over the first glance at the unhappy note, when Paradies' head was put in again: "Dear friend, do nothing rash—it is a great moment for cau-

tion. We depend upon you. Thank God I am in a position to warn you!"

A thrill of horror ran through Lisa after he had disappeared. Paradies seemed to add to the note of which he was the bearer, all the sinister meaning that she strove not to give to it. She had read at the first glance Von Plauen's words calmly; she had flushed only with the scorn which a woman is privileged to feel towards the man who has been too infatuated to recognize the hopelessness of his importunity—for one instant she felt almost grateful to Von Plauen for giving her the opportunity for explaining herself; her whole soul longed to pour itself out in one frank, full refusal, to crush honestly once for all the obstinate hopes built on so little—to have done with "caution," friendliness, and the cruel necessity for conciliation. This had been her first impulse when she read his words; how easy, if she could have followed it, would have been her action. But Paradies added horror to her situation by showing its complication. His master's look of that afternoon; his words, "Your friend seems to thrive mightily well on these rehearsals"—spoken with such suppressed fury—came back to her; she felt that Paradies' words were only too much needed by her. Josquin's nobler soul, she knew, would have despised his mean reminder that they depended on her; it was not the less true, she had no right to act as though she had no one but herself to consider in the refusal of Von Plauen's hand. She strove to find words humble and conciliating to express it in. She was under a debt of gratitude to him—for what? an injustice withdrawn! Poor boon! She read again the vain composition before her, and all feelings disappeared but that of resentment against the man who so calmly proposed to her to give up her calling at his bidding, and she felt that there could be but one answer to his note. She wrote:

"Your Excellency,—I am grateful to you for the expression of your kind consideration. I am surprised that you do not know what my only answer to your letter can be. I can never give up my vocation to the stage, and therefore I can never be your wife. Do not think me ungrateful for the benefits you have shown me of late and always. It is a cruel fate that makes me more in your eyes than a humble singer, but I earnestly beg you to give up all thought of one whom you would find little answering to the illusions which make you look upon her as worthy of so great honor from you. Nothing that you can offer me can make me think for an instant of giving up my liberty and my Art.

"ELISABETHA VAARA."

This note did Lisa's forbearance great credit; she had torn up many copies before she could bring herself to the expression of such a calm refusal. Paradies called for it in an hour.

There was to be a second full rehearsal of the "Alcestis" two days following; that same afternoon a notice was put on the door of the theatre announcing that the performance of the opera was to be indefinitely postponed, and there was therefore no rehearsal. Thus had Count von Plauen taken to himself seven devils worse than the first, when he had received Lisa's answer to his note.

The musicians stood round the notice that evening before opera-time, asking each other what it could mean. Some said that the Intendant had not liked the music when he heard it done at the first rehearsal he attended, nor judged that it would suit the Court. He had had some sudden fancy that it would interfere with a work which he himself wished to bring out.

"Well, it is not a bad matter finished up," said Colophonius confidentially to his young friend Tötli, as they took their places in the orchestra. "Fearfully *anstrengend*, that music to play!"

"Yes, such scoring! But I think that I shall be able to make something of that flute air in society."

"Ah, poor fellow!" said Bleikopf, the tender-hearted. "I like his music well enough, and I believe Dresden would have gone mad over it. It is a sad blow—a bad affair."

And all watched with compassion the young composer taking his usual place in the orchestra. Josquin had received the cruel notice at his rooms that day from Paradies. As usual, the reticent secretary had received his orders with the dreamy composure which made him so trustworthy in his master's eyes. How astonished would the latter have been had he heard the loud lamentations into which our author burst out, as he brought the composer the news of the sad end put to the performance of their common work! Paradies could not even refrain from exclaiming against Lisa, who left them thus hopeless when she was so powerful. In his agitation he trembled from head to foot. "You, Dorioz, have still your violin! I have no other hope for renown—fortune is so cruel to me. . . . See, Josquin, it is Elisabetha who must plead for us. Let me tell you my fears: her answer to the Intendant's note, which I carried the other day, has done the mischief . . . nay, hear me"—but, as once before, Paradies had appeared to Josquin as a warning against sentimental despair, so now did a sort of horror come over him; and he seemed to see in the brooding secretary the double of himself, and would not hear another word from him. He had felt dizzy and blind when he received the first shock of his disappointment. For a few minutes he was unable to take a step; but he soon cut Paradies short, and broke from him, rushing out he scarcely knew where. He suddenly remembered that he had to play in the orchestra very soon, and going into a café he ordered a bottle of wine, and drank tumbler after tumbler till the blood ran more kindly through his veins; then strengthened, he went into the theatre, and

played like mad, looking neither to the right nor to the left; and immediately afterwards went for comfort to the Capellmeisterin.

Faustina knew all. It was the greatest relief to her to see her beloved young friend bearing up against disappointment, though she could see what effort there was in his manner.

"Dear Meisterin," he said; "I have had cakes and ale all my life; I can put up better with disappointment now that I am stronger, only I *must* leave Dresden, and seek my fortune elsewhere."

Faustina vainly abused Von Plauen, and wondered what was the new cause of his cruelty. They neither of them knew of his formal proposal to Lisa, but when Faustina said a word implying that she was in fault, Josquin checked her.

"Poor Lisa! she will feel it more than I," and Faustina, as often before, now felt that she dare not say what she thought.

Nevertheless Josquin found it impossible to go that night and find Lisa; he could only leave a line at her door:

"Dearest Sister,—Don't grieve too much for me. My poor 'Alcestis' has caused you too much trouble already. *You* made it great—you might have made it live! . . .

"Still there is always friendship and sunshine and song left. Let us be always faithful to these, and to each other.

"Your JOSQUIN."

Sitting in her lonely room in pitiful distress Lisa received this note (happily it had not been one of her nights at the opera). She had many hours wept in sympathy with Josquin—she had wrung her hands in agonizing self-reproach; and then she had been making up her mind to the one effort it was clear to her she

must make, but which she again and again shrank from in hopelessness and horror.

The next morning she felt that she must go to Von Plauen himself, and implore the pity of the man she had just rejected scornfully. But Josquin's note brought her comfort and strength for her action. She kept it in her clasped hands all night, and it helped her to look forward with more calmness to the effort of the next day.

CHAPTER XXII.

JOSQUIN'S ADVOCATE.

THE next morning when Lisa came to his palace, Count von Plauen was sitting in his study in no enviable mood. Ever since he had given the cruel order for stopping the new opera he had been receiving remonstrances and petitions which only increased his irritation against the young composer. Lisa's letter had, as we have seen, rested her refusal of his hand upon her Art, which she could not give up; but he had persuaded himself that this objection might be removed, and the only real obstacle to his love was Josquin Dorioz.

That morning, the Doctor had come before he was up, to tell him that he was making a great mistake; the Capellmeister, coming to discuss the question of his pupil's opera, had remained to make a long scene over all his grievances, and he had just received a note on pink paper from a lady in the world to tell him that he did not know, perhaps, the circumstances which made the postponement of the young and interesting Mr. Dorioz's work a very great disappointment in all her circle where he was such a favorite. She went into harrowing details about his health, and finished up by saying, that she was sure the amiable Intendant would make concessions in favor of *her* young *protégé*. Even Paradies, the silent secretary, who, as we know, was not quite disinterested, surprised the master by making remonstrances when he gave him orders about the works to be performed instead of the luckless "*Alcestis*."

And, in the midst of all this opposition, the infatuated Intendant had begun to persuade himself that he was only performing his public duty in remaining firm about the opera which he had been forced to condemn.

He was replying to the note from the lady of the world, complacently giving this reason, when Lisa's arrival below was announced to him. Von Plauen started from his seat after the servant had gone to summon her. Was not her coming a proof of her devotion to the composer? Still, it gave him great delight that she had thus come of her own self; it was his moment of power.

If you had seen the "delicate-handed dilettante" then in the midst of the luxury of his palace, you would have wondered that this simple, earnest woman standing before him had inspired the great passion of his life. Von Plauen turned pale as she entered, for he felt that the power of that moment belonged to her, and his wilful tyranny shrank before her strength. She made him feel ashamed of his own wilfulness; and yet nothing but his action of yesterday would have brought her to-day—he did not regret it. This thought hardened him, and he said coldly, "This is an unexpected pleasure—a visit from the Fräulein Vaara is a favor I did not think to receive."

"Your Excellency, I have not come to confer any favor on you, only to implore one."

"That surprises me also, and pleases me not less. I take it as magnanimous of you, Fräulein Vaara, after sending the reply you did to my letter on Wednesday, to come and ask a favor of me on Friday, and I should be glad to have it in my power to help you."

Lisa winced at these words; but she strove not to show that her knees trembled, and to steady her voice. "Your Excellency will be generous and forgive me for thus coming, when I have so little claim on your consideration; but I have come because I had something special to say. Count von Plauen, you have acted

thoughtlessly in stopping Josquin Dorioz's opera. You do not know all the cruelty of your action ; and I come to show it to you, and to rouse your better impulses. Do you know all that you have done in disappointing his hopes ? ”

Von Plauen's lips were compressed, and his face pale with anger.

“ Yes, madam, you come because you think that, professionally, you have every right to make use of me, though on other ground you will not meet me. But you know that it is in my bureau that I discuss business, and I do not like to be harassed at home by such affairs.”

Lisa's face flushed with humiliation, for she felt herself in a false position. “ I am not a woman of the world, your Excellency ; I am not one of those ladies among whom your life has been passed, and I dare say I am not acting according to their rules by thus coming.”

He softened immediately.

“ And do you not think that this is what I have chosen in you ? do you not believe that I am sick of the conventional women I live amongst ? ” but she was even more afraid of his tenderness than his sarcasm, and went on hastily,

“ Forgive me, Count, I cannot listen to this. I pray you only let me say what I have come to say.

“ I think you did not know what you were doing yesterday when you stopped the opera of my poor friend ; you think, probably, it is a mere temporary disappointment you inflict, that in time you will make it up to him ; but I will tell you what you did : it was as if you plucked the pillow from under a dying man's head. Just listen—you have power, wealth, you have beauty all around you, and you have hundreds to love and be loved by ; you cannot imagine what it is to struggle, to have given up everything for music, to have no other delight ; and then, when even life seems to be failing, to concentrate all your hope in your work, in

its success ; to long to leave something behind to be remembered by. This is what his opera is to Josquin Dorioz ; it is his one ewe lamb, and you are like the rich man in the Bible, Count ; oh, restore his hope to him !—you might save his life—and think what that happiness would be to your life's end ! ”

“ My dear madam, it is not a question of charity ; I had good reasons for stopping the rehearsals of your friend's opera for the present. Perhaps next autumn he can renew them.”

Lisa was so importunate that he sought any loop-hole for appeasing her.

“ But this is the point I want to bring before your Excellency. Next year it may be too late, and then you cannot be free from remorse. Think impartially of his work ; do you in your heart doubt its genius ? do you not see its beauty ? I *know* that it is beautiful, and that it will give delight to many hundreds for many years, but if his success and his fame come too late for him to know, if he passed away without hearing his thought expressed, without feeling the sympathy of those who listen, and it was your fault !—would not the music that outlived him, even his tunes whistled in the street, pursue you with remorse ? Nay,” she went on, carried away by the image her own words brought up, “ would not his spirit seem to haunt you, hovering over you when called back by his own inspiration ? For you are very powerful, Count von Plauen, but beauty is stronger yet ; if not now, later it will overcome you.” She could go on no farther, for she dreaded the choking sobs that rose up in her throat. Von Plauen had been gazing at her, giving way to his passionate admiration for the whole woman, her massive, graceful form as she stood supplicating before him (for she had silently refused the seat he had offered her), the pure brow from which her bright hair rippled, the originality of her gestures—the great soul beseeching out of her gray eyes suffused through her fervor.

"Child," he said bitterly, "this lad has infatuated you with feelings that make you magnify all he does."

"No, no, it is no illusion," she said quickly: "he will become a favorite soon; *then* you would not have it said, your Excellency, that you hurried on his death."

"Hush!" he cried, "you don't know what you are talking about. I look upon this work with calm eyes; at first I was too much predisposed to judge well of it, afterwards I found I had been mistaken, and that it would never answer: you really must allow me to judge, to fulfil my office conscientiously."

"No, Count von Plauen!"—she saw that he had almost persuaded himself that this was true; she felt that she must look him honestly in the face, and for her friend's sake make him to see his own selfishness: "Three months ago did you not stop the opera in Vienna?" He started, for he had not thought that she knew this. "Last spring did you not unconditionally refuse it? but, your Excellency, you were not yourself in thus acting; I believe that you only act selfishly in ignorance of the suffering you cause—you have better impulses."

"Lisa!" he said, with a quick movement towards her, "speak to me like that, and I will hear you! Unhappy woman! you waste your sentiment on one who does not really care for you! your words are eloquent, your eyes, your beautiful lips speak while you plead for him! for him alone you have pity, for my suffering you have none; by your coldness you force me to seem harsh and selfish. O divine Lisa, to see your foot on this carpet, your beautiful presence in this chamber, has been my dream, and now you are here and you come of your own accord—this chamber is where I live most; my dark, solitary fancies fill it with your gloom; come and lighten it with your presence! If you are once my wife all the music of Dresden will be in your hands: you will move the hand that moves your friend's fate," he went on with gestures suitable to his flowery speech. "I shall

follow where you lead me ; you will learn to love me. . .” She had waited breathlessly to hear one word that would give her hope for Josquin ; he had forgotten her petition in this declaration of his love, and then her heart sank with terror and the shame of having listened thus far patiently.

“ Pray, your Excellency, spare me this—you said that I acted magnanimously in coming to ask a favor of you : treat me so too—only listen to my petition.”

He dropped her hands and drew back coldly again into himself.

“ So you have no thought or wish for anything but you friend’s success ? ”

“ Only give me that and I will thank you from the bottom of my heart.”

“ And if Dorioz should live to enjoy his success, you will live for him as you are serving him this day ? ”

“ Your Excellency is mistaken,” she answered, flushing angrily : “ he and I have been as brother and sister from childhood. I am acting to-day only as a sister to a dear, dying brother.”

“ And if I save his opera I shall win your love, Lisa ? ” he went on, only lowering his voice and looking more steadfastly at her.

She gave a slight shudder. She was going to speak resolutely, but Josquin’s image at the conductor’s desk came up before her, his radiant face—she faltered for his sake.

“ Who knows ? perhaps far off—but, Count Von Plauen, will you not, for the sake of his own youth, for the sake of beauty, for your own sake, alter your decision ? ”

“ Lisa, will you give me love for my love ? ” he said quite low, looking close into her face ; “ when I have gained that then shall your friend’s opera be performed. Listen ! ” he said louder, as she turned to leave the room : “ you feel that you can never give up your calling as a singer—even this sacrifice will I make to ob-

tain you as my wife. You shall remain faithful to your Art till you yourself renounce it. Will not this satisfy you that my devotion to you is real?"

Her eyes had been bent on the floor as he spoke; now she looked up with a sort of dull despair as if the spectre of her fate had come across her, the inevitable, first dimly appearing to her, but she could not say a word in answer; and as she passed through the door he held open for her, he whispered: "Remember that I am in earnest."

Regenfurth was waiting downstairs; leaning hard on her old arm the poor girl left the house. Her heart beat wildly, and she could only murmur to her patient companion as they reached the Kloster-haus,

"In vain, all in vain. Regenfurth, why did I go to him?"

"Because charity called you to do it, my love. Poor M. Dorioz! he needs all our help. This morning I took him the pairs of wool socks I have knitted for him—you see, when he is alone he gives way. He had on that long, gray coat which makes his face look so pale and his eyes so large. Ah! what a change in his step. God has left him only you."

Regenfurth could not have better reanimated Lisa's sinking courage than by this description of him whose burden she longed to bear.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A LAST TEA-PARTY.

THE lady who had written to Von Plauen urging her patronage in favor of Josquin's opera lived in a fashionable part of the town, and gave small æsthetic reunions where she and her chosen friends talked about the Soul to excellent Dr. Ivanhoff, the affections of the heart and their conjugal disappointments to the various philosophers, chiefly of the enclyopædic school who visited them, discussed music and poetry with senators, and every imaginable subject with their chosen musician, Josquin Dorioz.

About a month after the interruption of his rehearsals, when he had disappeared from among this agreeable society—Josquin had given up playing in the orchestra, and spite of all efforts not to be crushed by his disappointment, had gradually under its influence sunk into the life of an invalid—the doctor would bring him many messages and assurances of interest sent by kind inquirers from this amiable little world. One lady sent rare flowers, another some words for a song, the charming hostess herself an album, in which she begged he would write a few words. "My boy, you will have them all here soon to take care of you," said Ivanhoff. "I must tell them, however, that they will have to put off seeing you till next year, when you can play to them again. What about your departure to Naples?"

"Thank you, Doctor, for talking about next year, but I think it will be to see Naples and die. Charles urges my going with him; he is such a good fellow, and

I shall be able to work there; it will suit me well enough."

"That is well settled," the Doctor said cheerfully; "you must avoid our cold winds this spring, and come back to us in July. Meanwhile, will you not give me an adieu to these ladies? they won't let you go without leaving them some token."

"What *can* I do? writing in an album is such a poor substitute for playing them a tune. Look here, Doctor, there are so many who have been kind to me—if you will not let me go out at night, will you let me give a little entertainment here? we might polish up the boards for a dance."

"Oh, I do not sanction a dance, but if you wish to fiddle to them again, there is no reason why you should not invite a little party to come here."

"Yes, and Lisa will help the music; and with these festive flowers we can give an entertainment—the Capellmeisterin, too, it will please. They have all done so much for me. Before starting we will have a party."

Their departure to Naples was a scheme of Charles's, whose splendor was now of substantial good to his cousin.

Charles was charming. He was enjoying himself immensely in Dresden, but determined to leave all his fun to take Josquin to Italy, with the double hope of seeing him recover and successfully bring out his works. Josquin turned to him with relief, away from the dreary Paradies; and his presence animated him momentarily. With Lisa his tenderness and gentleness increased every day; but Lisa knew what he wanted to keep her ignorant of—the overwhelms of despondency to which he gave way when alone, the bitter regret with which he left the shadows of his old hopes. Regenfurth, who had made herself his nurse, and who used to go to him at all times, told her this; but she needed not to be told. The new works which he had eagerly begun a month before under the influence of his success, and

which he now did not seem to have inclination to finish, told her plainly of his despair; and she carried about with her a dull fear at her heart—the fear of facing an idea which, nevertheless, seemed every day to grow in terrible distinctness. At first she tried to keep hope, that in the end all would be well, and that Josquin would live to do without Von Plauen's interest; but for one week past she had ceased to hope. Everything seemed to be hurrying on to a quick end. Her friend was going away from her to Italy. Should she ever see him again?

But Lisa always did her best when with Josquin to prevent his thoughts from dwelling on himself, or the approaching departure, and the proposal of the musical party at his rooms delighted her. And not less interested was Regenfurth, when Josquin asked her to see to lemonade, wax-candles, and bäckerei, and zuckerei, at her discretion. Faustina with much difficulty was persuaded to come, for she had given up going out except to the opera. All the ladies from the other end of the town accepted graciously, excusing their husbands. Charles, of course, was to come, and one or two of Josquin's particular men friends, and Bleikopf, and Paradies, and Anchio were included at the end of the list.

On the evening of his party, Josquin was dressed with the old elegance. Regenfurth had pondered over every detail till she was quite incapable of deciding on anything, and ended by letting Josquin push about his own furniture, and arrange everything, in delight at the resolution he showed. Lisa, in her own way, concentrated herself upon the music. She showed only active interest to Josquin, but to her heart the preparations for the little feast seemed to have all the solemnity of a farewell, and this made her miserable. But they did not speak of his departure.

The lady who had sent the album arrived in a cloud of blue with telling little flaxen curls. She and all her

friends were charmed with the quaintness of the old Kloster-haus, which once more was astonished by the sight of painted chairs and liveries. Charles made himself agreeable, and the Doctor arrived; but Josquin's other friends were a little late, and the ladies talked in subdued whispers. Paradies stood dejected in the doorway, while Anchio and Bleikopf took refuge with Regenfurth and made "unendlich spass." Presently in came Faustina to warm them all with her beaming smile.

She said she was sixty that day, and wanted to hear what music sounded like on her sixtieth birthday; and they sang and played the serenade which Josquin had composed so many years before. When it was over she said, "That is the last serenade I shall have had given me; the first was in Venice, when the Capellmeister was my lover—it went so" she said, sitting down to the clavichord. "Every night Hasse came and sang it to me till the people next door listened, and put down our music, and published it, and there was an end to that serenading."

"What are they listening to?" asked Paradies, who had taken refuge in the inner room. "Hush! it is Faustina Hasse singing," answered Anchio. Quite soft and low she whispered to the rippling measure of her accompaniment; it was a mere trifle, but you had Venice all before you, the stilted young lover with his guitar, the gracious lady answering—she ended with a flute-like shake that made all open their eyes; they crowded round to thank her. "Ah, you should have lived ten years sooner, and I would have sung for you a great deal more," she said, pressing Josquin's hand.

Then he played them some of their old favorites of Bach and Veracini, and Lisa sang. Charles, who had been enchanted with Faustina, began to think the evening a little solemn, and tried to enliven the lady in blue, but in vain; Josquin's æsthetic little friend swam

in high raptures, but soon these were subdued ; a strange interest and sympathy seemed to bind together all assembled in the little room, and if they were silent, none desired anything than to listen to the lofty and stirring music that raised their hearts to all high and good thoughts. Then came the time for Regenfurth's refreshments ; with a charming grace the young host performed his duties, and afterwards Faustina asked him to play once more. If it would not be too much for him, she said, he must give them something of his own to carry away with them finally in their minds that night.

Lisa watched him from the dark corner where she had taken refuge to listen ; he stood up now to comply with Faustina's request. All the evening she had hungrily listened to the loved tones, the sound she loved best in the world, and her eyes were not satisfied with gazing at the features and form ever full of new fascination for her. As she looked at him now and listened, suddenly her whole soul was lifted up and carried along by a great flood of tenderness. Josquin had preluded for a while on his instrument, when he burst from uncertain indications into an air of passionate, pleading melody ; it was the same that had betrayed once to Lisa his love for Cécile, sounding on her in the night when he rushed back to the Kloster-haus to be consoled by his music ; once it had told her of his return to her, now it spoke of parting near at hand. He had introduced it in his overture, which she had never heard played. Josquin now seemed to be pouring out all his force, and each one who listened seemed to be moved by his passion ; he looked once towards Lisa, the hot tears were dropping on her cheeks, the sobs would rise up. But the playing ceased, and with the music the relief of tears stopped. And the time for departing had come ; the chairs were waiting to convey the guests through the silent streets to their homes, where they would take with them the remembrance of an evening spent as it were out of the world. All were saying "*Lebwohl*"

and "Auf's Wiedersehn," but Lisa heard that Josquin answered to all "Lebwohl," and her heart was oppressed almost by a physical weight of pain, and she escaped with Regenfurth unable to say a word of farewell.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ALCESTIS.

ALL that night Lisa did not cease to hear the air of the overture to Josquin's opera crying out with the sorrow at her heart, speaking the passionate tenderness of her love, her overwhelming dismay at parting. All was over; the end was incompleteness; with hopes all unfulfilled, he left the life they had shared, the place of his inspirations, in despair, without hope of returning! Then it seemed to her that the music she strove to shut out became a prayer, it pleaded, it reproached—was it all really over, was not there something left undone? All was confusion in her thoughts during the hours of the night, when the stillness of darkness added to the excitement of the brain; but when the morning came she felt that her thoughts must be shaped, that the question, which she had so long put aside, had once been asked and now must be answered. Could she not procure for Josquin the happiness of hearing his work before leaving, give him the assurance that his music was saved before he died? There was the idea clear before her that she shrank from realizing before, and she sat up suddenly on her bed facing the question with a strong impulse . . . at the price of making Josquin happy before he went, would it be difficult to marry the Hof-Intendant?

At that moment with such a great decision before her to make, strangely enough Lisa's course seemed to her only too plain; an idea had taken full possession of her, and she felt herself that she was bringing to it a suffi-

ciently calm mind, the love that filled her heart seemed to take away from her all power of reasoning.

It is told as a miracle of a gentle saint by his biographer that, for a space of years before his death he never drew a breath without a mental intention of love to God ; we, too, in the world have seen some such wonders of love and devotion working every day in hearts not frittered away by its distractions, one woman's absorption in her first-born, another's love for him who seems to her the best thing she knows—who shall say that such affection is illusion, infatuation, it seems the highest that life can offer man, whose true happiness is not pleasure, or knowledge, or power, but love and adoration, and when slaking life's daily thirst at such rills, he seems nearest to approach the very fount and source of love ? It was this sort of devotion that made Lisa's sacrifice seem only too easy to her. Hers was the simple nature, like a rare stone's that is cut with a plain surface, not in many facets reflecting the same thing in many ways, manifold and complex ; she was clear as crystal, broad and simple in her judgments. Now she knew only this : Josquin was dying, and with her, perhaps, it lay to prolong his life, at least to give him happiness before the end ; when he was gone would not this be her one comforting memory when life would have no satisfaction left, when her art, her success, would have become nothing to her ? His image would always be with her, as it was now, patient, sweet, animating all who came near him, still clinging to life, but, as she knew, sickening with despair, when only Regenfurth observed him.

And, oh ! was not she the cause of his failure and disappointment ? what perpetual reproach would haunt her if she let him go thus ! And she rose up with a sudden impulse . . . perhaps it would be too late ! Von Plauen might reject her sacrifice ; unbearable thought ! she must go at once, promise him faithfulness and constancy ; why

had she delayed so long when it was the one thing she could do for Josquin ?

But Lisa knew that so far she had put this thing from her as impossible, and now that she saw it so clearly as her duty she must not rush hastily into it ; thinking was pain, but she must force herself to look into the gloomy realities of the sacrifice that had so strange an allurements for her. It was not only her liberty, it was her art, her beloved daily work which she would have to give up to Von Plauen. She dressed herself and went out into the morning to gather her thoughts together, to see if there was no way of escape. That music in her ears pleads with her, and she must find out what was to be done.

The winter morning shone bright and clear. It was Sunday, and the bells rang all over the town ; the people smiled holiday, which had begun for them hours ago, for they had already had their coffee, and morning concert ; the faces of the little children were burnished as they looked up at the tall woman passing them by with grave looks and troubled eyes. She was contemplating a strange vision of marriage which came to her in garments of mourning and terrible pall. Marriage had never been to Lisa what it is to other girls ; it was indeed the purely conventional aspect that it always presented to her mind that made her think little now of Von Plauen's feelings ; she knew that she would fulfil her duty to him, save him from his life of egotism perhaps, conscientiously fulfil his bond. But even as she promised herself this, the dreariness of it all came over her, the contrast with the life to which she thought she had been called—to give up now her whole will to the man who did her such a great wrong, to exchange this for the vocation she had dreamt, to have no more a public to live for, her beloved art to serve, but one passion only to satisfy, one strong will to submit to. And she looked out on the world of sunshine, from the bridge, where, with the usual impulse to look over on the rush-

ing flood, she had stopped, and realizing the bitterness of the fate that made such havoc of her life, she could have cried out under her burden to One above to right His wearied, wicked world. Across the water the Hof-Kirche bells were clanging, they were calling the weary and heavy-laden, and bright, Sunday, holiday faces were obeying their summons; as an old woman passed with her book, Lisa instinctively followed, and entered the church, already filled with a crowd listening to the sermon before the Mass, and knelt and hid her face by the door.

The High Altar was being prepared while the preacher, a Benedictine monk, concluded his sermon. Lisa felt as though she had no need of a preacher; but the monk had the ordinary impassioned gesture and style of his order, and held his audience in thrall, and in the fervent tones there was something that reached her soul, as they wailed through the church; suddenly she heard the concluding words; like the rest of the sermon they breathed the spirit of the whole Catholic Church:

“Beloved, when we want to speak we must be silent; when we want to be alone we must seek mortification in the contrary tempers of others; when we want to be filled we must hunger and thirst; when we lust after life, and sensation, and knowledge, we must annihilate ourselves, and humiliate our vain intellects—so only in small things to learn the great things of life, the lesson, that turn where we will must be met with, that sooner or later each one must learn for himself. Renunciation! it is the law of life! it is written in letters of fire in God’s own heavens; it is expressed in groanings and travailings from all nature that appears so smiling; it is taught in the world for all its light-hearted scorn. Even there, sooner or later, it comes to each one in death and disease, and in the unstableness of life. It is the dread necessity of suffering which is the mystery of life! where shall we find the key to it? From every carven niche what do the saints cry out to

us? from blackened stakes and dark dungeons what is the martyrs' cry but Calvary! Calvary! and from our hearts comes the response, the cry of our crucified wills, the Calvary within us! Beloved! will you learn the lesson of renunciation where the saints have learnt it, or will you wait till to each in turn life will teach it in its cruel partings, its unsatisfactoriness, its inevitable death? There on the Altar prepared for its Lord's descent you will find the only solution to life's mystery! No sacrifice! no sacrament! Willing or unwilling, we must all renounce. Here alone is the sanctification of sacrifice! Now when you meet your Lord at His Altar, bow your head and will, resolve to live the life, and unite yourself to the mystery that has been ordained from the foundation of the world, and is now made manifest in Jesus Christ."

As he passionately spoke the words "No sacrifice, no sacrament!" he turned towards the altar where the lights shone in readiness. And now the organ raised devotion in many hearts; and as the solemn Kyrie was wafted along the nave, Lisa's conflict was merged into one great aspiration: all around her rose, and sat or knelt again with the different parts of the service, but she knelt on. For her was not yet the song of praise, for the conflict was not over; no epistle or lesson did she read, for the inner voice was strong. *Et incarnatus et homo factus est.* There was one poor soul in the church that day who felt the law of sacrifice one with her loving and humbled heart.

The Mass was ended, and the organ pealed out; the people departed with a great shuffling, and she stood outside with the same questions as before pressing on her; but the words of the monk seemed in their sternness to give the answer to them all. When she wanted to be silent she would be obliged to speak; when she would pray for sympathy she must hold her tongue; when she wanted to weep she would have to smile. Well, and if she did not voluntarily give herself to this

life of small sacrifice, did not necessity impose it upon her now when she was losing Josquin? Love gave her the impulse now; love would support her in carrying out the sacrifice, and even to him also who inflicted it upon her it would be turned to good account.

As Lisa returned towards home she saw clearer and clearer what lay before her to do; there was no time to be lost, and she must have done with conflict, and not shrink in her sacrifice. First, she must be as honest as she could with Von Plauen; she knew that her openness had never driven him back, and even for Josquin's sake now she must affect nothing with him she did not feel; she would show him that she was ready to renounce her profession in marrying him, and to submit her will to his for all her life. Then she would require of him a sacrifice in return; he must let her take her farewell to the stage in Josquin's opera, and immediately find a pretext for putting it into rehearsal again. It would be no small thing to ask for, but afterwards a life's docility would repay him!

Poor Elisabetha! she does well to resolve to act quickly; not to dwell in mistrust on her excitable nature, and impatient moods, so little fitted to the life of conventionality she will have to follow. She does well to turn for strength to the thought of happiness still remaining for her in the joy of giving his success to Josquin, of working for it, whilst once more singing for him. She needs to be strong in her purpose, for almost alone she must act it out; and how unheroic, how difficult is action! Alcestis, inspired by love, lays her tender body down by the side of her husband to wait for death; this poor Alcestis may not lie passive, though death itself would seem to her now welcome rest. She must return home at once, and looking round on all she has loved so long with the bitterness of farewell, take pen, ink, and paper with all fear of being too late to write to Count von Plauen that she is willing to be his wife.

CHAPTER XXV.

STARLIGHT.

ONCE more at the theatre—where should this history end better than at its door?—after the curtain has fallen, and when the lights are being extinguished, after the play. Josquin's opera has just been performed, and the true actors are now coming out under the stars which best illuminate their play, because it is human and divine, and has the world and its life for limits of time and space. Lisa's love has done its work, her strong purpose has wrought calmly all that she desired with the passion and perception of a strong impulse. Her bargain has been accepted a month before by Von Plauen, and all that Josquin knows of it is that by a sudden caprice the Hof-Intendant has altered his mind, and allowed the production of his "Alcestitis;" that as it were in a dream he has just heard his music and her performance crowned with success; and that the end has now come, for he is leaving with Charles for the south on the following day, as his only hope of life.

Josquin never knew what Lisa had done for him; and yet by a sort of instinct now after the excitement and the rapture, as they come out of the dim, ghostly theatre, which an hour before resounded with their names called together by an enthusiastic crowd, he was scarcely conscious of anything but Lisa, and she too seemed to feel that he hung upon her, and was strong and calm above her usual powers. Perhaps it was Paradies who had been most excited by the performance. He was coming out of the theatre now, trembling from head to

foot. When the composer's name had been called for, he had nearly precipitated himself upon the stage ; and he had hung upon poor Josquin's neck, till the Doctor (who faithfully watched over his patient all the evening), reminded him of his want of dignity. Charles was there too ; he had been hard at work clapping—rushing from one part to the other of the theatre in wild spirits and back to the composer's side between the acts, to cheer him with accounts of the general enthusiasm. And Faustina had been there . . . thrilled through and through with hope and fear ; and breaking down in tears, as she sate in her box, forgetful even to watch the tide of rising enthusiasm in the suffrage given to her darling by the public. Hasse had been there, solemnly listening, drinking in the music that he loved and was proud of, more than he said—little disturbed by the emotions of those around him. And there, too, had been Von Plauen. Ivanhoff for a moment had been by his side, and heard him mutter between his lips : “Only one night of this . . . and then one night less will there be to the end of it all.” But Ivanhoff had not remained long in the theatre : he felt that he could not sit still and contemplate this *Alcestis*, knowing all her history ; for only he in all the theatre knew that this woman who was pouring out her whole soul on the stage in her friend's opera was Von Plauen's wife—that she had at this price, a month before, bought his success for the composer, and that after making her decision, Lisa had, with the Doctor as sole witness, been secretly married to the Count. The union was to be publicly declared at the end of the season, when Lisa should leave the stage. Thus had she contrived that Josquin should not know of her sacrifice. It had been impossible for him not to observe that she saw more of the Count than before. He felt sure that she allowed his visits for his sake. He had even once implored her to make no effort for him . . . but through all these months in spite of interruptions, in spite of her secret

anguish, when together, their intercourse had been perfect. He seemed to have gone beyond their common life, and in the twilight of the valley of death Lisa could show him her love as she could not before. Now he was going, and in his weakness and sorrow he clung to her with utter reliance and tenderness. He would only hear of what she had done for him under other skies.

It could not be otherwise ; he could not have known any of the exquisite pleasure he had tasted that night—of which Lisa's sacrifice was the price—if he had known that to it he owed the success of his work. He had seen his "Alcestis" on the stage, little dreaming that he himself was the unhappy Admetus. All the delight he had known in the first full rehearsal had returned to him just now—the first signs of coldness and opposition in the audience had overcome him very much, but the applause secured by the many genuine admirers of his work, who came determined to override the prejudice of Von Plauen's party, had added strangely little to his satisfaction. That was the rare satisfaction of the poet by the side of which criticism is as a dull and tame farm-fowl to the lark at heaven's gate. To the artist the criticism is honorable—but to the man it is wholly powerless. The satisfaction that made Josquin dull to praise had caused him to completely break down in the *finale* of long-prolonged major chords—he had wept like a child. Strung up by the excitement of conducting, when he reached these chords, a sudden happiness took hold of him, as though the very sum of it all were in the triumphant key-note ; he felt a sense of the perfect equilibrium of things, in love with all the joy and sorrow of life, and like another Ganymede he was ready to soar upward to the Father of all life. But the last chord was done, the rapture was over, the colors had all passed away from his eyes, and with the relaxation of his high tension, he gave way and hid his head helplessly on the desk.

And now they all come out of the theatre, and the sound of rolling wheels and the footsteps of the last lingerers are faint in the distance, and it is night, and starlight and solemn peace. The air is cool and grateful, the few lights from the bridge twinkle in the black river. Indeed, the spangled heaven above speaks to their hearts, stirred by emotions and raised by the love of the beautiful.

"The stars are illuminating for you, my boy," Ivanhoff said, as he began to put the Capellmeisterin into the chair in which Hasse already was seated, waiting.

"Yes, it is the grand concert of the heavens that has begun now. And why should we box ourselves up in stuffy things on such a night?" Faustina said: "thank you, dear Doctor; for my part I shall walk home to-night if you will accompany me."

"Faustina, what madness! for you and for the boy; you both want to kill yourselves," called out Hasse: "look at him, star-gazing as usual." This was interrupted by his being helplessly carried off by the porters obeying a gesture of Faustina's, and the chair came home without her, and nobody interfered with her nor with Josquin, who assured them all that the evening quiet would be the best thing for him. Ivanhoff secured the Capellmeisterin, Paradies stepped forward to offer Lisa his arm, but with one accord all combined to ask him to fetch their forgotten wraps from the theatre, and when he came back Lisa had gone on with Josquin, and he was obliged to give his arm to Regenfurth. Lisa's arm was in Josquin's arm, her hand in his hand, and in silence they walked along; and thus they reached the Capellmeister's house, where they must part.

"My divine Alcestis," he said, holding and pressing her hand; "dearest Lisa—you alone, alone—for ever and ever."

The Capellmeisterin came up from behind. "O Josquin! what a beautiful night this has been for us," she said; "look up there: I find I do not get tired of

that or any other harmony. Good-night, children—yes, cover me up warm; I grow old, and want your loving care. Good-night.” She went into the house; Josquin walked away with the Doctor and Charles; Elisabetha stood alone on the doorstep looking up at the night. Who shall say what filled her heart as she remained alone with Josquin’s whisper still in her ear. It was like a sudden leap of light and then darkness; the joy, the delight were past for evermore, the suffering lay all before her. The solemn night received the great sigh she breathed into it, but something said, Peace; an answer from the stars.

CONCLUSION.

OF Love and renouncing—of death and departing, who shall tell us that we may not speak in a world of failing sad men's hearts? Is there no divine good in grief that we should turn our eyes to the lives of fulfilled hope and happiness from beholding those in which to love and suffer pain appears to be law, into which the capacity for the one is borne with the capacity for the other? and yet wherever such suffering hearts have crossed our path, we instinctively find for them a blessing—their throes and pangs we feel still help the birth of the better man,—we cling to their teaching, we bless their pain. But if we have told of Sacrifice and its loving impulses—Death we pass silently by, for it is the great silent mystery over each man's life, beyond and around which each man for himself interprets the unspeakable Hope.

The cold spring winds that the doctor had dreaded were over, and the lilacs once more made the little garden of the Kloster-haus sweet; but no change of season brought Josquin back to his rooms on the high fourth floor. The inhabitants came and went as usual, and rose and struggled and served their different publics; and from them had passed forever Lisa, who had lived her life so fully there.

The news of Josquin's death reached her only a month after the performance of the "Alcestis." He and Charles had not got farther than Meran when the end came very suddenly. The letters he wrote to her were addressed to the Kloster-haus, and they only spoke of her and her plans, and begged her to tell him

more about herself (for each only mentioned the other in their letters). Thus had Charles faithfully shielded Josquin from the pain of hearing the cost of his opera, although her marriage was now known in Dresden.

And it was Charles himself who brought her the news of his death, with a sort of journal that he had addressed to her since their separation. It spoke of the beauty he saw; of his and Charles's daily life; he described his open window at beautiful Meran, the blue sky, the blue Perugino mountain opposite, the Corpus Christi procession going by in the street below, with soldiers bringing up the rear, their band bursting with "God save the Emperor!" "Lisa, do you remember my first conversion with the soldier's march? *c'est encore ce que j'aime le mieux*"—he wrote in French. He had scarcely added anything more; Von Plauen read his wife's correspondence, but he found no fault with these descriptive pages. Every word to Lisa had a deep and hidden meaning.

Eleven years afterwards the castle at Teplitz was still Von Plauen's favorite residence, when fashionable water-drinkers began to wonder at the power which it was said his wife still held over him. It was not often they had an opportunity of criticising her, but sometimes the early bathers, taking their daily round in the neighboring park, would meet her walking, attired with complete disregard for the becoming, or they would see her opening, with little graciousness, some entertainment at the public rooms. Even those who had felt her power as the singer Lisa Vaara, would think her temper and manner a drawback in private life. Had the trial been too much for this poor Alcestis? In small troubles we believe Lisa could vent her impatience; her deep grief she kept to herself, and her heart was not hardened.

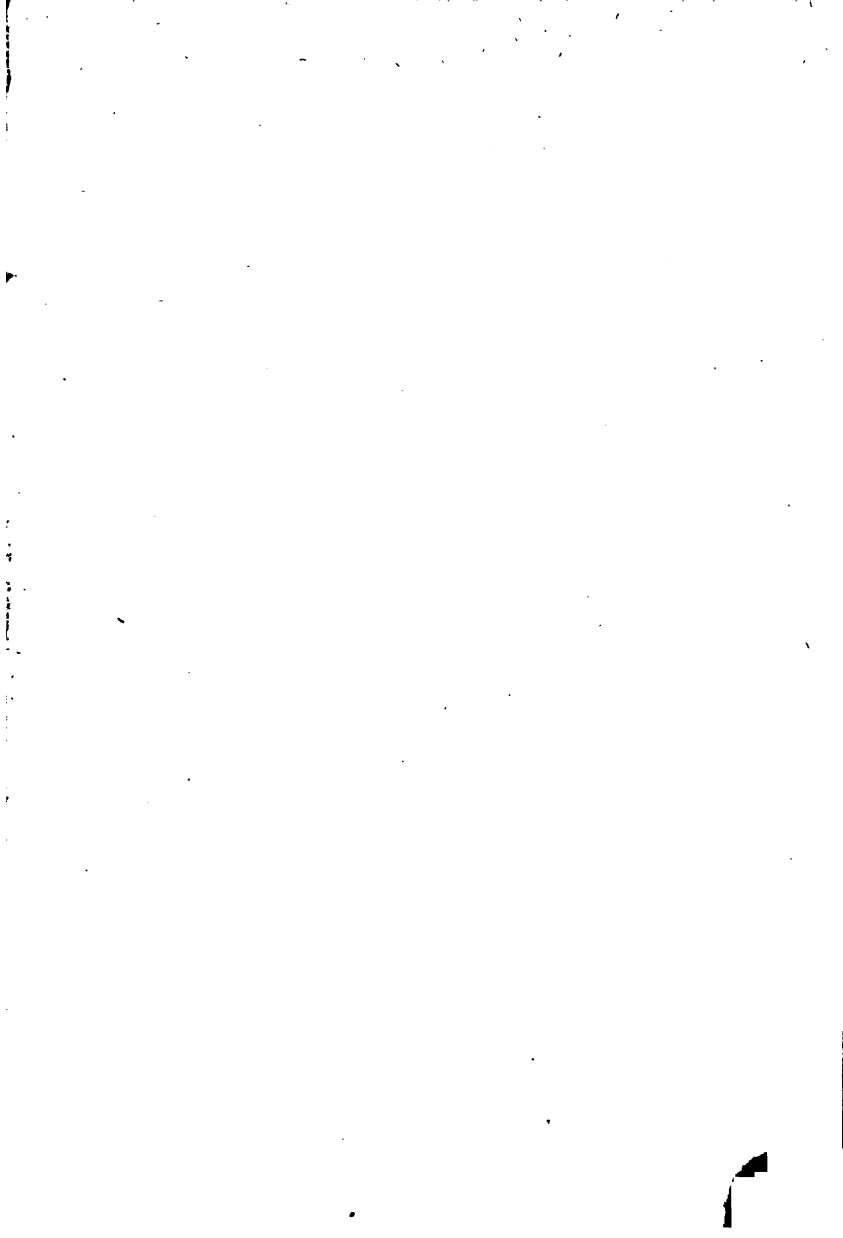
From the life of Teplitz she was saved some years after her marriage, when Von Plauen lost a large fortune in a sudden passion for playing. Then Lisa came

back to the stage, and once more was great and rich by her talent. The Kloster-haus she purchased for her own use, and it was turned into an asylum for old musicians, with a wing devoted to young beginning artists. Regenfurth was instituted as matron, and used to get into great scrapes for laxity about her charges' attendance at sermon and Sunday morning prayers.

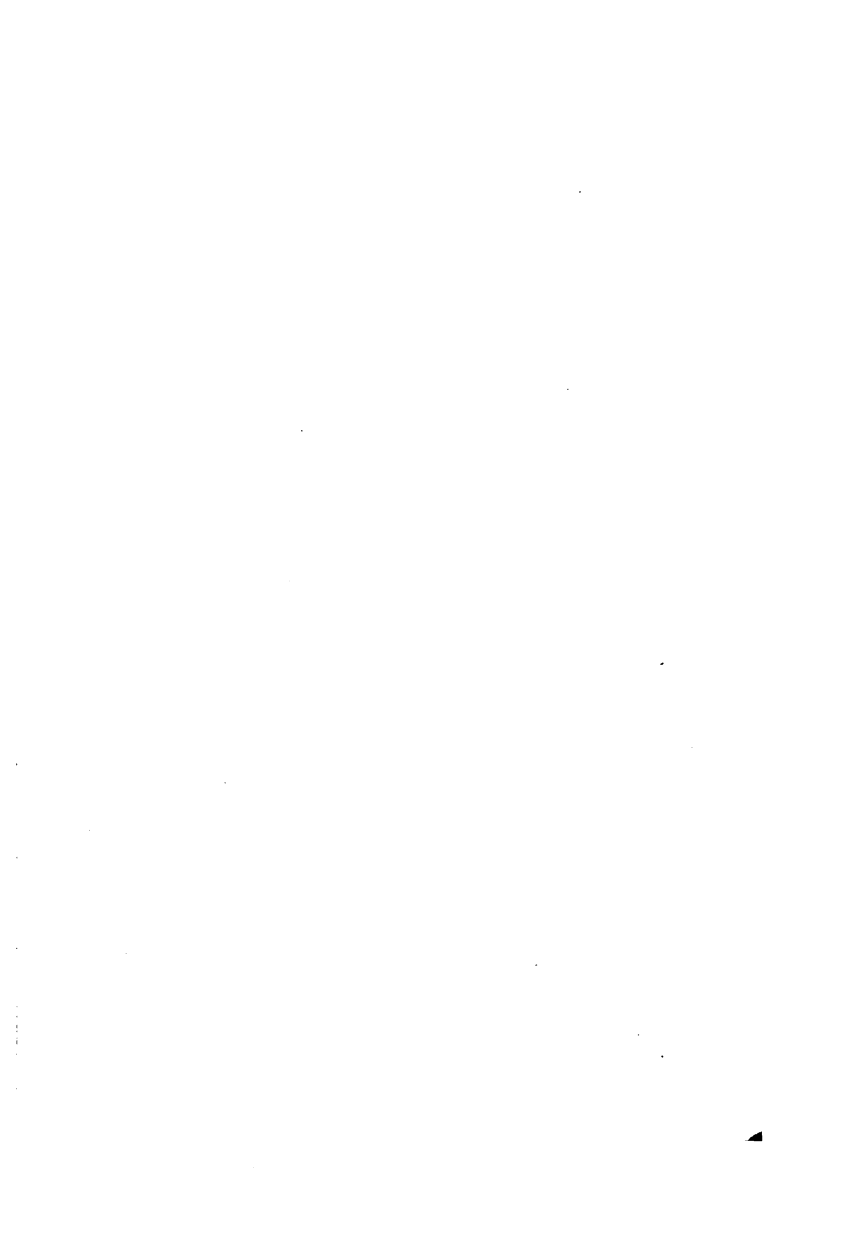
Paradies became a fashionable preacher, and fulminated in the Hof-Kirche, but Lisa would not let him hold forth in the chapel she had restored at the Kloster-haus. She preferred the comfort of an old Lutheran pastor, with whom she spent many hours of counsel.

Charles made a brilliant match, and inherited soon after the great Vienna mansion. His two boys were looking through the treasures of the old lumber-room, at the top, when the youngest came upon a child's violin in its case, on which was inscribed in a large handwriting *Séraphine*; the little fellow got permission to have it, and the old house once more resounded to the music of a little violin.

THE END. ♡







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